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THE

GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D., Editor.

VOL. XXVI., 1875.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.
1875.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXVI. JANUARY, 1875. NO. 1.

The New Year of the "Guardian."

BY THE EDITOR.

With this number the GUARDIAN enters upon its twenty-sixth year. It starts the second quarter of a century of its life and labors in a changed and enlarged form. Its chief aim, from the beginning of its career has been to minister to the young. The Sunday-school seeks to perform a similar mission. Both have a common aim. The bulk of our readers are directly or indirectly connected with and laboring for the Sunday-school. Ought not both work hand in hand in behalf of the young? Its publishers hold that its field of usefulness has widened, and that its pages ought to be adapted for the altered demands and wants of the times. With this number the GUARDIAN steps upon a higher and broader plane. Through the teachers it will seek to benefit and bless the thousands of Sunday-school scholars of the Church, and thus help to mould the plastic heart and inform the active mind of childhood, at a period of life the most favorable to receive instruction. In order to win souls to Christ, we must begin our work at the right end; not at the close but at the beginning of life. Bend the twig before it is stiffened into a hard-wooded tree; turn the streamlet into the right channel before it is swollen into a river; mould the heart in tender youth, before it has been hardened by age and evil habits.

The GUARDIAN will hereafter be a Sunday-school teacher's helper. Each number will contain from ten to twelve pages of Sunday-school matter. From six to eight pages will be devoted to Lessons. By aiding the teachers and helping to indoctrinate the children, we accomplish a mission, in point of influence and importance second to no other in the Church. In this view, the GUARDIAN claims and deserves the services of the best talent and most competent writers in our ecclesiastical communion, whose energetic assistance we most earnestly invoke.

The Lesson of a New Year.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Thou glorious Past, thou suffering Past, thou dear, dear Past!
I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face."
—*Euthanasy.*

A year, the past year, makes an interesting book. Every heart-throb prints a word, every day fills a page—a word that means something—a page with a solemn lesson. Be it an idle word, or an earnest and good one, it will live. Live like the forest leaves; though fallen off in autumn and lost to the sight, their properties are never lost, but will mingle with the earth to be reabsorbed by other plants. Thus our words, our actions live on to the end of time—for ever. Live on in beings yet unborn, in hearts which as yet are not.

Every face is to us a study, furnishing a lesson for every thoughtful mind to learn. Through it shines the soul made visible. Shines as does a lantern in a light-tower, through whose colored glass the light within heralds peril or peace to the seaman, battling with

darkness and the waves. Thus every responsible being is a light-bearer. According to the light we give will others be led to shipwreck or a safe port.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

The passing years leave their impress on the human face — their furrow-marks. They leave their foot-prints even on the earth's surface. Its hilly and hoary mountains are but the rugged wrinkles of the ages past. Thus, too, the struggles and wounds of the soul print their lines and scars in the countenance. Time touches all things with its ruthless hands—all things save Old Ocean.

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow."

The past, too, has a time-impresssed face, looking at us, now smiling, now sad. Standing at the threshold of a New Year, we take a parting look at the old, just ending. Its face is still turned towards us, as if to say, "O heed well the lessons I have taught thee."

Singularly sad looks the countenance of the old year when seen from the beginning of a new one. Like the great paintings, or paintings of the great, or perhaps both, which one meets with in the famous galleries of art. A heavenly calm and peace perched on a storm-ridden brow, one sees there. The Madonna at Dresden, so mild, peaceful and heavenly, with the infant Jesus on her arms, so cherub-like and divine, and yet so human. Her face so strangely sad, as if the sword that pierced her soul at the death of her Son, had already been felt at His birth. How very calm looks the face of Luther, as painted by Lucas Cranach! Yet in this expressive face serenity is blended with sadness and subdued sorrow; reminding one that this great soul spoke words which were "battles;" that the lightning flashed from his lips and the thunder rolled from his hands. Just like the face of the man who loved his flute and flung his inkstand at the devil. Who romped and laughed with his children, and wept as if his brave heart would break at the bier of his little Margaret. Thus we, too, see images of sadness and of gladness rise before the mind as we part from the year past.

All earnest souls reach their port ovea a rough and stormy sea. The stern nations of old never praised the ship setting sail with flying colors, but only that which came back with tattered and torn sails and battered sides, stript of her banners whilst she had outridden the storm. The young are launching their ship. In the harbor there is a calm and smooth sea. Out on the ocean it is stormy and wild. Billows and breakers are ahead on the voyage of life. Christ alone can guide us safely across. We may reach life's end, the haven of peace, with toil-worn, decrepid bodies, but the ransomed soul shall gain the victor's crown—a crown of joy unfading.

Each one has a specific lesson to learn of the past year. God in mercy has borne with our infirmities; He has helped us over every rough place. When tempted He succored us; when guilty He pardoned. When sad He cheered, when sorrowful He comforted. Troubled souls have found peace; tried souls have been made better by trial. At the graves of their children, parents were comforted by the child of Mary. Wives made widows have God for their Friend. Children left orphans have the All-pitying One for their Father. All have received numberless mercies; the cup of God's goodness has been running over.

The record of the year is about to close. On the day of final account, dear reader, the Book of Omniscience will bring to light all your acts and mine. The images of gladness and sadness rise before the mind. The year 1874 is fast ticking to its finish. So ticks the life of many a mortal to its close, for whom the next will be the last year on earth.

And now, dear reader, the GUARDIAN most affectionately greets thee, wishing thee in the fullest and most real sense a happy New Year. On earth we are but sojourners as all our fathers were. Let us get closer to our Saviour, grasp hands by faith and prayer around the cross. In the presence of this sorrow we will hopefully and gratefully step over into the New Year. Grace lifts us above the clouds and storms of earth. By a penitent faith we become partakers of His life; to do faithfully and well at our post in Christ's army; bravely to fight life's battles, do its duties, de-

voutly engage in its Gospel worship—this is the best preparation for a happy and safe future, the only passage to the New Year that knows no close, to the land of the blest:

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

The Publican's Prayer.

BY REV. C. Z. WEISER.

"*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*" (Luke xviii. 13.)

A reckless youth died at a public house, away from parents and friends, some five years ago. The community was stirred, not so much by his sad death, as by his still sadder life. What a trinity of truths Claus Harms has forged in this three-linked chain:—

As you love, you live;
As you live, you die;
As you die, you fare!

The kindly-disposed physician would break the force of a perhaps too rash judgment, uttered over the prodigal's fate, and quickly told the neighbors to suspend their verdict, as he had himself heard the unfortunate young man pray near his end, the all-prevailing sigh:—"*God be merciful to me, a sinner!*" Many became fully satisfied by the brief report, and buried him in hope.

Now, without doubt, this is a famous ejaculation for poor sinners such as we all are. When the great Hugo Grotius, on his way to Sweden, was overtaken by a fatal illness at Rostock, he was visited on his death-bed by an humble Lutheran clergyman, Quistorp. He reminded him, as every pastor should the dying, of his sins, known and unknown, and exhorted him not to rely on his merits and reputation, which filled the world, but only on the grace of God in Jesus Christ, as the publican did. Grotius replied, "*I am that publican,*" and expired.

And wherein, now, lies the great virtue of that prayer which, apart from Church, Creed, and Sacraments, as we might infer from the words of Jesus, sent that man down from the Temple, and doubtless many up to a more glorious Temple, justified? It is a *multum-in-parvo* prayer. The whole plan of redemption is considered in it. We challenge any one, who can read it in the original language, to say whether he is not made to say, "*God, let an atoning sacrifice be made for me, a sinner, graciously!*" He confesses, that he can be saved in no other way, but in consequence of a gratuitous atonement. The Greek word, on which his prayer hinges, signifies *to be propitious through sacrifice.* The contrast, which the Pharisee and Publican form, becomes a striking one in this light. Compare them briefly: The Pharisee relied on his *doing no harm,* through his outward conduct on the one side, and in his *observing the ordinances* on the other, even beyond the letter. This was sufficient, as he thought. But what is there, according to his position, that will wash his *guilt away*—his natural depravity? A mere *restraining,* and a *positive* grace too, he, indeed, concedes in his prologue,—"*God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.*" A genuine Pharisee was not silly enough to believe that he could of *himself* become, or maintain an accepted righteousness. It is generally but flippantly said, "The Pharisees thought they could acquire righteousness of *themselves.*" They fancied they could abstain from transgressing, and observe the law, without the aid of God. What then are we to think of the Pharisee's thanksgiving–"God, I thank Thee," &c.? No; a *restraining* and *assisting* grace they did feel the need of, and acknowledged; but no *atoning* grace—which the whole Jewish economy prefigured and Jesus came to manifest. This feature—the necessity of an *Atonement*—the Pharisee in the parable did not discern. The publican, however, who might be supposed to see it still less, felt and gave expression to it in his prayer—"God, let such an atonement be graciously made for me; while I am a sinner, and a sinner so deeply dyed in guilt, that it is not possible for me to be saved in any other manner."

Nor need we wonder why, in so depraved a Jew, so unbelieving a view of the gospel-plan should be cherished. It was not a new idea; but one publicly and solemnly preached by the ceremony and sacrifice of the Temple ser-

vice. The loud and standing confession of the Mosaic economy was:—"*Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.*" The echo of this maxim the humble Publican's heart felt, and he saw a refuge for himself alone in the Atoning Blood. But the Pharisee did no longer see that, surrounded though he was with offerings and sacrifices. Hence, we may easily see why the prayer of the dissolute but believing tax-gatherer was heard and answered, rather than that of the outwardly correct, but inwardly blinded Pharisee.

Have we not here the old picture of Cain and Abel retouched? The characters are nominally different and relatively changed indeed, but their relation to the Atonement is the same. Cain, not feeling the necessity of a vicarious sacrifice, brought but a thanksgiving offering of "*the fruit of the ground.*" Abel, not less grateful than his brother, brought that eucharistic offering too; but *besides*, "*also brought of the firstlings of his flock.*" It was by the latter fact, that he confessed himself a *sinner*, and a believer in a *Messiah*. This was done, "by FAITH," as we are told, and, therefore, he obtained witness that he was righteous (a justified person). God testifying by accepting his gifts, that his faith in an atonement through the blood of the Lamb, was the only way in which He could save mankind.

Thus the parable of the Pharisee and Publican and the history of Cain and Abel, present us cognate scenes and lessons, though they stand generally at the portals of the Old and New Dispensations.

We are slow to believe, then, that the prayer of the Publican, which seems to be a bird's eye view of the whole plan of redemption fits so readily on the tongue of the Creedless, Churchless, Christless man. There is a short, straight and open way back to God; but it leads not thither off the temple and altar, off Christ and His kingdom. The widow's mite is a poor precedent for a money-king, at the alms collection to follow. And so, too, will the moral man, or the impenitent soul find the publican's prayer entirely too narrow a platform to stand upon in the hour when men's souls are to be tried —unless they endorse its spirit as well as its words. There are precious little "charms" to be had at the jeweler's so delicately made as to exhibit the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, the Lord's Supper, and other great objects, through an opening no larger than a needle's eye. Get one. It is of more value than many heavier rings, pins, chains, and ear-bobs. And in like manner let us peer through the narrow aperture of faith, into the inner chamber of the Publican's prayer, that we may see within the kingdom of God —the cross, the altar, and the throne. It is said the Emperor of China possesses a secret chamber in which are stored the acts of the empire. By a narrow window his subjects may gaze in upon the history of their country. Long and gladly do the patriots of the Celestial empire feast their eyes there. But a more celestial country may we discover through that straitened opening of the Publican's prayer, if our spirit be but as penitent and full of faith as his. Pray it as he prayed it and you will go up to a higher temple, as he went down from a lower temple *justified*. We prize it as the gospel in a nut-shell. Let it not be emptied of its living and life-giving embryo, and thereby rendered but a shell indeed—nothing more.

Bethlehem.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us." Luke ii. 15.

This town is called Bethlehem of Judah to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in Zebulon, west of Nazareth. The prophets call it Ephratah (Bethlehem Ephrata.) It is a very old town. On this spot it has stood for at least 3,500 years. Its name does not occur in the list of villages which Joshua assigned to Judah. In Judges xvii., it is mentioned in connection with an idolatrous Levite. Within a short distance from Bethlehem, by the wayside, is Rachel's tomb. It was soon after Benjamin had been born that

"Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

After that its name occurs oftener in the Scriptures. Naomi, and Ruth the Moabitess, though poor widows, seeking a kind supporting hand, adorn Bethlehem with one of the most touching stories narrated in the Old Testament. The godly grandson of Ruth whose flocks grazed on the surrounding hills, was one of its honored citizens. Showing that for successive generations this family, the ancestors of our Saviour, lived here. On these rugged hills David, the fair boy, who "was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to," kept his father's flocks, when Samuel came to anoint him king of Israel.

Seen from a distance Bethlehem appears much prettier than from a nearer view. It is built on a ridge, rising above the surrounding country. The houses are meanly built of the gray stone of this hill. Passing through its crooked, narrow streets, much of the beauty which distance lends it vanishes. It lies chiefly along one street. Few houses in Palestine are kept as cleanly as these. "The houses, even the meanest, are well roofed, and those small domes abound which give to the towns of the Holy Land an air of comfort, and even of importance, in strong and agreeable contrast with the mud walls and flat roofs of Egypt. These domes, however, imply scarcity of timber suited for the beams of the roofs; and it is likely—indeed it may be gathered from the Scripture—that when the land was better wooded, or timber more easily obtained, flat roofs were common in Palestine."

The chief glory of Bethlehem is that our Saviour was born there. The prophet Micah predicted this event, seven hundred years before it happened.

"But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

As Micah says, it is a "little" city; always was, and now is, Its present population of about four thousand, is perhaps as large as it has ever been. It is said that it never became large, and never will, for there is a fatal "lack of water, and of certain other natural advantages necessary to create and sustain a great city."

But "the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate," for whose water David longed, and to get which for their master three mighty men risked their lives, (2 Sam. xxxiii., 15–16), still furnishes water of the best quality. Many people of Palestine hold that the water which we drink has much to do in the formation of bodily vigor as well as moral habits; that the "water of certain places renders people sturdy, hard and fearless." Did the waters of Bethlehem possess such properties? Two of the greatest heroes in Hebrew history, David and Joab, were Bethlehemites. Had the water which they drank any influence "in compacting such bones and sinews, and hardening such spirits?"

There may be some truth in this theory. Perhaps a more powerful developer of physical strength and fearless courage was their mode of life. To this day both shepherds and farmers or peasants go after their work armed. Through the deep gorges running eastward from here down to the Dead Sea, and over the westward hilly slopes down toward the land of the Philistines, the plundering Bedouins are still prowling, eager to seize upon the harvest, herds or money of other people. In David's time bears and lions had their lairs in the mountain clefts, which would devour their flocks. In those perilous days every shepherd of Bethlehem was from boyhood trained to acts of heroism, in fighting wild beasts and robbers. Thus when David was a mere boy—

"There came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. And when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear." (1 Sam. xvii. 34-36.)

Thus the shepherd's life of Bethlehem became a training school for heroes. They were inured to all manner of trials; had to endure heat and cold, hunger, hardship and fatigue by day and by night; to brave danger and fight with formidable foes. Under such schooling David learned to sling the stone that slew Goliath; and beard and conquer men of lion-like force and ferocity.

The night on which the "Son of David"—the Son of God—was born, the shepherds of Bethlehem waking and watching their flocks, while other

people were sleeping, are visited by angel heralds, announcing the birth of our Saviour. And this class of people, from whom heroes and kings descended, and the angels of God greeted, are to this day among the most worthy citizens of Bethlehem. Many a ruddy youth can still be seen leading and watching his father's flock of goats and sheep. And in harvest time here and there you see some poor woman or maiden, gleaning in some rich man's harvest field, as did Ruth in the field of Boaz. And as the owner and reaper meet they still greet each other with the usual "Allah m'akum," which is "the Lord be with you" of Boaz. (Ruth 2: 4.) And the reapers reply with the corresponding Arabic greeting—"The Lord bless thee." The three great events of Bethlehem are associated with the farming and shepherd life—Boaz and Ruth, and David the shepherd king; both ancestors of our Saviour. Finally the shepherds receiving the announcement of glad tidings from angel heralds.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

No place in Palestine is associated with such beautiful and touching memories of woman. Rachel, Naomi, Ruth and Mary, are a cluster of lovely names, abounding in tender incidents on which the heart delights to dwell. One such name would give renown to any city, but here are four. And these four were foremothers of our blessed Saviour. Each reached the crown through sorrow. Where in all history can we find four such women; so lovely, pure and patient, and made so perfect through suffering! Well may the sight of their city stir up in one's heart tender and softening emotions.

Birth-days.

BY REV. GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

First.

The great birth-day in all history is the birth-day of Jesus Christ the Son of God and the Son of man. What a happy time is Christmas! How sweet the kiss God gives to poor, sinful, dying man, in the Christmas picture at Bethlehem! That's a birth-day to be celebrated in all time. Man travelled a long and wearisome road before he came to this sacred shrine. For four thousand years he journeyed, longing to see the day of Christ. In the still hour of night, on the hills of Judea were the shepherds watching their flocks, when suddenly the clarion notes of the Angelic choir rang out on the air in that ever memorable birth-day song, *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.* The shepherds come, look, wonder, and worship. God, by the Angels, guides the shepherds, the children of promise; by a star He leads the Wise Men, the children of the world. Both meet at the same altar, the feet of the Infant Christ, and worship. Thus Jew and Gentile, brethren by nature, so long apart, meeting here, join hearts and hands in hope of the common salvation.

Second.

Born into the world on Christmas, eight days afterwards the Infant Jesus is formally initiated into the Jewish Church by the rite of circumcision. True, He is born in the bosom of a pious family, and in addition, is free from sin, still He must enter the Church. He must not grow up in the world. This is the devil's territory by reason of sin. He must be placed in the Father's own proper garden. There He will be in the full fellowship of heavenly benediction and grace. The Law and the Prophets are not set aside, but are honored by obedience to their requirements. He is a child, but a child in God's family. He grows in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man,—and this takes place among saints, not in the fellowship of the world. He is our example, that we should follow in His steps.

The Natural.

On our natural birth-day we begin our earthly life, the life of this world. Our life is God's gift. He creates man. We live and move and have our being in Him. We grow in body, in mind. We learn to know ourselves, the world, God. Fearfully, and wonderfully are we made! We live here, and hereafter, in time, and in eternity. How much good, and alas! how much evil man can accomplish in a lifetime. Our birth-

day ought to be a joy to us, and to others, forever. It is a time to be held in remembrance, to be celebrated in the family, among friends, by innocent pleasures, by talking over the days of childhood, and youth, and manhood. Certainly this is right, if not a duty. Let there be more of it. Instead of doing harm it will do good.

The Spiritual.

If on our natural birth-day we celebrate the beginning of our earthly life; our spiritual birth-day is the beginning of our spiritual life. On the first we are born into the world; on the second, we are born into the Church. Our simply natural earthly life is real, full of meaning; but our spiritual heavenly life is of vastly greater account. By the one we come into the possession of a perishable existence; by the other we come into the possession of an immortal, blessed life.

Baptism is the door by which we come into God's family. Is it not God's appointed way by which we pass from the world into the Church? It is the beginning of a new history. We get a name—a Christian name—there. It is a grafting into the *Vine*, Jesus Christ. Is not that a birth-day worth celebrating? It is the beginning of a new year, the year of grace. If the proper observance of natural birth-days is to be commended, we do not see why the day when we became members of God's family might not be observed with pleasure and profit. Let the day of our initiation into this family be celebrated. Let us call it "our birth-day." It will have a sweet influence on our hearts and lives. It will carry us back over the time already gone, and stir anew the spirit of gratitude in us that God has so lovingly laid His hand upon us. Celebrate the day yourself, and teach others to do likewise. It will serve to incite inquiry into the meaning of this birth-day, and thus hallowed influences and associations will gather around the spirit and life. Let the day and date be hunted up; let the circumstances attending this birth-day—your entrance into God's family—be revived; let the picture of parents with their baby-child in their arms, in the presence of the minister, with friends and kindred standing around in solemn silence, while angels look down upon the scene, pass before the spirit's eye; let the words of the Saviour, with their holy meaning, sound in your ears as you meditate: *Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.* This will aid piety and faith. It will serve to revive meditation in the family on a subject which is of great significance for the days of childhood and youth. It will help to remind parents of vows and duties. It will impress children with some right sense of the importance and meaning of a holy service in which God claims them as His own, now and forever. It will assist in teaching them that they are members of the Church, lambs in the fold of Christ.

The New Year.

Did you ever notice, dear reader, that the proper Scripture Lesson for New Year's day, is concerning the circumcision of Christ, His formal introduction into the Jewish Church? Baptism is in the stead of circumcision. But what now is the application? This, namely: the Saviour is consecrated to a holy life on New Year. We are consecrated in baptism. At New Year the old ends, the new begins. The natural ends, the spiritual begins. We are reminded that we have put off the old man, and have put on the new man. The natural and the spiritual are thus closely related to each other. The true meaning of New Year, is for us the thought, that we have commenced a *new life.* Let the old Adam be dead and buried, and let the new Adam, Christ the Lord, live and reign in us. New Year will thus have a twofold meaning for us. It will call up our first, or natural birth-day; it will remind us of our second, or spiritual birth-day. Let us rejoice that we are born; but let us rather rejoice that we are born again.

Glad Tidings.

BY THE EDITOR.

We bring our readers the greetings of the season. May they all enjoy a merry Christmas. It is the only season of the year which bears joy—glad tidings—to so many persons, to all the

people. Its benign spirit extends as far as the power of the Gospel. Its peace on earth and good-will to men are offered to all. To the children we wish full baskets, few burdens, and light and pure hearts. To older people the cheerful, trustful, pious spirit of unsuspecting childhood. May rich people have gratitude to God and hearts filled with charity and brotherly and sisterly kindness towards the poor. May the poor possess friends with loving hearts and liberal hands, eager to do good and to communicate. May both be pious towards God and man. May the glad tidings of great joy soon be heard and felt by all nations, and the "Glory to God in the Highest" soon be sung by our whole fallen race,

> "Till earth's remotest nations
> Have learned Messiah's name."

The New Year among the Chinese.

BY THE EDITOR.

We need not inform our readers that the Chinese year differs from that of the Christian world. Their New Year's day comes at a different time, and is differently observed. In some respects its observance corresponds to that of the first of April in Pennsylvania. At the close of the year all accounts must be squared, all bills paid. The grocer, shoemaker, tailor, butcher—all business people go from house to house presenting and pressing for the payment of their bills. Whoever fails to meet just claims cannot expect to buy on credit the following year.

This rule usually makes the close of the year a very active, stirring time. Everybody tries, if possible, to earn or make money in some way, in order to pay his debts. Many consent to perform labor to which they would stoop at no other time. One will bear burdens as a porter for a while, another buys a basket of goods or trinkets and acts the peddler, another does something else in order to get money. And many, who the rest of the year try to make an honest living, during the last month turn thieves and robbers, to secure the needed means to pay their debts. On this account this is the most insecure month of the whole year; when people resort to special means to guard their houses, and from fear of the robbers no one will at this time undertake a journey.

The stores and shops are thronged with buyers, somewhat as in our Christmas season. Idol pictures, red paper, frankincense, flowers, all manner of trinkets and toys are in great demand. These are indispensable to rich and poor for a proper observance of the Chinese New Year. Their chief idol, the god of the belly, receives many offerings. Fattened hens and hogs in abundance are provided. These and many other things the men procure; meanwhile the women bake and grind rice from morning till night. Everywhere, though filth and fleas abound, in every home the inmates knead dough, and knock about all day long. Four days are devoted to the New Year's festival. In it no work is done, no purchases or sales are made. All stores and shops are closed, and the nation feasts on what has been stored away. With the last week of the old year all its affairs are suspended. All public offices and all places of business are at once closed; the larger stores first, then the smaller ones. All absent ones return home to spend New Year. The children all return. The schools take a vacation. Everybody has rest, except some of the women and the barbers. The former must prepare the feasts, the latter must shave. During this season the filthiest beggar must have a smoothly shaven face and head and a nicely braided pig-tail.

The homes of China are proverbially filthy. However, once a year there is a thorough house-cleaning. The last day of the year is invariably the house-cleaning day, when the home is fittingly prepared for the reception of the spiritual callers of New Year. For at this time, they hold, certain spirits will visit them. The bodies of the family are carefully bathed with tea, made of a certain kind of leaves, to shield them against these spiritual visitors. For, it is not known whether they come on a good or an evil mission.

In every house a table is spread, decorated with flowers, for the entertainment of the spirits. On the doors

certain pictures are pasted to keep out the demons or evil spirits. Red papers are also pasted here to invite the god of good luck to enter. At one place they paste a card with the inscription: "May the five kinds of luck enter by this door." These five are said to be: Old age, riches, health, virtue and a happy end. Besides these many other papers of various colors and inscriptions are pasted on the door-posts. The design of all being to ward off evil and bring a blessing to the inmates, and good luck to their business, whatever that may be.

While the older people are busy with such matters, children and the young folks raise a frightful noise in the streets. What fire-works, drum and fife, screams, and the most hideous, discordant sounds can do to please the New Year's spirits, as they say, is furnished with a will. All night long do they keep it going. No one within reach of this pandemonium noise thinks of trying to sleep. From evening till morning the people eat and drink, chatter and play, laugh and smoke.

After the feast comes a fast. When the cock announces the dawn of the New Year, every one hurries to the nearest altar to worship the idol of the day. He that gets there first will receive the most good during the year just begun. Each one brings his prayer written on a piece of paper, which he burns before the idol, who on this day, as they suppose, ascends to heaven to report the conduct of all his worshipers during the year past, and seek a blessing for them. After this all the other gods must be worshiped; the god of the city or village, of the mountains, water-fields.

After their heathen fashion they seek to make this a happy season. Children receive presents. Older people exchange gifts. Enemies become reconciled. Old grudges are healed. Scolding women for this one day in the year speak kindly to one another. For every unkind word spoken on New Year's Day will incur a curse for the whole year following. Hence for one day in the year every fire-spitting Xantippe corks up tightly her naughty thought and word. How dreary and comfortless such a New Year compared with that of the Christian Church!

A dreary New Year, in sooth, compared with that of the Christian, who knows the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

The Legend of the Per-ki-o-men.*

BY REV. C. Z. WEISER.

That the Spirit of Jehovah
Makes His home upon the deep: (Gen. i. 2.)
That we hear upon the waters,
Still, the voice of the Lord—(Psalm xxix. 3.)
Is a fancy we may harbor,
Or a truth that we may reap
From the legends of the forest,
Or the pages of His word.

By the naming of the rivers,
Of the mountains and the plains,
Over all the Indian country,—
There a *Numen* seemed to nod. ("Unk-ta-kee"—The God of Water.)
"He is surely the Great Spirit."—("Gitch-e-man-i-to.")
So the red man ever claimed;
And the white man, too, believes it,
And thinks readily of God.

Hence the calling of the rivers,
Of the mountains and the plains,
Was indeed no idle naming
In but wildly tinkling sounds;
But as lights will shroud in shadows,
And as spirits dwell in fanes,
So their thoughte were wrapped in symbols,
Just as treasures lie in mounds.

At the christ'ning of the waters,
At the baptism of the streams,
The Great Spirit hover'd over,
For the giving of the name;
And the children of the forest
Were illumined, as in dreams,
How to act as pious sponsors,
And to witness to the same.

Thus the streamlet of the valley,
Flowing humbly in its bed,
Was christened *Pah-ke-ho-ma*,†
From the berries on its banks.
All the valley was a moorland,
And ablaze with berries red—
'Twas a camp of scarlet berries,
Like a boundless crimson fleur.

'Twas the crimson and the scarlet
Of the gaudy-colored bale,
That impressed the red man's spirit
With a vision of the name.
And they gathered by the streamlet,
From across the spreading dale,
And baptized it "Pah-ke-ho-mah,"
And we imitate the same.

* The Perkiomen stream rises in Hereford Township, Berks Co., and flowing in a southerly direction through Montgomery Co., empties into the Schuylkill river, about three miles below Phœnixville.

† The moorberry of the Indians is the Cranberry of the whites. *Pah-ke-ho-ma* was the original of "Per-ki-o-men," and means *A cranberry plot.* It was presently written "Per-ki-o-my." See Penn. Archives, Vol. 17, p. 88, and Lithograph Chart between 34-5.

Enthusiasm.

BY THE EDITOR.

Wake up. Undying souls depend on your faithfulness. As you form the views, habits, hearts of your scholars now, so will they be hereafter. Pray God to set your heart ablaze with His love. The drowsy, sluggish, don't-care teacher is a drag; can never succeed. Like teacher, like scholar. You need enthusiasm for your work. Enthusiasm (En-theos, in-God) God-inspired is what every teacher and preacher need. Chalmers says the greatest workers are always in blood-earnestness. Carlyle says that every man that has made his mark in the world has been crazy. How often has the truly great man been thought to be beside himself, from Paul down. A wide-awake teacher will always be on the alert for something to interest and benefit his scholars. During the week, at work in society, in business intercourse, on a journey, he will be on the look-out for facts, illustrations and lessons taken from real life. Like the busy bee, he will know how to draw honey even from bitter, poisonous flowers,—from things sinful and wrong which he may witness.

Handel, the great composer, happened into a blacksmith shop one day. The ring of the anvil as the swarthy blacksmith plied his hammer, started a new train of thought in his mind. He went home and wrote one of his grandest compositions. Its first suggestion he got from the anvil.

One day Chalmers sat aside of the driver on a stage coach. On passing by a white stone, he noticed that the driver cracked the legs of one of his horses, in order to turn the shying animal's attention from the stone to the smitten legs. This gave Chalmers a new idea. He saw that the man full of sin must get his thoughts off from the world till his soul is full of love to God. He returned home and wrote his great discourse on "*The Expulsive Power of a New Affection.*"

Many of the best things that ministers get are not found in books. The teacher can get the use of a large library without money and without price. His own heart and experience, the life of his associates, of his community; of fields and flowers, man and beast—all open their instructive pages to his inquiring mind. In a very emphatic sense, "the word is nigh him." But he must be wide-awake. His heart must be athirst for Christ—for souls; must be God-inspired—*enthusiastic.*

Franklin and Whitefield.

Col. J. W. Forney, writing from London, October, 1874, speaks of the Tottenham Court Road Chapel as one of the oldest in London, and has a history full of interest to Americans. George Whitefield, its founder, preached frequently to immense crowds in the neighborhood of Philadelphia about one hundred and forty years ago. Whitefield was born 1714, and died 1770. Dr. Franklin says in his Pennsylvania Paper of May, 1740:

"On Thursday last, Whitefield left this city, and was accompanied to Chester by one hundred and fifty horsemen, and preached there to about seven thousand people. On Friday he preached at Wilmington to about five thousand; on Saturday at New Castle to about two thousand five hundred; the same evening, at Christiana, he preached to about three thousand; on Sunday at Whiteclay Creek, he preached twice, resting an hour between the sermons, to eight thousand, of whom three thousand, it is computed, came on horseback. It rained most of the time, yet they stood in the open air." Franklin had a difference with Whitefield with regard to the foundation of an orphans' house in Georgetown, which Franklin advised should be placed in Philadelphia, because Georgetown was destitute of workmen and supplies. His advice being rejected, he determined not to subscribe. "I happened," says Franklin, "soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I discovered he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and two or three gold *pistoles.* As he proceeded I was softened, and concluded to give the copper; another shake of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and I determined to give the silver, and the finish was so admirable that I emptied

my pocket wholly into the collector's dish—gold and all. On one occasion I had the curiosity to see how far he could be heard when he was preaching in Main street, by retiring backwards down the street towards the river, and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front street, when some noises in the street obscured it. Imagining then a semicircle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to each of whom I allowed two square feet, I computed that he might be well heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconciled me to the accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the history of generals haranguing whole armies, the accuracy of which I had sometimes doubted." On Whitefield's second arrival in America he wrote to Franklin asking him to secure lodgings for him in Philadelphia. He replied: "You know my house; if you can shift with its scanty accommodations you will be most heartily welcomed." Whitefield replied: "If you make that offer for Christ's sake you will not miss a reward." Franklin replied: "Do not let me be misunderstood; it was not for Christ's sake, but for yours.

The Children at Church.

BY THE EDITOR.

Said a distinguished clergyman of a sister church to us lately, after he had preached a very impressive sermon to our flock:

"My dear brother, how many children attend your church service! And that at night, too. I believe I have never seen the like. How can you get them to attend so well?"

As a rule fewer children attend the regular services of the congregation than was the case twenty-five years ago. Parents and children have conceived the idea that the Sunday-school services are all that the children need attend to. That here everything is adapted for them, whilst the regular services of the sanctuary are suited only for older people. This is a pernicious error. It gives children a wrong view of the Church, and their privileges and duties therein and thereto. Bring the children to church. They must learn to worship with the great congregation. In the Sunday-school they learn the Scriptures, learn to sing and pray, but not in the full sense as these are taught in church-worship. Here there is an atmosphere which they greatly need to breathe. The mere sight of a large, devout congregation is calculated to make wholesome and lasting impressions on the mind of a child. So many earnest faces, all turned towards one place; so many voices, all saying and singing the same words; so many people, all rising to their feet in the pews, all folding their hands, bowing their heads, closing their eyes during prayer; a solemn silence and awe pervading the church and congregation—all these teach a child holy and heavenly lessons before it can read for itself.

Train the children to help the congregation in singing. Get them hymn-books as soon as they can read, and see to it that they take them with them, and use them in church. Most children who help to sing in public worship every Sunday, will in a few years without much effort, learn many hymns and tunes by heart. They soon become familiar with some of the best and most beautiful hymns in our language. The children and youth are the best helps in congregational singing. Their voices have a sweet, clear ring. No melody is more charming to God and man than that which vibrates over the cheerful, hopeful heart of childhood. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God has ordained praise."

Train them to listen attentively to the sermon. Always ask them to give you the text, after church. If possible, always take them with you in your pew. If not, seat them where you can see them, lest their restlessness and thoughtless misconduct will disturb the congregation. If your child misbehaves in church, it is almost the same as if you did it. For all will at once think of you, and wonder why you do not train your children better. Bring them to church while you can, and when they are older they will come of their own accord; will bring you when you are old and feeble. Give them their own way when small, and they will go where they please when they are grown up. These little ones soon become attached

to these places of holy concourse. They will learn to love and delight to visit them. Amid such surroundings they will, by the blessing of God, imbibe a reverence for the Lord's house, and for the place where His honor dwelleth, and an inclination to worship there. Often have we noticed such children, the moment they entered a church, when there were no services, the boys take off their caps, and all walk and whisper softly. If rightly trained, these little ones are often among the most devout and sincere worshipers of our congregations. Bring them to church, while they can be brought, "in the days of their youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when they shall say, I have no pleasure in these things."

Waiting for the Evening Train.

Among the crowds of people moving restlessly about the depot, was an old man, whose form was bowed down with the years of hard toil. His hair was white as the winter's snow, and his hands tremulous. There was that in his countenance and manner, which always wins confidence and respect.

That old man will not wait long, for the train is sweeping in on the down grade with great speed. The hours wear fast away. The sun is going, and the shadows are already thickening over the track beyond. There is but one change on this route—and by the deep river which rolls between this and the other shore.

More than eighty years ago he received a through ticket over the strait and narrow way, whose terminus is the Eternal City.

Death is a mighty engine, and for thousands of years it has swept this down grade hourly, with loaded trains. It stops at every station. There are *Morning trains*, carrying the children, the little, loved ones, whose robes are as yet unsoiled by the sins of the world.

The *Noon train*, loaded with the pleasure-seeking—the young men, the maidens, and those in the prime of their manhood.

The *Evening train*, is filled with the aged, sorrow-stricken, and the homesick. Time-table there is none. We know not the time when due, but they come with noiseless speed. "All aboard!" at that time has a startling, thrill, and the gentle "Good night" is spoken not again, for no passenger returneth.

"We are all waiting for the train."

The Last Week of the Year.

BY M. COHEN STUART, D.D.

Each year has a week, among the weeks the most blest;
Of all fifty-two, 'tis the last and the best.
When sunlight has a feeble, languishing ray,
But sunshine within is more cheerful and gay;
When winter decks earth with the snow-white pall,
But lifewarmth of summer pervades the hall.
More happy we feel when that time draws near,
The time of our Christmas and coming New Year!

Then we are reminded how He came on earth,
Who still wants to sit at our family hearth,
Whom Martha and Mary in their house might see,
And still at our table invited will be.
Then Bethlehem's star, with a radiant glow,
Sheds light on each Christian dwelling below.
Not least, though the last, is that week in the year,
Of good merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The days when we feel we're nearer to God,
Our soul more contented with dealings and lot;
When home is still more the place of our choice;
And God gives us hearts to sing and rejoice;
When there's a better, a healthier joy
For woman and man, for girl and for boy!
What time so well fitted to love and to cheer,
As merry old Christmas, and blessed New Year!

Oft then the lost son longs for home-made bread,
The sheep gone astray to the Lord will be led;
Then we feel more childlike, more simple and true,
Whilst childhood's old feelings again become new.
The cross of our troubles is lighter to bear,
The heart is more urged to praise and to prayer;
Our sorrow is lessen'd and soften'd the tear,
On Christmas and New Year, to all of us dear!

The blessing God grants on this festival day,
May't lighten our path with its heavenly ray;
May that be our comfort till the end of our life,
When the struggle is over, and finished the strife;
When, looking again on the days that are past,
We hope for a glory that ever will last,
With blessings like these we have nothing to fear,
On earth our old Christmas, there, the real New Year!

The Lost Child.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

I.

Upon the street, amid the throng,
A little child went slowly by,
And now and then was plainly heard
To weep most piteously.
A little child, and, strange to say,
All unprotected and alone,
While cold the rain, and cold the sleet,
Upon her head unceasing beat,
Went wandering up and down;—
And in the sky the fading light
Was deepening, deepening into night.

II.

Is there no one to care for her?
So many people going by!
Some one must take the child, or she
Will surely, surely die!
Is there no home to shelter her?
There are a score on either side.
Why, from their windows, see, the light
Streams out upon the dismal night,
Streams,—shining far and wide!
Yet left alone to wander here?
Alone, upon a night so drear!

III.

A little child's a tender thing;
A single word will often make
It weep with many a choking sob,
As if its heart would break.
A little child's a tender thing,
And must be kept with wondrous care—
Like to a frail and lovely flower
That blooms not but in summer hour,—
E'en from the cold, damp air.
Sad, is it not, that one should be
Thus left alone so heartlessly?

IV.

Now on a marble step she sits;
Within the house is light and cheer.
Now on a marble step she sits;
None know that she is near.
She weeps no more, but with the cold
Trembles, poor thing, in every limb.
Her head is bowed upon her knee;
Her hands are folded helplessly;
Behind her, dark and dim,
With icicles all crusted o'er,
Stands closely shut the massive door.

V.

The people on the street go by,
And in the distance, loud and shrill,
In spite of falling rain and sleet,
The newsboy whistles still!
Alas! how calmly on its way
The mighty world moves smoothly on,
Without a care for those who weep,
Nor any thought for those who keep
Their weary watch alone.
To this poor child will no one give
A helping hand that she may live?

VI.

The door is opened; ah! the light
Shines full upon a prostrate form.
A start!—a cry!—and some one then
Quick rushes through the storm.
The lost is found!—Long hours have fled
Since from her home she far had gone;
Search had been fruitless, and at last
From every heart e'en hope had past;
But, weeping and alone,
Through devious ways she yet had come,
And all unconscious wandered home.

VII.

O sweet the rest that comes at last
To tired heart and weary brain;
And sweet the peace that comes to close
Long hours of grief and pain!
And pillowed on a mother's breast,
Watched by a tender, loving eye,
Without a fear that could impart
The slightest tremor to the heart,
She sleeps, sleeps tranquilly;
Sleeps on, nor even dreams of harm,
Encircled by a mother's arm.

VIII.

Is not the soul a poor lost child,
That all involved in deepest night,
With piteous crying wanders on,
Striving to reach the light?
Thou art its light, O Christ, my God,
And Thou its home! Oh! may it come
To Thee, and with Thy love be blest,
And, folded to Thy bosom, rest
In peace and joy at home.
Rest there, rest there, for there alone
Life is all light and death unknown.

SECURE in its helplessness the child turns its wistful eyes to its fond mother to express its needs, reaches toward her its tiny hands when its form writhes in pain, and breathes into her ear its plaintive moan in articulate utterance of its deep suffering. It cannot save or help itself. How can it help or save others?

And yet the child has a grand—a sublime possibility before it. It has a promise of growth and development. The limbs shall not always be small and feeble. The feet now unable to sustain the little form shall yet be swift to fly on errands of mercy or to make journeys for Christ. The hands now grasping every thing, but holding nothing, may yet perform deeds of great strength, or be wide opened in acts of benevolence.—*S. S. Times.*

HOLINESS is the beauty of God impressed upon the soul, and the impression is everlasting. Other beauty is but a faded flower; time will plough up deep furrows upon the fairest face, but this will be fresh to eternity.

Bring them to Church.—One of the sins of parents that will be visited on their children to the third and fourth generations is the prevailing license given them to slight the services of the sanctuary. Unless our children are brought to the house of God, they will not be likely to resort to it as they advance in years, and losing the advantages of early impressions from the gospel, it will not be strange if, later in life, they become inaccessible to its appeals.—*Kentucky Presbyterian.*

Little children shall, in some way, bear an important part in the ultimate establishment of Christ's kingdom. The fact that the Church has not yet found a sphere for childhood's work, and has but just acknowledged children's membership, is only a state ment that the fulness of time has not yet come.

It would be like God's way of working to give to children a prominent place in His greatest plans. He would show to us how the most mighty works are wrought by most humble instrumentalities.

"Weak as a babe," "helpless as a little child," are formulas of speech recognizing admitted facts. Children *are* most helpless of all born creatures. Others are born clothed, and provided with instinct to find shelter. Not so with children. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests,"—but no "son of man hath where to lay his head," until provision is made for him. Other creatures have what they need ready-made. God has given to man only the raw material. Childhood cannot work to supply its needs. It does not even know its needs. It must be led. It is but an opportunity for God; it is but a possibility for man. A glorious opportunity—a beauteous possibility!—

"It lay upon its mother's breast—a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends."

Uncork the Bottle.—*You can't fill a bottle with the cork in!* Let the fountain be ever so abundant, and the pump be plied with ever so much vigor and persistence, it is all in vain. Do you know what I mean? The philosopher puts it in this wise: "Curiosity is the parent of knowledge." Your first business, then, is to awaken a desire to know. It is what, a few years ago, we used to hear lectured about so much under the phrase "waking up mind." A large part of the failure among Sunday-school teachers comes from the neglect of this principle. They know something to teach—they actually say excellent things and do excellent things, but their pupils don't care a fig for the wares they are asked to buy. Now, my friend, you may go on in this way till you teach your class to death. You may pour your stream of knowledge upon them till you drown them, or till they run away, and never get a drop of it into them,—*because their mouths are shut!*

You see the point, do you? "Oh! yes!" I hear you ask: "How can I open their mouths? How can I get the cork out?" That's the rub, I confess. It is just here that the "*teacher* shines out." Any body can teach those who want to learn. The genius for teaching shows itself in teaching those who don't want to learn—in begetting a desire to know where such a desire did not exist. Do not mistake. This thing you are so strongly disposed to give up as impossible, this teaching those who have no desire to learn, is just the most important work we have to do. Were it not for this, our services might almost be dispensed with. Those whose minds are open to receive truth, who are all athirst for it, will find it somewhere and some way, if they don't get it from you or me.—*Workman.*

The Deaf Mutes.—A person was brought to Jesus who could neither hear nor speak. What was he brought for? Because his friends wished him cured? Why did they bring him to Jesus? Had they ever heard that a deaf mute could be made to speak and hear?

I think they never heard of such a thing, but they believed that Jesus could do what they wished, and so they came to Him, and the man was cured! They had very much the same kind of faith that we all must have. We must believe that our Saviour can cure us of our sinfulness.

A Prince on His Knees.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our readers know that William, the venerable Emperor of Germany, has a son called the Crown Printz, known by the soubriquet of "Unser Fritz." He is to succeed his father as Emperor. "Unser Fritz's" eldest son, Prince Frederick William, is fifteen years old. At this age the young men of Germany are received into full membership of the Church by the rite of confirmation. For a long while this youth has been taught the Catechism, and on the 1st of September last he was confirmed. The ceremony took place in the Friedens Kirche, in Potsdam, the summer residence of the Emperor. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. A large part of the congregation was composed of members of the royal family. These came into the church, led by the stately, tall form of old William, on whose arm his daughter-in-law, the young prince's mother, was leaning He was followed by the venerable Empress, leaning on the arms of her son, "Unser Fritz," and the Prince of Wales. These were followed by the children of the Crown Prince, and the royal relatives. It is said the ladies were dressed with unusual plainness; the mother of the young prince was dressed in black. After the congregation had been seated, the Crown Prince brought his son, the youthful catechumen, from the sacristy and placed him before the altar, and then withdrew; the boy looked pale, and well he might. Many who read these lines remember, with what a trembling heart they stood before the whole congregation, when, with an audible voice, they vowed to be on the Lord's side:

"That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field."

Young Frederick William stood alone before his parents, and grand-parents, and all the great people—stood alone too before his Saviour, to whom he was to promise, on bended knee, to be His faithful child forever. After the Prince had taken his place at the altar steps, the Choir sang the 100th Psalm, followed with Luther's battle hymn:

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"

sung by the whole congregation. The Prince had been instructed for some time past by Pastor Persius of Potsdam, and during a few weeks previous, Court preacher Heym had prepared him more fully for confirmation.

The latter officiated, too, on this occasion. In a short address to the Prince he explained the meaning of the rite of confirmation, the solemn obligations of a responsible member of the Church, and exhorted him to cultivate the habit of devout prayer. The Pastor then examined him on the central doctrines of the Christian religion, asking him some thirty questions, all of which he promptly and correctly answered, besides reciting many Scripture verses which he had committed to memory. After this he recited several verses of the Te Deum Laudamus:

"We praise Thee, O God."

The Prince then read a short statement of his faith, wholly written by himself. With a clear ringing voice, and in plain earnest words, he "professed a good profession before many witnesses." With tender thankfulness he told how God had watched over and safely kept him from a child; to this hour had richly bestowed upon him bodily and spiritual blessing. He professed his faith in God the Father Almighty, and in His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, in the Holy Ghost, and in the Holy Catholic Church. He said that he knew that severe and trying duties awaited him in his coming life, but that this should not weaken his courage or faith, but nerve him for a brave and faithful performance of the same; that his prayer should be for grace to love God and the brethren, and to promote and support every good cause.

Pastor Heym then preached a sermon on 1 Timothy vi. 12:

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witneses."

The preacher assured him that he never could be happy as a man and as a Prince, unless he would be a faithful Christian; and that every Christian was a warrior, enlisted in the service of Christ, and bound to battle valiantly for Him through life.

After the Prince had recited the Apostles' Creed, he answered to the following questions with an emphatic yes:

"Dost thou, with all thy heart, consent to the Christian Apostolic Creed, and dost thou desire to be confirmed on this basis in the Church of believers, and especially in the communion of our Evangelical Church?"

"Dost thou promise, by the help of God, to continue true and steadfast in this faith, fearlessly to confess and obey it in purity of heart and habit of life, and remain faithful unto death?"

"Dost thou promise, in order to grow in the Knowledge of the Truth and in godliness, faithfully to use the Christian means of grace?"

Then the pastor laid his hands upon him and said: "Receive thou the Holy Ghost, the shield and hiding-place from all evil, the strength and help to all good, from the merciful hand of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The blessing of God abide with thee forever. Amen."

In conclusion, the pastor gave the Prince a Scripture motto, as a guide through life, from 2 Peter i. 5–7:

"And, besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness: and to brotherly kindness, charity."

After the close of the service, a touching scene presented itself. In pious German families, the confirmation of a child or grand-child, is an important event, an occasion for gratitude and congratulation. Friends and relatives embrace and kiss the catechumen, who has renewed the vows made in his stead in baptism, and has been guarded and spared to engage in this solemn act of personal consecration to Christ. On this occasion many were moved to tears, as they beheld the aged Empress long embracing her son, the father of this youth, and pressing many affectionate kisses on his face.

As the catechumen turned away from the altar steps, his grandfather, old William, threw his arms around him, and pressed him long and warmly to his heart. His lips quivered with emotion as he buried his ardent feelings in many kisses on the boy. Then turning around he embraced his son, "Unser Fritz" Meanwhile the catechumen was embraced and kissed by many loving friends.

In the rear of these royal personages stood three men, who felt a warm interest in the ceremony. They were Gen. Von Gottberg, Dr. Hintzpeter, and Pastor Persius. The two former were his private tutors, the latter his religious instructor. With deep gratitude the Emperor and Empress, and the Crown Prince and his wife stepped back to them, each grasping each warmly by the hand, and thanked them for the faithful labor and pains which they had bestowed upon the young catechumen.

After the congregation had withdrawn, the young Prince partook of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, no one being present but his parents and grandparents, and the officiating minister.

Among a certain class of young people there is a silly prejudice against committing the Catechism and Scripture verses to memory, and many are too lazy or stupid to do it. Some fancy this committing to memory to be a work for children, but not suited for older people. Here is the heir of a great empire, who studies the Catechism and the Bible diligently for years, and is not ashamed to recite and profess what he has learned before a large congregation.

Very touching is the tearful, tender gratitude of these royal parents and grandparents, for the merciful Providence which has kept and blessed their boy; blessed their instruction and training, and fitted him to "profess a good profession," and given him a pious heart.

A rich reward is bestowed on these teachers of the Prince through the grateful words of his friends. And well did they deserve it. None but the conscientious minister knows how much anxiety and care he bestows on his catechumens. Alas! how many parents forget to thank the pastor for his work, and thus cheer him in his toilsome duties!

He that will keep his heart, must have the eyes of his soul awake, and open all the disorderly and tumultuous stirrings of his affections; if the affections break loose, and the passions be stirred, the soul must discover it, and suppress them before they get to a height.

Christmas in Spain.

There is no civilized country on earth in which children are not made happy by the promise of the coming of Christmas. But in every country the festival is called by a different name, and its presiding genius is painted with a different costume and manner. You know all about our jolly Dutch Santa Claus, with his shrewd, twinkling eyes, his frosty beard, his ruddy face and bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling down the chimney, while his team of reindeer snort and stamp on the icy roof. The English Christmas is equally well known, and the wonders of the German miracle-tree, the first sight of which no child ever forgets. But you are, perhaps, not so familiar with the spirit of the blessed season of advent in Southern Europe, and so I will tell you some of the pleasures and fancies of the Spanish Christmas.

The good cheer which it brings everywhere is especially evident in Spain. They are a frugal people; and many a good Spanish family is supported by less than the waste of a household on Murray Hill. But there is no sparing at Christmas. This is a season as fatal to turkeys as Thanksgiving in New England. The Castilian farmers drive them into Madrid in great droves, which they conduct from door to door, making the dim old streets gay with their scarlet wattles, and noisy with obstreperous gabbling. But the headquarters of the marketing during these days are in the Plaza Mayor, where every variety of fruit and provision is sold. There is nothing more striking than those vast heaps of fresh golden oranges, plucked the day before in the groves of Andalusia; nuts from Granada, and dates from Africa; every flavor and color of tropical fruitage; and in the stall beneath the gloomy arches the butchers drive their flourishing trade. All is gay and joyous—chaffering and jesting, greeting of friends and filling of baskets. The sky is wintry, but the ground is ruddy and rich with the fruits of the summer.

At night the whole city turns out into the streets. The youths and maidens of the poorer class go trooping through the town with tambourines, castanets and guitars, singing and dancing. Every one has a different song to suit his own state of mind. The women sing of love and religion, and many of the men can sing of nothing better than politics. But the part which the children take in the festival bears a curious resemblance to those time-honored ceremonies we all remember. The associations of Christmas eve in Spain are all of the Gospel. There is no northern St. Nick there to stuff the stockings of good children with rewards of merit. Why, then, on Christmas do you see the little shoes exposed by the windows and doors? The wise kings of the east are supposed to be journeying by night to Bethlehem, bearing gifts and homage to the heavenly Child, and out of their abundance, when they pass by the houses where good children sleep, they will drop into their shoes some of the treasures they are bearing to the Baby Prince in Judea. This thought is never absent from the rejoicing of Christmas-tide in Spain. Every hour of the time is sacred to Him who came to bring peace and good-will to the world. The favorite toy of the season is "The Nativity." It is sometimes very elaborate and costly, representing a landscape under a starry night; the shepherds watching their flocks; the magi coming in with wonder and awe, and the Child in the stable, shedding upon the darkness that living light which was to overspread the world.—*St. Nicholas.*

How to Pray.

An article, found among the unpublished papers of the late Dr. J. A. Alexander, on "Circumlocution in Prayer," closes with the following practical suggestions to young men who are forming their habits in respect to prayer. They are equally applicable to all who pray in public, and especially those who pray in the Sunday-school:

1. Let your prayers be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession, and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.

2. Express your desire in the briefest, simplest form, without circumlocution.

3. Avoid the use of compound terms in the place of the imperative mood.

4. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.

5. Adopt the simple devotional phrases of Scripture; but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects.

6. Pray to God, and not to man.

Flowers.

BY REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D.

My Professor of Natural Science at College gave me credit for being the best ground squirrel catcher that belonged to our botanical class. That was the only compliment the conscientious man could ever pay me; for during all our rambles over hill and through dale, I had no sympathy with a science that made the rose a monster, and the most beautiful varieties of that queen of flowers mere hybrids. So I further concluded that pulling plants to pieces and counting the petals was like the child's play of breaking the drum to see where the sound came from; and that chasing "chip-monks" was more refreshing. I have changed my opinion on the subject as the hairs on my head have become less. And although I know nothing about Botany, I have long since coincided with wiser men, that the science of plants opens a vast field of useful and delightful knowledge to those who press their inquiries on her domain.

True, science has sometimes "run mad." There have been botanical fools as well as chemical and theological fools, in the times that are past. Mary Howitt, to whom I am indebted for some facts,* speaks of a very curious book published about 1631, by a German, on the rose, in which two hundred and fifty mortal pages are devoted to the curative properties of that flower in every disease—making it a universal panacea. The author also claims for it supernatural powers, particularly in driving away evil spirits. He also speaks of the reproduction of the rose, as something that could be effected from its own ashes, like the fabled Phœnix, an idea which is gravely produced in a French work published as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. This was called the *imperial secret*, because the Emperor Ferdinand III. purchased it of a foreign chemist at a very high price.

And yet the fact that men have failed to extract the elixir of life from the rose is no objection to Botany, any more than the failure of the old alchemist to find the philosopher's stone is an argument against chemistry, or any more than the failure of the old school-men to determine how many angels could stand upon the point of a needle, is an argument against Theology.

But independent of the classification of plants and the uses to which they may really be put by the man of science, every little incense-breathing floweret has a rich store of joy for any man who will but study it closely. For example, I have copied before me an extended statement by a distinguished man in regard to the tiny flower known as the Daisy, in which he shows that this little beauty, so small and delicate, contains between two and three hundred flowers; that every leaf and stamen and pistil is itself a perfect flower, having each its corolla, stamens, pistil and fruit, so that we can see how much is compressed into the calyx of that one little gem; and I cite the instance to show how our pleasure may be increased by a close examination of these things.

But flowers afford pleasure to those who may see and handle and trample on them all their lives, without ever suspecting the multiplied glories revealed by a minute examination of their structure. Poor Burns appreciated the wee crimson-tipped daisy he turned down with his plowshare, more than Rousseau, to whose description I have just referred. There are no grotesques in nature, no ridiculous fancies made merely to fill up space, and God has scattered His beauties for men who cannot, like Solomon, discourse on all the plants, from the cedar of Lebanon even to the hyssop on the wall. Our Divine Redeemer did not address a Botany class when He said, "Consider the lilies of the field." Indeed the multitude of men must be satisfied to use and enjoy what the few are given to know and understand. I know nothing of *materia medica*. I apply an arnica plaster and take senna and Peruvian bark, when

*See a short article in a volume of Bohn's Illustrated Library.

my physician says I ought to do so, and in this I show more faith than some people when they listen to their preachers. In fact it is a law of our being that we must use and may delight in most things, before it can be expected that we should come to any proper understanding of them. The man who would refuse food until he knew all about albumen and how much is in his bread and potatoes, would be set down as a fool, deserving to starve, as he surely would have done before he was old enough to make the inquiry.

The same truth holds good when we leave the sphere of the strictly useful, and go out into the realms of what men call the purely beautiful. We opine that Noah never thought of analyzing the hues of the rainbow, and yet the old patriarch doubtless had more delight in it than Humboldt had in anything he ever found while studying the *cosmos*.

The use I would make of this general fact in its application to the world of flowers, is to show that the masses of men who can never expect to have any scientific knowledge of it, or even to be close observers of the wonderful organization found there, may yet find great and varied enjoyment in it. And in this connection it may be well to call attention to the fact that men have almost everywhere and always obeyed the promptings of nature, and used flowers for the purposes of ornamentation. I was astonished some time ago to see it stated by Mrs. Gore, that there are roses indigenous to the extreme Arctic regions. "Not only do they unfold their pink corollas there, but the Esquimaux decorate their hair, the reindeer and the sealskins in which they are clothed, with the beautiful blossoms." Indeed the whole world seems to have said with Solomon, "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they wither." A few facts in regard to this may not be uninteresting to the reader.

The cultivation of flowers for ornaments is mentioned in the oldest Coptic manuscripts, and the celebrated hanging gardens of Babylon, built by Semiramis one thousand two hundred years B. C., in which the choicest plants were raised, are familiar to you all. All the Eastern nations had a superstitious regard for flowers. Zoroaster tells us that every flower is appropriated to a particular angel, and that the *Rosa centifolia* (our common hundred-leaved rose) is consecrated to an arch-angel of the highest order. The Turks suppose that the rose owes its origin to the perspiration that fell from the brow of Mahomet, and they never tread upon a rose leaf nor suffer one to lie on the ground. The *Rosa Damascena* (Damascus rose) was brought from Syria by the Crusaders, and it would be impossible for us to say here, how fully flowers have entered into the history of heraldry: that is, when used as devices on standards and banners as the symbols of heroes, families and nations, in their struggles for honor, fame and power. The lilies of France, and the red and white roses of the houses of York and Lancaster during the thirty years' war in England, are good illustrations of this.

Among the Greeks, whose idea was that the highest good culminated in the beautiful, there are many references to flowers. This idea entered into their mythologies, and all their historians and poets constantly refer to flowers. Every school-boy who has had his ears boxed over Homer, knows how he describes Aurora with rose-tipped fingers filling the air with their perfume.

The Romans, however, carried the luxurious use of flowers to the greatest height, covering the couches of their guests and their banquet tables with them. Some of the Emperers scattered the halls of their palaces with them. When Cleopatra went to Cilicia to meet Mark Antony, she gave him a succession of festivals which displayed a royal magnificence. On the fourth day the Queen carried her sumptuousness so far as to pay a talent for a quantity of roses, with which she caused the floor to be covered to the depth of eighteen inches. But the greatest profusion of flowers mentioned in ancient history, and which seems scarcely credible, is that which Suetonius attributed to Nero. This author says that a fete which the Emperor gave at Baiæ the expenses incurred for roses alone were more than 4,000,000 sesterces, which equals £20,000, or nearly $100,000. At this, or some other reception at Baiæ, when the entertainment was given on the water, the whole surface of Lake Lucina was covered with roses.

At first, the Romans brought their

flowers from Egypt at those seasons of the year when Italy could not produce them. But afterwards, to render these luxuries more easily attainable during the winter, the Roman gardeners erected green houses, warmed by hot water pipes, and by artificial temperature kept roses and lilies constantly in bloom. They carried their hot houses to such perfection, that in the reign of Domitian, when the Egyptians thought to pay him a splendid compliment by sending roses on his birthday in winter, their present excited ridicule. It was like hauling coals to Newcastle.

Clemence Isaure, a French lady who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, bequeathed to the Academy of Toulouse, a large income, exclusively for the celebration of floral games, and the distribution of five prizes for as many poems. The prizes consisted of an amaranth and a rose of gold, and of a violet, marigold, and lily of silver. The will also required that every three years, on the day of the commencement of the floral games, the members of the Academy should scatter flowers on her tomb. Ronsard, the French poet, took the first prize, and received in lieu of the accustomed rose a silver image of Minerva. Mary, Queen of Scots, was so much delighted with the poem that she sent him a magnificent rose valued at £500. But enough on this point.

The general sentiment the world has expressed by flowers, are those of love, honor, refinement, charity, holiness and happiness. A Synod at Nismes, about A.D. 1284, ordered the Jews to wear a rose on their breasts, that they might be distinguished from Christians and not receive the same attentions. At one time, too, in certain parts of Germany, a crown of red roses was the punishment of immorality. As an offset to this, we may mention a beautiful custom that prevails in the Valley of Engadine in Switzerland. If a man accused of a crime is able to justify himself, the day on which he is delivered from prison, a young and beautiful girl presents him with a white rose, called "the rose of innocence."

Seneca made a raid upon the greenhouses of Rome, and denounced them as tending to effeminacy and vice. He tells one rich old curmudgeon that he could not sleep if one of the rose petals, with which his bed was spread, happened to be curled. And Cicero, who rendered Verres immortal by the unmerciful castigation he gave him, tells that citizen not only that he is a robber; but such a lazy, effeminate libertine, that he would not know when spring came if he did not see the flowers in bloom. But Seneca, great as he was, could not do away with the green houses. It appears, however, that some of the nobles did appoint a board of eminent physicians to determine what kind of flowers were suitable to place in crowns, without detriment to health; and that the doctors reported the parsley, the ivy, the myrtle, and the rose as possessing peculiar virtues for dissipating the fumes of wine.

Less men than Seneca and Cicero might have told emperors and patricians that if their palaces had not been hotbeds of iniquity, seething with drunkenness and licentiousness, the wreath put on their virtuous brows would not have killed them, even though their courts had smelled like the city of Cologne, where a great English poet says he recognized seventy-two separate and well defined odors, some of them not very pleasant.

We of course repudiate the idea of the old German already alluded to, who found in the rose a universal panacea even for physical evils.

Had this virtue been found, Nero and Marc Anthony might have been spared. But to relieve all the disorders with which our humanity is afflicted, there must be in the remedy some inherent quality sufficient to cure *sin*. There is only one Balm in Gilead sufficient for that. And this leads me to remark that what I have yet to say will be in regard to flowers viewed from a *Christian standpoint*, and if you will bear with me yet longer, I would like to inflict a few of what my little daughter calls my "*Christianaray ideas*" upon you. I must premise, however, that the world has its æsthetic tastes. The beautiful *can* be looked upon and enjoyed in its measure in the sphere of nature, as over against the sphere of grace. Athens was once the most refined city in the world, and at the same time the most idolatrous and immoral. During the middle ages, the cultivation of flowers, as well as art, in the northwest

of Europe, was confined to the monks and nuns, who kept their gardens while every one else was off at the wars. But the Church does not now monopolize these things. Some people who make no pretensions to Christianity appreciate flowers more than very many pious persons do. There is a worldly thrift and taste that often expresses itself in this way, and although Christianity without flowers is better than flowers without Christianity, it is certainly better to have the flowers alone than neither Christianity or flowers.

We do not usually find the people who love and cultivate flowers to be the worst and most improvident members of any community. People whose ideas are entirely utilitarian—in whom the beautiful things of the world excite no emotions, are oftenest contracted and illiberal in all their views—moral dyspeptics; and when all the innocent and legitimate pastimes by which the toils and cares of life may be relieved are ignored, we are apt to have great stupidity, or, what is worse, gossips and busy bodies in other men's matters. Louis Napoleon understood this. He was always amusing the French to keep them from malicious mischief—to himself. The ancients had this idea, too. They consecrated the rose to Harpocrates, the patron of silence, of which it was the symbol, and they presumed that when they could say any thing to a man—or *woman*—under a rosebush, they could say it *in confidence.* That was just the meaning of their *sub rosa.*

It was the custom in some of the northern countries, too, to suspend a rose over their table at their feasts, to remind the guests that honorable silence was to be preserved in regard to everything said during their meals. A little of that old Roman honor, pagan though it was, would not be amiss now. You may think this suggestion uncharitable, but if you were speaking, you would say that if you could enforce the code, you would make many that you wot of take breakfast, dinner and tea, lunch between meals, and strawberries at night, *sub rosa.* You would pen them up between silence and starvation. And it would do you good to see two chronic gossips chewing and swallowing opposite to each other, with the dread consciousness that they dare not say one dishonorable word about what they might hear. The effect upon them would be such as arsenic and water are said to have had upon rats, in the good old times when adulteration did not belong to the apothecary's art. Many a person's first mouthful would prove the death dose, but you would say, "If the rose can drive away the evil spirit, let the bush be planted, even though he tear some as he goeth out." The preachers and churches would have a good time generally; the lawyers certainly, and even the doctors, would have more leisure, for there would be less sickness, because less wounded, troubled, broken hearts. Ah! though the rose may be appointed of God as means to help keep the mind in proper, healthful channels, they cannot, as the old German supposed, exorcise the Demon. The strong man keepeth his palace, and until a STRONGER ONE come his goods are in peace.

All this by way of parenthesis. I started out to say only that even in a worldly point of view, honors and flowers ought to go together. Moreover, I have noticed during a ministry that has extended through half of my life-time, and chiefly among the poor, that those people in the humbler walks of life, whose natural promptings have led them to whitewash their cottages, and train the jessamine and morning-glory by the door, or plant the marigold in the yard during the summer, are not *generally* the persons to whom my deacons have had to carry coal and potatoes in the winter.

How Paganism is Sustained.

"It is the mothers of India that keep the idols on their pedestals," says Carleton. The way to hurl the idols down, then, is to reach the mothers, by whom they are supported. And it is the mothers and daughters of Christian lands who, by their agencies, must give to these heathen women a knowledge of the true God, and lead them to cast away their idols for themselves and for their children. And if the girls of the present—the mothers of the future—can be educated in the Christian faith, while their minds are enlightened and disciplined by intelligent study, is there not hope, great hope, that the idols of their country may be dethroned?

GOSPEL LESSONS.

JANUARY 3. LESSON I. 1875.

The Epiphany, St. Matthew* ii. 1–12.

1. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,
2. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.
3. When Herod the king had heard *these things,* he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.
4. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.
5. And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet,
6. And thou Bethlehem, *in* the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.
7. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.
8. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go, and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found *him,* bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.
9. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.
10. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.
11. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
12. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

QUESTIONS.

What does Epiphany mean?

1. Where was Jesus born? Why is it called *Bethlehem of Judea?* Who was king at this time? Which Herod is this? Who came at this time to Jerusalem? Who were these wise men? From what Eastern country did they come? Were they Jews or Gentiles?

2. What question did they ask? Who is meant by the *King of the Jews?* What did they say that they had seen? What did they mean by *His star in the East?*

3. What effect did the hearing of these things have upon Herod and upon the people of Jerusalem? Why should they be troubled?

4. What did Herod do? Who were the chief priests? Who were the scribes? What did Herod ask of them?

5, 6. What did they answer? What prophet spoke these words?

7. What did Herod then do? What is the meaning of *privily?* Why did he wish to have this information?

8. Whither did he send them? What did he command them to do? Did he really intend to acknowledge and honor Jesus? What was his intention? v. 13, last clause. Of what sins was he here guilty?

9, 10. After having heard Herod, what did the wise men do? What continued to lead them? Whither did it bring them? Why did they rejoice when they saw the star?

11. When they came into the house, what did they see and do? What did they mean by worshiping Him? What did they present unto Him? What is frankincense? Ex. xxx. 34, 35. What is myrrh? What did they mean by presenting these costly gifts to the child Jesus?

12. Did the wise men return to Herod? Who warned them not to do so? Why did He so warn them? What is meant by their departing to their own country *by another way?* Was this whole occurrence a manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles? compare Isaiah lx. 3. To whom does Christ still manifest Himself? What should such offer to Him? Does God still defeat the plans of the wicked, as He defeated Herod? Does He also still defend those whom He loves, as He defended Christ?

CATECHISM.

I. Lord's Day.

Question 1. What is thy only comfort in life and death?

Answer. That I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, who with His precious blood, hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me that, without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation; and therefore, by His Holy Spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready henceforth to live unto Him.

2. How many things are necessary for thee to know, that thou, enjoying this comfort, mayest live and die happy?

Three; the first, how great my sins and miseries are; the second, how I may be delivered from all my sins and miseries; the third, how I shall express my gratitude to God for such deliverance.

* On account of peculiar circumstances, our series of Lessons on the Gospels begins with the Civil instead of the Church Year. For this reason also, and because Epiphany rules several of the Sundays which follow it, the Gospel for Epiphany is used for the second Sunday after Christmas, instead of the proper Gospel for the day.

Teachers should not confine themselves to the exact words of the questions as given in the Lesson papers. On the contrary, they should adapt each question to the capacity of the scholars. A like method should also be pursued with the comments. Each lesson should be begun by reading the Gospel aloud by the scholars, verse by verse in turn.

COMMENTS.—1. *Bethlehem of Judea*, to distinguish it from Bethlehem, in Galilee. It was about six miles south of Jerusalem. *Herod*, the son of Antipater, was surnamed the Great, to distinguish him from other Herods mentioned in the New Testament. Luke iii. 1; Acts xi. 1 and xxv. 26. He was a very deceitful, wicked and cruel man.

Wise men from the East. They are also called Magi, that is, learned men, probably priests and astrologers from Persia, who, as disciples of Zoroaster, were expecting a Redeemer. Owing to the prophetic declarations made in the Old Testament concerning this event (Ps. lxii. 11-12; Isaiah xlix. 7; lx. 3-6), these Magi were early considered to have been kings—the representatives of the Gentile world, which through them did homage to our Lord.

2. *The King of the Jews.* A King who was not only born of the Jews, and would rule over them, but also over other nations. *His Star in the East.* They knew that a heavenly sign would be connected with the earthly appearance of this king. It was an opinion widely spread throughout the ancient world, that great events, occurring on earth, had their corresponding phenomena in the heavenly world, where they made themselves visible in the form of stars. Astronomical calculations prove that just before the birth of our Lord very remarkable conjunctions of the planets of our system took place. Some suppose it to have been a particular star, and as such the fulfilment of the prophecy recorded in Numbers xxiv. 17.

3. *Herod.....was troubled.* He was troubled, filled with fear and anxiety, for several reasons. 1. Because every great event, when starting suddenly into existence (as in this instance, the appearance of the Magi, their question, the star), produces terror. 2. Because if a king of the Jews had truly been born, then his rule and power would soon come to an end, which, also, the Pharisees had foretold. *All Jerusalem with him.* There was a general expectation of the Messiah entertained by the Jews at that time. When they heard, in Jerusalem, through the wise men, that He had been born, they were filled and agitated with hopes and fears in regard to the reality and results of His advent.

4. *Chief Priests.* Not only the high priests who were then actually engaged in the performance of the high priest's duties, and those who formerly held the office of high priest, but also the chief priests who were at the head of the twenty-four classes of priests, all of which were members of the Sanhedrim. *Scribes.* Those who transcribed the Scriptures and were learned in their meaning and skilled in their interpretation.

5, 6. This prophecy is found in Micah v. 2. In this remarkable prophecy the insignificant city, Bethlehem, is described as the birth-place of the Messiah, and a contrast is instituted between its earthly debasement and its spiritual glory.

7. *Privily.* Secretly. Herod, no doubt, adopted this secrecy in order that he might get for himself alone all the knowledge which the wise men possessed, so as to use it for his own purposes, and also to prevent any political agitation.

8. *Worship him.* Herod's real purpose was not to acknowledge and honor Christ, but to destroy Him, and thus make his own reign longer, and secure the throne to his sons. He was guilty of the basest falsehood and hypocrisy.

9, 10. *When they saw the star*, etc. The mysterious star is still their guide. While in Jerusalem they seem to have lost sight of it, but now, as they resume their journey, they see it still shining in the east, and they are filled with joy. Following it, they are led not only to Bethlehem, but to the very house where Christ was. To their eyes the star now ceased its motion and stands fixed over the house.

11. *They fell down and worshiped him.* This is the Eastern mode of saluting a distinguished person. It may also have been a solemn acknowledgment of the supernatural character of the new-born infant, dimly perceived by the wise men. *They presented unto him*, etc. These gifts were costly, and were offered as an expression of homage appropriate to a king. It is also suggested that these rich gifts, especially the gold, were very necessary to Mary in her poverty, particularly in view of her journey to Egypt. These gifts have also been regarded as typical of certain facts in the history of our

Lord. The offering of gold might mean that He was a king, frankincense that He was God, and myrrh that He should die.

12. *Being warned of God in a dream.* They evidently intended to return to Herod, to report to him the result of their journey to Bethlehem. To prevent this, God warned them in a dream not to do so, but to return to their own country by another way than the one that led up to Jerusalem. They heeded the warning—obeyed God, and disobeyed Herod.

PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS.—1. Christ manifests Himself to the hearts and minds of all who, like the wise men, earnestly, devoutly, and believingly seek Him.

2. If He thus manifests Himself to us, then we should be willing to offer to Him not only the "fruit of our lips"—praise and prayer—but *ourselves* "as living sacrifices," consecrating ourselves on the altar of the gospel in soul and body, property and life, to His most blessed service and praise.

3. God's defeat of Herod's wicked plan a warning to all who plan and do evil, and his defence of Christ are encouraging to all who love Him to persevere in doing so in spite of all enemies.

A MERCHANT in New York is said to have stopped to admire and praise a beautiful child as he was crossing the park one day. In the end he discovered that it was his own child, whose very being, not to say bloom and beauty, he had lost sight of in his devotion to money-making, during early and late hours. Too often, we fear, churches are strangers to the Sunday-school which they ought to know, and love, and care for; which craves the strong arm and the wise counsel and paternal watchfulness which are its birthright.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.—About four thousand years ago a little boy was saved by a princess from drowning in the Nile river. "Life," says Jean Paul, "should in every shape be precious to us; for the same reason that the Turks carefully collect each scrap of paper, because the name of God may be written upon it." If it were not for this name of God, possible to be written upon every human history, it would be as useless for any one to try to get interested in the recital of that Hebrew babe's rescue, as it would be to grow enthusiastic over the bursting of one of the myriad bubbles that broke against the side of the bulrush vessel he was hidden in.

THE *Bible Class Magazine* has a capital remedy for grumbling—a disorder, by the way, very prevalent in Sunday-schools and religious circles. It is becoming, we are sorry to say, very common and of a malignant type among religious newspapers. The remedy is simple, cheap and always at hand. The remedy and application are expressed in a word of 4 letters—SING. Try it. It does not much matter what you sing, only that it is right and good; or how, be it treble or bass, only that you do it heartily. If the attack is mild, a few bars, sung *piano* will effect the cure. If symptoms are decided, twenty to thirty bars, three-four time *forte* and lively, should be tried promptly and repeated at intervals. If the patient is disinclined to solos, let him try duets or choruses. A persistent course of this kind of treatment will cure the most confirmed cases, and the habitual grumbler will become noted for cheerfulness and urbanity. Try it. Cultivate habits of praise. The more singing the less grumbling. Speak "to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

NO SHEAVES.—A suffering child of God, who was lately laid in her grave, said to her pastor, a few hours before she died, "I feel as if I were going to heaven without any sheaves." She had lingered long with consumption, which wasted her young life away just as she had finished her first score of years; and her chief wish for a longer life was that she might "do more for Him who had done so much for her."

But the patient sufferer knew not how her quiet testimonies for Christ, and her exemplary submission to His will and her latest joys, rising even into rapture, had ministered to those who saw and watched her during her illness. And she went home with her pale thin hands full of golden sheaves—the sheaves of sanctified trial and of ripened faith.

JANUARY 10. LESSON II. 1875.

First Sunday after Epiphany. St. Luke ii. 41–52.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not *of it*.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among *their* kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

QUESTIONS.

41. Where did the parents of Jesus go every year?

Were they required to do so? Ex. xxiii. 14, 17.

What was the feast of the passover? Ex. xii. 2–15.

What sacrament of the New Testament corresponds with the Passover

42. How old was Jesus when His parents took Him with them up to this feast?

Why did they take Him with them at this time?

What rite, similar to that by which Jesus became "a son of the law," have we now in the Christian Church?

43. When did the parents of Jesus return home?

What is meant by *when they had fulfilled the days?*

Did Jesus return with them?

What is the meaning of *tarried?*

Did his parents know that he was not with them?

Why did they not know this?

44. What did they suppose?

Had they reason to suppose this?

What is meant by the *company?*

What is a day's journey?

What did they then do?

What is meant by His *kinsfolk and acquaintances?*

45. Did they find him among these?

What did they then do?

46. How long did they seek before they found Him?

How do you understand *after those days?*

Where did they find Him?

Who are meant by the *doctors?*

What was he doing among them?

Where should you delight to go and to be found?

47. What impression did He make upon all present?

Why were they astonished at His understanding and answers?

48. How were His parents affected when they saw Him? Why were they amazed?

What did His mother say to Him?

What feelings do these words express?

What prophecy of Simeon's was fulfilled, in part, during these three days? Lu. ii. 35.

49. What did Jesus answer?

What is the meaning of *wist ye not?*

Whom did He mean by *my Father?*

What did He mean by His Father's *business?* John iv. 34; vi. 38.

Are these the first *recorded* words spoken by Jesus?

50. Did His parents understand what He said?

Could He then have been taught by them what His Father's business was?

Who taught Him this?

Of what was all this a clear manifestation here in the temple?

51. What did Jesus then do?

What is meant by His being *subject to them?*

What lesson does this teach all children?

What does God command children? Ex. xx. 12; Eph. vi. 1–3; Col. iii. 20.

What is meant by His mother *keeping all these things in her heart?*

What thoughts should we most of all keep in our hearts?

52. What is here said of the growth of Jesus? What is meant by His increasing in wisdom? In stature? And in favor with God and man? Should not you grow in favor with God and man, from early youth, as Jesus did?

CATECHISM.

3. Whence knowest thou thy misery?

Out of the law of God.

4. What doth the law of God require of us?

Christ teacheth us that briefly, Matt. xxii. 37–40. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and the great command; and the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commands hang the whole law and the prophets."

5. Canst thou keep all these things perfectly?

In no wise, for I am prone by nature to hate God and my neighbor.

COMMENTS.—1. *Every year.* Though the command only required *males* to appear before the Lord at Jerusalem, *females* also went up, especially to the feast of the Passover. The Lord's Supper of the New Testament corresponds with the Passover of the Old. Our Saviour Himself changed the latter into the former. Luke ii. 7–21.

42. *Twelve years old.* Jewish children, having attained their twelfth year, went up to the Passover. At that age they became "sons of the law," and were bound henceforth to keep the law. From being catechumens, they became full members of the Jewish church. All this corresponds with catechization and confirmation, as these are now practised in the Church.

43. *Fulfilled the days.* The Passover continues for seven or eight days. After these were ended, the parents of Jesus at once returned home. *Tarried.* Remained behind.

44. The parents of Jesus, being accustomed to His docility and obedience, did not think it necessary that He should be strictly cared for or watched but supposed that He would be with His young companions in the company. *Company,* a number of persons; in this case, relatives and acquaintances from the same place—who, going the same way, traveled together for society and protection. *A day's journey* was about twenty miles.

45. *After three days.* Some think three days from starting from Jerusalem; that is, the day's journey, the day's return, and the day of seeking; others think the three days were spent in seeking; and still others reckon from the discovery of the loss. The first interpretation is the most probable. They journeyed one day towards Nazareth; went back to Jerusalem on the second, and found Him on the third. *Doctors.* Learned Jews, who taught and explained the law and the prophets.

47. *Astonished at His understanding and answers.* He not only listened, but He also answered, and the answers which He gave showed so much knowledge and study, that all present were filled with wonder.

48. *Amazed.* His parents did not think that a boy of His age would have gone, of His own will, to such a place and for such a purpose. *Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?* etc. These words express surprise, at finding Him in this place and company; disappointment, that He should act in such an unusual manner, and sorrow, caused by the fear of His having been lost.

49. *Wist ye not?* Do ye not know? There is nothing pert or harsh in the question. He simply seems to be surprised, that they should seek for Him anywhere else but where they found Him. *My Father's business.* These words reveal that Jesus was now conscious of His exalted divine nature;—that God was His Father—and of the divine work which He was sent into the world to do. He was now, in His Father's house, hearing and asking questions, doing His Father's will. These are the first recorded words of Jesus.

50. The inability of His parents to understand these words, clearly shows that they did not teach Him this higher knowledge of His true character and work. This was taught Him by the Holy Spirit. He here manifested Himself as the true Messiah to the doctors as the representatives of the Jewish nation.

51. *Was subject unto them.* Though Jesus had just now proclaimed God to be His true Father, and obedience to His will His chief duty, He, nevertheless, as the Son of Mary, yielded most cheerful obedience to His earthly parents, until He reached the age of manhood. *His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.* Mary made them the subject of earnest prayer and reflection, in order that she might the more clearly understand them. Did not forget them, or dismiss them from her mind, as so many now do with the words of Jesus and His teachers.

52. The development of Jesus—His growth in body, mind, soul and character,—was human, natural and harmonious. The excellence of His wisdom and character secured for Him the goodwill of God and of men, during His youth and early manhood. His example in this regard, is worthy of the imitation of all youth.

A child speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, 'Where is your home?' Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, 'Where mother is.' Was ever a question more touchingly answered?

JANUARY 17. LESSON III. 1875.

*Second Sunday after Epiphany.** *St. John* ii. 1–11.

1. And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there.
2. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.
3. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.
4. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.
5. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do *it*.
6. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.
7. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.
8. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare *it*.
9. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, [but the servants which drew the water knew,] the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,
10. And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, *but* thou hast kept the good wine until now.
11. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him.

QUESTIONS.

1. What event is here spoken of? What is meant by the *third* day? Where is Cana of Galilee? Who is mentioned in this verse as being present?
2. Who also were invited? Who, probably, were these disciples? John i. 40, 42, 44, 45. Why were He and they invited to this wedding?
3. When the wine began to fail, what did the mother of Jesus say to Him? How did she, probably, become acquainted with this fact? Why did she mention it to Jesus?
4. What did He say to her? Was this answer disrespectful? What does it mean? What is the meaning of the words *mine hour is not yet come?*
5. What did His mother say to the servants? What is it likely that she expected?
6. What is said in this verse? What is meant by the words *after the manner of the purifying of the Jews?* How much is a firkin? How many gallons were contained in all the vessels?
7. What did Jesus command the servants to do? Did they obey Him? What should you do when Jesus commands you?
8. What did He then tell them to do? Who was the governor of the feast? Why was the wine first taken to him?
9. Did he know whence or how it had been obtained? Did the servants know? What did the governor of the feast do after he had tasted it?
10. What did he say to the bridegroom? What is the meaning of the words *when men have well drunk?* Was the wine *good* which Jesus made?
11. What is said in this verse? What is the meaning of *beginning* here? What is a miracle? What is meant by His *glory?* How did this miracle manifest His glory? What effect had it upon His disciples? What does this gospel teach us in regard to the order in which Jesus bestows blessings? What does it teach us in regard to His power to help us in every time of need? Do you believe on Jesus?

CATECHISM.

III. Lord's Day.

6. Did God then create man so wicked and perverse?

By no means, but God created man good and after His own image, in righteousness and true holiness, that he might rightly know God his creator, heartily love Him, and live with Him in eternal happiness, to glorify and praise Him.

7. Whence, then, proceeds this depravity of human nature?

From the fall and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in Paradise; hence our nature is become so corrupt, that we are all conceived and born in sin.

8. Are we then so corrupt that we are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness?

Indeed we are, except we are regenerated by the Spirit of God.

What festal raptures fill our hearts
When heaven and earth are married there!
What hope, what love, the Lord imparts!
What tenderness and strength of prayer!
For then *within*, His glory glows;
And gifts and graces all divine
Again that miracle disclose
Of water glorified in wine.

O Christ, unfold Thy quick'ning might
From day to day, that all may see
Within each Saint, still beaming bright,
Thy glorious Epiphany:
And find that best of wine at last,
That sweetest gift of grace outpour'd,
Richer than Cana's humble feast,
The marriage Supper of the Lord.

* The number of Sundays after the Epiphany depends upon the date of Easter, which is a movable Feast, and varies from one to six. This year there are only two Sundays after Epiphany, because Easter comes early.

COMMENTS.—1. *The third day.* This means, most probably, the third day after Jesus arrived in Galilee, which is mentioned, i. 43. *Cana of Galilee* (now called Kana el-Jelil) is situated about nine miles north of Nazareth. A marriage-feast among the Jews generally continued for seven days.

2. Because in v. 12 the *brethren*, or relatives, of Jesus are spoken of as being present at this marriage-feast, it is thought probable, that the marriage took place in a family related to Him. If this was the case, then it was proper that Jesus, and His mother, and His disciples, should be invited to it.

3. The mother of Jesus, as a relative of the family, would naturally know everything that took place in connection with the feast, and so also with the failing of the wine. Having learned this fact, she mentioned it to Jesus, not, as some suppose, to hint that it was time for them to leave, but rather to suggest that the time had come for Him to manifest His divine character, by working a miracle.

4. *Woman.* This was not a disrespectful mode of addressing His mother. He used the same word when He spoke to her from the cross. John xix. 26. It was, in fact, a customary way of speaking in the East. *What have I to do with thee?* This language sounds harsh to us, but it was only meant to express that, having now entered upon His divine mission, His relation to His mother, so far as this mission was concerned, was dissolved. He had a higher rule now to govern His conduct than the wish or will of His mother, even the will of His heavenly Father. *Mine hour is not yet come.* That is, the time for publicly working the miracle and revealing His glory, had not yet come. That time had been fixed by His heavenly Father, and was not to be determined or hastened by His earthly mother. There is, unquestionably, a gentle rebuke of His mother's impatient haste, in this language.

5. His mother, instead of being offended or repelled by his words, is rather convinced by them, that He will perform the miracle, and, therefore, gives direction to the servants as to what they should do. This liberty taken with the servants also implies, that she was a relative of the family.

6. *After the manner of the purifying of the Jews.* The Jews were accustomed to wash their hands and vessels before and after meals. Matt. xv. 2; Mark vii. 3–5. *Containing two or three firkins apiece.* A firkin held about eight gallons. The quantity of wine made, accordingly, was large—between 100 and 150 gallons. But, perhaps, it was not too large; for, no doubt, the assemblage of guests was large, and the festivities, as already remarked, continued a whole week.

8. *The governor of the feast.* One of the guests, who was chosen to rule over the feast, to forbid disorder, and to administer all the various usages of social festivity. It was also his duty to bless and drink of the cup first, and then to send it round to the guests; therefore Jesus sent the wine first to him.

10. It was the custom among the Jews to bring the best or sweet wine forward at the beginning, not at the end of the feast. *Well drunk.* This does not exactly mean intoxicated, but rather having drunk so that the taste is somewhat blunted.

11. This *beginning* of miracles. That is, the *first* miracle. A *miracle* is an act or work done by *divine* power. The *glory* of Jesus, His divine power and goodness. The instantaneous changing of water into wine, manifested His divine power. The quantity which He made, manifested His divine goodness. *His disciples believed on Him.* That is, the faith which they had in Him as the true Messiah, was increased and confirmed by this miracle. Jesus gives the *best last.* First, the bitter water (tears) of repentance, then the sweet wine (joy) of pardon. First, the trials of this world, then the happiness of heaven. The world reverses this order. *It* gives the best *first.* The pleasures of this life for a season, to be followed by the pains of the next life forever. He can and will supply whatever we truly need. He can bless every place, honor every occasion, and sanctify all the joys and endearments of life.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

JANUARY 24. LESSON IV. 1875.

Septuagesima Sunday. *St. Matthew* xx. 1–16.

1. For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man *that is* a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.
2. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.
3. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market-place,
4. And said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, I will give you. And they went their way.
5. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.
6. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?
7. They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, *that* shall ye receive.
8. So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them *their* hire, beginning from the last unto the first.
9. And when they came that *were hired* about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.
10. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.
11. And when they had received *it*, they murmured against the good man of the house.
12. Saying, These last have wrought *but* one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.
13. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?
14. Take *that* thine *is*, and go thy way: I will give unto this last even as unto thee.
15. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? is thine eye evil because I am good?
16. So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen.

QUESTIONS.

What is the meaning of *Septuagesima?* Why is this Sunday so called?

1. To what is the kingdom of heaven likened? What question gave rise to this parable? xix. 27. What is a parable? What is meant by the kingdom of heaven? What by householder? Whom does this householder represent? What is meant by early in the morning? Who are meant by laborers? What is a vineyard? What does it represent? Is. v. 7.

2. How much did the householder agree to pay to the laborers? How much was a *penny?* What does it represent? Whither did he send these laborers? Whom do *they* represent?

3. At what hour did the householder go out again? What time is meant by the third hour? What did he see in the market-place? What is meant by market-place? What does *it* represent?

4. What did he say to these idlers? What did he promise to give them? Whom do these persons represent?

5. When did the householder go out again? What is meant by the *sixth* and *ninth* hour? What is the meaning of *did likewise?*

6. When did the householder go out for the last time? What is meant by the *eleventh* hour? What did he find and say?

7. What did these persons reply? What did the householder say to them? Whom do *these* men represent?

8. When evening was come, what did the householder do? What does steward mean? At what hour did the law require laborers to be paid? Deut. xxiv. 15; Lev. xix. 13. What is the meaning of "beginning from the last unto the first?" Why were those who were hired *last* to be paid *first?*

9. How much did those receive who were hired at the *eleventh* hour? Had any sum been promised to them? v. 7.

10. How much did those receive who were first hired? Did they expect to receive more?

11, 12. What did they do and say? What is meant by the burden and heat of the day? What feeling does their murmuring language express? 13, 14, 15. What did the lord of the vineyard answer? What is meant by an *evil eye?* How did the laborer show that he had an evil eye?

16. What further did the lord of the vineyard say? Who are meant by the *many be called?* Who by the *few who are chosen?*

How, now, does this parable connect itself as an answer with Peter's question, xix. 27? Have you been called to labor in Christ's vineyard? Are you laboring there?

CATECHISM.

IV. Lord's Day.

9. Doth not God then do injustice to man by requiring from him, in His law, that which he cannot perform?

Not at all: for God made man capable of performing it: but man, by the instigation of the devil, and his own wilful disobedience, deprived himself and all his posterity of those divine gifts.

10. Will God suffer such disobedience and rebellion to go unpunished?

By no means, but is terribly displeased with our original as well as actual sins, and will punish them in His just judgment temporally and eternally, as He hath declared, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

11. Is not God then also merciful?

God is indeed merciful, but also just; therefore His justice requires that sin, which is committed against the most high majesty of God, be also punished with extreme, that is, with everlasting punishment, both of body and soul.

COMMENTS.—*Septuagesima* means seventy, and this Sunday is so-called, because it is about seventy days from Easter.

1. A *parable* is the representation or illustration of spiritual truth by the use of some thing, or person, or event, taken from nature or actual life. The *kingdom of heaven* here means the Gospel dispensation, by which men are called into God's service. *Householder* means supreme lord and owner of the house and all that belongs to it. In this parable he represents Christ, who is the supreme Lord and owner of His Church. *Early in the morning.* The Jewish day was considered to begin at 6 A. M. Even yet in the East, laborers assemble before sunrise in the market-places, with their tools, to be hired for the day. *Laborers*, all who are actively engaged in the service of Christ. *Vineyard*, a place set apart for the cultivation of grape-vines. It here represents the Church of Christ.

2. A penny, about 15 cents of our money, and was the price of a day's labor among the Jews and Romans. It here represents the *temporal* advantages and benefits of whatever kind (as standing in society, business, patronage, reputation), which flow from being connected with and laboring in the Church, and not eternal life; for *this* some of the laborers did not obtain. The *first laborers* represent the Apostles, and then also all who enter the service of Christ, in connection with His Church, in *early* life.

3. The *third* hour was 9 A. M. *Market-place* was the public square of the town or village, and represents *the world.*

4. These laborers represent the successors of the Apostles—ministers of the gospel—and also all who enter the Church and service of Christ at a period later than early youth.

5. The *sixth* hour was 12 M., or midday, and the *ninth* hour 3 P. M. *Did likewise.* Entered into the same agreement with these as with the former laborers.

6. *Eleventh* hour was 5 P. M.—one hour before the close of the day.

7. The laborers represent the ministers of the gospel in the last age of the world, and also all persons who enter the service of Christ, in the last days of their life—even on their death-bed.

8. *Steward.* Manager, overseer, or agent. *Beginning from the last unto the first.* The steward was directed to pay those *first* who entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour, and to go on from them to those who had entered earlier, in order. The *last* were paid *first* in order to show that the householder regarded them all, both first and last, as standing on an equality—entitled to equal pay, even though they had not worked equal hours.

12. *Burden and heat of the day.* The principal part of the labor and the scorching heat of the noonday sun. Their *murmuring* language expresses dissatisfaction and envy. They were displeased that the others should be made equal to them, and grudged them the pay that they received.

15. *Evil eye.* Envy, which is spoken of in Scripture, as finding its expression from the eye. Deut. xv. 9; Prov. xxiii. 6; Mark vii. 22.

16. The *many who are called.* Those to whom the gospel is preached not only, but who also accept it and enter, by baptism and confirmation, into the Church and service of Christ, and yet, because they have not the right spirit in them, but are proud and self-righteous, do not attain to eternal life. The *few chosen.* Those who have the right spirit; who work in the church and service of Christ, in humility and submission to the righteousness of God, and are at last found worthy—are chosen to receive the reward of grace in heaven.

This parable is connected with Peter's question in this way: Peter asked, "What shall we (who have forsaken all) have?" Christ saw that the spirit out of which this question proceeded was wrong; for there was in it a pluming of himself upon his own work of self-sacrifice, an invidious comparison of himself with others, and an attempt to bring in God as debtor to him. It was, in a word, the spirit of a hireling which spoke in that question, and against that spirit the parable is directed, in the way of rebuke. It is on account of this envious, self-righteous spirit, that so few of the many called are chosen, and the last become first, and the first last.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

JANUARY 31. LESSON V. 1875.

Sexagesima Sunday. *St. Luke* viii. 4–15.

4. And when much people were gathered together, and were come to him out of every city, he spake by a parable:

5. A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the way-side, and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it.

6. And some fell upon a rock: and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture.

7. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it.

8. And other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit a hundred-fold. And when he had said these things, he cried, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

9. And his disciples asked him, saying, What might this parable be?

10. And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables: that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.

11. Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God.

12. Those by the way-side, are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved.

13. They on the rock *are they*, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.

14. And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares, and riches, and pleasures of *this* life, and bring no fruit to perfection.

15. But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep *it*, and bring forth fruit with patience.

QUESTIONS.

What is the meaning of *Sexagesima?* Why is this Sunday so called? Where was Christ when He spake this parable? Mark iv. 1. What sea was this?

4. When did Christ speak this parable? Was this probably the *first* parable He spoke? Matt. xiii. 10.

5. Who went out to sow his seed? Whom does the *sower* represent? What is meant by the *seed?* ver. 11. What does that mean? Where did some of the seed fall? What is meant by the *way-side?* Whom does it represent? ver. 12. What becomes of this seed? Whom do the *fowls of the air* represent? How does the devil do this? Why does he do it?

6. Where did the other seed fall? What kind of soil is meant by *a rock?* What became of this seed? Who are represented by it? ver. 13. What is meant by having *no root?* How long do they believe? What is meant by *a while?* When do they fall away? What is meant by *in time of temptation fall away?*

7. Where did other seed fall? What is meant by *thorns?* Whom do they represent? ver. 14. What is the meaning of *choked?* What is the meaning of the *cares of this life?* Of *riches?* Of *pleasures?* How do these things *choke* the word?

8. Where did other seed fall? What kind of soil is *good ground?* What became of this seed? What is the meaning of *an hundred-fold?* Who are represented by this seed? ver. 15. What is *an honest and good heart?* What is meant by *keep it?* How much did this seed bring forth? What is meant by bringing forth fruit *an hundred fold*, and doing so *with patience?*

To which of these four classes of hearers *do* you belong? To which class *ought* you to belong? If you would be benefited by the preaching of the word of God and by the teaching of it in the Sunday-school, to which class *must* you belong?

CATECHISM.

V. Lord's Day.

12. Since, then, by the righteous judgment of God, we deserve temporal and eternal punishment, is there no way by which we may escape that punishment, and be again received into favor?

God will have His justice satisfied? and therefore we must make this full satisfaction, either by ourselves or by another.

13. Can we ourselves then make this satisfaction?

By no means; but on the contrary we daily increase our debt.

14. Can there then be found anywhere one, who is a mere creature, able to satisfy for us?

None; for first, God will not punish any other creature for the sin which man hath committed; and further, no mere creature can sustain the burden of God's eternal wrath against sin, so as to deliver others from it.

15. What sort of a mediator and deliverer, then, must we seek for?

For one who is very man, and perfectly righteous; and yet more powerful than all creatures; that is, one who is also very God.

Not by Thy mighty Hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy word,
Thy glory, Lord is known.

Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

COMMENTS.—*Sexagesima* means sixty. This Sunday is so-called, because it is about sixty days from Easter. This parable was spoken by Christ as He was sitting in a boat on the Sea of Galilee.

4. From the question which the disciples asked Christ, Matt. xiii. 10, and from the answer He gave them, v. 11–17, in which He justifies this method of teaching, and declares the purpose He had in adopting it, it is thought that this is the *first* parable that He spoke.

5. *The sower.* Christ Himself is the *chief* sower; after and under Him the apostles, ministers of the gospel and religious teachers. The *Word of God.* This means, first, Christ Himself, who is the incarnate, living Word of God. Then it means, also, the truths and facts of the gospel, which embody a *life-giving,* quickening principle—the incorruptible seed of regeneration, spoken of by the Apostle Peter, 1 Epist. i. 23. It imparts not so much light or knowledge for the mind as light for the soul or heart. John vi. 63. *Way-side.* A path across or around the field beaten so hard, that the seed could not sink down in the earth, but lay exposed on the surface to the feet of the passers-by, and became an easy prey to the birds. This way-side represents those hearers whose hearts have been hardened—made unsusceptible—by the evil influences of the world, its pleasures and business, so that the word lies on the surface of feeling and thought. They hear it, but do not care to understand it, or to have anything to do with what it reveals of sin, of redemption, or of holiness. *Fowls of the air.* Not only the devil, who, like a crow, watches continually to destroy all good; but also his ministers in the form of evil, frivolous thoughts, worldly desires and sinful lusts, which he suggests to and excites in the heart.

6. *A rock.* Not hard, naked rock (for no seed could grow on it), but ground which has a layer of earth on a rocky bottom beneath it, which renders it impossible that the roots should penetrate beyond a shallow depth to take up moisture. *This seed* represents those hearers who, being of a shallow, trifling, emotional disposition, are easily excited and attracted by the fair and beautiful, or stern and solemn teachings of the Word—by its sweet promises of heaven, or solemn warnings of judgment, etc. *No root.* They have no deep feeling of the need of salvation, no earnestness, no appropriating faith in Christ as the alone and all-sufficient Saviour. *A while.* For a short time, only as long as the excited feeling lasts. *In time of temptation fall away.* When they are called upon to put forth effort, to endure anything in Christ's service—trial, duty, persecution, self-denial, cross-bearing, of any kind, they forsake it. They find a stumbling-block in very trifles.

7. *Thorns.* Wild brier or thorn bushes, which, in the East, grow faster than good plants. *Choked.* Smothered, by shutting out the air and light. *Cares of this life.* Anxious concern and worry about getting and keeping the things of this life. Matt. vi. 31. *Riches.* Large worldly possessions, whether of money, houses, etc. *Pleasures.* Sinful enjoyments and amusements of every kind; such, for instance, as are produced by the theatre, the ball-room, etc. All these things, cares, etc., if allowed to occupy the heart, will soon overtop and smother the good seed—will by degrees eat out and destroy the life and power of religion in the soul; will also, like thorns, pierce the heart with sharp anguish when thoughts of misspent time and past folly cross the mind.

8. *Good ground.* This is fertile and well-prepared soil—made soft and mellow by the plow and harrow. An *hundred-fold.* Multiplied a hundred times. One seed producing a hundred. *An honest and good heart.* A heart anxious and willing to receive the truth. *Keep it.* Hold it fast in the mind, heart and conscience; think over it often and thus make it a part of their very life—of all their feelings, thoughts and actions. *Bringing forth fruit an hundred-fold and with patience.* Such hearers will strive, by the use of the means of grace, to become as good and to do as much good as they can, even though they meet with opposition and persecution.

NONE BUT CHRIST.—Other lovers, beside Christ, are in suit of you, and your soul hath many wooers; but let your soul be a chaste virgin, and love but one. Most worthy is Christ alone, of all your love, were your love higher than heaven and broader than the world.

Vol. XXVI. FEBRUARY, 1875. No. 2.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1875.

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Miss Lottie Anderson, Phila., Pa.	1.50	26
Rev. J. G. Dengler, Sellersville, Pa.	1.50	26
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Mary E. Nuss, Bloomsburg, Pa.	3.00	24 & 25
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Aman. Klippinger, " "	1.50	24
Alfred Berlin, Allentown, Pa.	1.50	24
Geo. H. Klippinger, " "	1.50	24
Y. Ladies' Bible Soc'y, " "	1.00	25
Y. Men's " " " "	1.00	25
Mrs. Mary E. Brobst, " "	4.50	23 to 25
H. S. Dotterer, Phila., Pa.	1.50	26
John T. Balliet, Limestonev'le, Pa.	1.50	26
Miss Sallie J. Keller, Boalsb'g, Pa,	1.50	26

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVI. FEBRUARY, 1875. NO. 2.

The City of Jericho.

BY THE EDITOR.

The ancient city of Jericho was the second city in Judea; after Jerusalem the first. It was the residence of some of the Governors of Judea. It had a hippodrome and amphitheatre. In its royal palace one of the Herods died. A large number of priests lived here; the Talmud says twelve thousand. These thronged the road from Jerusalem "down" to Jericho. The Priest and the Levite in the parable of the Good Samaritan must have lived here. Jericho has always been considered as the key to Palestine. It stood at the base of the lofty mountain, bordering the hill country of Judea, and at the entrance of the main passes, or mountain gorges through which from time immemorial, armies of invaders can enter the interior of Palestine. One of these leads to Jerusalem, the other towards Michmash, Ai and Bethel. Through the latter Joshua led his host. It was the only city in Palestine which enjoyed the benefits of two streams; the brook Cherith, whose waters Elisha healed, and the Jordan—six miles eastward.

At this gateway of their country the old Canaanites had good reason to found a city, and fortify it with strong walls. We can see how well Moses and Joshua were informed as to the approaches to Palestine, when they pursued a seemingly circuitous course, beyond the Jordan, to cross here, and pass up into the country through these gorges or wadies.

A charming city it must have been to the eyes of Moses and Joshua, seen from the mountains of Moab beyond Jordan. A grove of tall and stately palm trees, nearly three miles broad and eight miles long, formed a beautiful park around the city. Golden harvests waved over the plain, waiting for the Hebrews to reap and relish, for it was "the time of barley harvest," and on the morrow after the passover, they ate for the first time "of the old corn of the land and parched corn (grain) in the self-same day." Joshua v. 10. "Above the topmost trees would be seen the high walls and towers of the city, which from that grove derived its proud name, 'Jericho, the city of palms,' 'high and fenced up to heaven.'" The bare, bleak lofty mountain range, as a back-ground, formed a striking contrast to this charming scene.

Joshua was not content with utterly destroying the city, but lest some tribe or people might rebuild it, and again close the door of Palestine on God's people, he warned all who might come after him, saying:

"Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born and in his youngest son shall be set up the gates of it." Joshua vi. 26.

After this there was a Jericho, or city of palm trees in the neighborhood. We read of it in Judges iii. 13, and David's insulted ambassadors tarried at Jericho till their beards were grown again. 2 Samuel x. 4, 5. Not till six hundred years after the destruction of the old city by Joshua did any one venture to rebuild the city on its ancient site. In the days of King Ahab a fool-hardy architect built the city, when the curse

of Joshua was fulfilled in the death of his oldest and youngest son.

"In his days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun." 1 Kings xvi. 34.

From this time Jericho again became a noted city. Its palm groves and gardens of balsam were objects of admiration and envy among the princes of the East. Mark Antony made a present of them to his mistress, Cleopatra. Then came Herod the Great, with his princely palace, and his miserable, shocking death. This Roman Jericho beautified, enriched, and corrupted by profligate princes and rulers, our Saviour visited on His last journey to Jerusalem. Thus the first Jesus or Joshua, the type of Him who was to be the true Saviour of His people, entered Palestine over Jericho, gained a victory in the destruction of the city; so the Gospel Joshua, or Jesus, made His final entry by the same way, and achieved a far greater victory than the first Joshua—the redemption of all who believe in Him, through His atoning death and glorious resurrection. It was here He opened the eyes of the blind, recorded in the Gospel by Luke, 18.

The present Jericho is little more than a nest of robbers. Although the filthy village may have fifty houses, or rather hovels, which "are merely four walls of stones taken from ancient ruins, and loosely thrown together, with flat roofs of cornstalks or brushwood spread over with gravel." Filth, fleas and thieves abound. The Arabs here have a darker skin than those on the highlands of Palestine. The palm trees have become extinct. The last solitary one, which some of the earlier modern travelers saw, is no longer there. A small district watered by the "brook Cherith," bears wheat and barley. Beyond that the plain sloping down towards the Jordan and the Dead Sea, is a waste of simmering sand. As a fitting close of our sketch of Jericho, we give the following little poem by Longfellow, entitled

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
(Jesus, have mercy on me!)

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἐγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!
(Be of good comfort, rise he calleth thee!)

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπαγε'*
Ἡ πιστις σου σέσωκέ σε!
(Go thy way;
Thy faith has healed thee.)

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἐγειραι, ὑπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!
(Jesus, have mercy on me.
Be of good comfort, rise, go thy way,
Thy faith hath healed thee.)

Ancient Jerusalem.

BY R. L. GERHART.

Jerusalem was one of the grand and magnificent capitals of the ancient world; and its history is no less remarkable than was its appearance. Previous to the war under Titus it had been besieged times without number; five times it had fallen before the attacks of its enemies, and once by the mighty Nebuchadnezzar had been laid desolate. Every hill and valley about it was famous as the scene of some great battle or remarkable event; and the city itself so closely associated with the names, and actions of celebrated men and women, that every one must experience some sense of the strange interest which, as with the folds of a mantle, envelops all. Above the mighty capitals of the world it ranks in honor and in shame; for it was the scene of our Saviour's manifestation and also of His crucifixion.

It was built upon two hills which stood opposite to one another, separated by a deep valley. One was much higher than the other, and consequently over-

looked it. Two sides were fortified by three strong walls; but the other two, being encompassed with deep precipitate valleys, were guarded by only one wall. The grounds beyond the fortifications were laid out into beautiful parks and pleasure gardens. With one of these last we are all familiar, for it was the garden of Gethsemane. Even at this late day, the traveler is shown an old olive tree, which, beaten with the storms of nearly two thousand years, is said to have stood in that sad place when visited by the Redeemer. Beyond the gloomy valley of Jehoshaphat, rose mount Olivet. From its green summit, the traveler could look down upon Jerusalem and the whole of the neighboring country.

The sight was inspiring. Turrets and towers, walls and battlements, side by side and one above another, rose in seeming confusion, imparting the aspect of an immense fortress to the city. Conspicuous among all, stood the grand and glorious Temple; and rising above it as if to shield it from harm, was the impregnable tower of Antonia. The Temple was built of white marble, and was of such majestic proportions that it is said to have appeared at a distance like a mountain of snow. Warlike as was the aspect of Jerusalem, it was not without signs of peace. The massive fortifications were relieved by trees planted for shade and ornament, while here and there, gleamed the musical waters of the sparkling fountain, or yet, the eye rested for a moment upon the quiet waves of some placid pool.

To speak of the city, however, in this general way would give a very inadequate conception of it. We must fasten the attention upon some particular object, which, being closely examined, will not only speak for itself, but enable us to form a judgment concerning much besides. First, the walls. They were strengthened by two hundred towers. Each was of massive proportions and appeared like a fortress complete in itself. Each was about thirty feet square at the base, and built of solid stone for the same distance upward. Above this solid altitude were magnificent rooms, and over them, other apartments, with cisterns to receive rainwater. Many of the stones used in the construction of these buildings, were of incredible size. Some were thirty feet long, nine feet wide, and seven feet thick. All were chiseled and finished off in an elegant manner, and built up with the same care displayed in erecting the costly palaces of the Kings. Very often no cement was used, the size and weight of the stones rendering that unnecessary. Think of two hundred towers built in this way, built of stones thirty feet long, and nine feet wide, and seven feet thick! Hurled against such obstructions, one would suppose that all the battering-rams in the world, would produce no more disastrous effect than the pelting of so many drops of water. From these defences, with plentiful supplies of provisions, and with water in such quantities as to be almost if not altogether inexhaustible, the soldiers could maintain a successful resistance for almost any length of time.

But, while the fortifications in general were of this formidable nature, there were a number of towers which in every respect far surpassed them. Three of these, it was said, were "for largeness, beauty, and strength beyond all that were in the habitable earth." We will describe one. It was built of white marble. Each stone was thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and seven and a half feet thick. These were polished and finished off in the most elaborate manner. The joints were so close, as to be invisible at a short distance, so that the whole appeared as if cut from a single rock. The first part was sixty feet high and sixty feet wide, and was solid throughout. Above this foundation it was divided into rooms, which were adorned and furnished in a manner adapted to the fastidious tastes of a nobleman. It was provided also with great cisterns. Of their size we can form some conception when informed that one was thirty feet deep. The whole was crowned with battlements and turrets, and ornamented with marble pillars. It was one hundred and forty feet high, and its height was magnified by its situation; for it stood upon the loftiest eminence of the city. He who climbed to its top over the winding stairway, could survey the world for miles and miles around. Lifted almost into the clouds, he could look down upon every part of the city, and, at times, even catch a glimpse of the blue waters

of the Mediterranean, nearly thirty miles off. When the sun rose, his golden beams shone upon its snowy head long before the shadows were dissipated from the narrow streets of Jerusalem; and when day declined, the flush of evening lingered still upon it when the world beneath was clothed in darkness.

The great size of the stones used in these buildings is astounding to us. But those I have named do not compare with others employed in the construction of the Temple. There great masses of solid marble could be seen, which were forty, fifty, and sixty feet long, and of corresponding width and thickness. They were, moreover, not brought from quarries near at hand, but from others situated many miles away; and the roads over which they were conveyed, were very hilly indeed. How such heavy weights were moved, we have no means of knowing. No record nor drawing of any machine which seems adapted to such work, is left us. It would puzzle us with all our mechanical contrivances—it would puzzle, if not defy the skill of the very best engineers of the country, even to lift such a stone as that into its place.

In those days, however, when kings ruled with almost absolute sway, it was possible to gather together such armies of laborers as are never seen with us. Thus we find that when Solomon began to build the Temple, he assembled together the incredible number of 153-600 men. Of these, 70,000 were engaged in transporting material, 80,000 were sent to the mountains of Lebanon, to hew timber, and 3,600 were appointed as overseers. In addition to these, he raised a levy of 30,000 others, who were sent to work in Lebanon by relays of 10,000; each relay serving for one month and returning home for two. Yet so great was the task, that over seven and a half years were occupied in the actual building of the Temple, after the material had all been prepared. This fact finds a counterpart in the great pyramids of Egypt. Of one of these it is said, 100,000 men were engaged for ten years in quarrying the stone, and then kept hard at work for twenty years more in erecting the building.

Of the skill of the ancients one fact alone speaks in most emphatic terms. It was this; every piece of timber, every stone, and every ornament, and all else needed for the Temple, was so exactly cut, and fitted, and prepared, that, when it came to the building of the edifice, neither axe nor hammer was required to be used during its whole erection. With so many hands to work, and so great skill to direct them, we might feel only a moderate degree of surprise in learning that one of the very mountains of Lebanon had been moved to Jerusalem.

But connected with these towers of which I have been speaking, king Herod had a palace which was so superb as to baffle the power of the historian to describe. No money had been spared in its construction; the most costly material had been used; the most skilful artists had been employed. It stood a wonder in every respect. Walls, towers, battlements, porticoes, pillars, rose to a great height. The mind was bewildered in following the intricacies of the carvings which adorned the columns. Gold, and silver, and precious stones were so lavishly expended, and appeared in such profusion as to make one think they had become very common indeed. Elegant statuary adorned each room; the furniture was luxurious; and the greatest part of the vessels and dishes were silver and gold. The number of rooms was immense, and many of the bed-chambers were so large as to accommodate one hundred guests apiece. The Palace was surrounded by groves of trees. There were vast gardens filled with rich exotic plants. There was the giant palm, lifting its graceful head to the tops of the towers. There were trees loaded with purple figs. Between the green leaves of others gleamed the scarlet pomegranate. All varieties of trees and shrubbery remarkable for either foliage or blossom, mingled their leaves in rich profusion. Long walks wound through the groves. From brazen statues spouted floods of cool water. The air was burdened with perfume from flowers, that grew in marble vases, or more lowly beds on the ground. This was the home of Herod, a man famous for his magnificence, and one who seemed to be inspired with the desire of rivaling the glory of Solomon.

But had you visited Jerusalem in the days when this despot oppressed Israel, you would no doubt have turned your steps in the direction of the Temple

before devoting time to anything else. It was built of white marble, and from a long distance could be plainly seen. It was the chief object beheld upon approaching the city, and it was the most wonderful to examine after reaching that place. We cannot begin to give a complete description of it, but must content ourselves with speaking of a few particular points of interest. The whole edifice was encompassed on every side by the most magnificent colonade the world ever saw. Here one could walk over marble floors between double rows of exquisitely finished Corinthian columns until the very distance forced one to rest. Before the visitor, stretching far away, extended the grand colonade, the columns lessening in appearance as the distance grew. Sunlight and shadow intermingling there a delightful twilight over all. The roof was made of the expensive and fragrant wood of the cedar, and finished off with carvings and gildings peculiar to Jewish architecture. The columns were nearly forty feet high and were cut from a single rock. They were not made of several stones joined together, but each one from top to bottom was composed of a single solid shaft of pure white marble. I have seen a number of buildings called grand now; and I remember being once called to admire the two handsome columns supporting the front of a Cathedral in Philadelphia. They were of brown sandstone, and were considered very fine indeed. They were perhaps six feet in diameter and fifty or sixty feet high. But instead of being cut from a single stone, they were made of a number of blocks placed one upon another, and that too in such an inartistic way as to allow the broad seams of the joints to be plainly apparent for a considerable distance. These were termed magnificent columns. What then can be said of the one hundred and sixty-two solid marble pillars, which stood in one grand colonade on one side alone of the Temple? Here the Jews assembled at all hours of the day. And it is not to be wondered at,—when walking on and on beneath this splendid cedar roof, over a smooth marble pavement, with all these signs of elegance, and wealth and power about them, that their feelings were exalted, and they felt that God had indeed chosen them to be the one chief nation upon the face of the earth. No wonder that with all this magnificence about them, they grew proud and looked down with contempt upon the hated Gentiles, who knew nothing of the great covenant established by Jehovah with Abraham. No wonder it was hard for them to turn away from all this grandeur, and beauty, to the humble simplicity of Christ. In Him they beheld nothing but the most positive contradiction to all the aspirations, and all the teachings of their whole lives.

But, passing through this outer enclosure and ascending a broad flight of steps, the visitor found himself in an extensive open court; and, looking across its smooth pavement, he beheld the great gates which opened the way into what is known as the Sanctuary. These entrances were ten in number, of which that known as the "Beautiful Gate," far exceeded in splendor all the others. Yet the others were by no means contemptible. Every one had two doors forty-five feet high and twenty feet wide, which were completely overlaid, both outside and inside with heavy plates of solid gold. They were supported on either side by high, and massive columns and towers, strongly fortified and ornamented with great elaboration. The space between these golden portals was occupied by lofty cloisters, and these in turn were adorned with superb porticoes, whose cedar roofs were held aloft by double rows of marble columns corresponding in beauty and appearance, to those of which I have previously spoken. Viewing this part of the Temple from the open court, it must have appeared a harmonious combination of massive and warlike towers, golden gates, and airy shafts of marble columns.

And now it seems as if all I have told you must sink into comparative nothingness, when placed in contrast with that which is to come. No sooner did the visitor ascend the flight of steps which led to the "Beautiful Gate," than there burst upon the view a scene so brilliant that for a moment the eye felt pain, as when suddenly turned upon a glowing flame. Immediately before him, lifting its mighty front to the giddy height of one hundred and fifty feet, stood what was properly called the

Temple. It was as broad as it was high, but broad and high as it was, the whole of its great face was covered completely with thick plates of burnished gold, which beneath the steady light of the sun, blazed and flashed with a glory indescribably brilliant. There it stood, the Jewish Temple! The colonade, the golden gates, these all encircled it as if with their magnificence to prepare the mind for what was so much superior. Above the immense door which opened the way into it, gigantic grape vines of gold wound and twisted themselves into every conceivable form of beauty, their immense leaves and thick stems, and heavy clusters of grapes six feet long serving to relieve the monotony of the broad front. And there were also curiously graven in the precious plating, tall and stately palm trees that drooped their graceful branches low to the ground, with outstretched wings of cherubim, and wild seraphic faces that spoke of joy ineffable, and lilies, emblems of purity, opened their wide petals side by side upon the gold. And thus both inside and outside the Holy Place was elaborately ornamented. Then looking in through the wide open door, the eye gazed into a splendid apartment where the walls, and the ceiling and the floor were sheets of the same precious material that was so lavishly used all over the building. At the farthest end of this apartment, covering nearly the whole face of it, and, with the brilliancy of its colorings contrasting finely with the golden floor and ceiling, was an exquisitely wrought Babylonian curtain, embroidered with blue and fine linen, and scarlet, and purple. Behind this curtain no eyes but those of the priests could look, and no feet but theirs could tread, for here was the Holy and the Most Holy Place.

In front of the Temple stood the great altar; around the altar officiated a crowd of priests; upon it lay the slaughtered lamb, and on either side of it, drawn up in double rows, were the musicians arrayed in the sacred uniform and bearing in their hands every kind of musical instrument known; pipes, horns, trumpets, cymbals, tabrets, harps, organs, and others of various kinds. And just when the glowing sun was about to descend behind the far away hills of the West, and the sky was all aglow with the glories of his decline, and the light fell with soft and subduing shadows upon the pillars, columns, towers, and high walls of the Temple, or shone with ten-fold lustre upon the golden front of the Sanctuary, when all around about the altar stood multitudes of devout worshippers, the wood of the sacrifice was kindled, and as the bright tongues of fire leapt into the air, and the black smoke ascended to heaven, with one accord the musicians and singers all united in praising God. Hundreds of instruments, and thousands of voices trained to greatest harmony, united in one song. The horns blew, the trumpets sounded, the cymbals clashed, the harps twanged, the tabrets rang, and the voices of the singers rose high to heaven. As the flames grew brighter, and the smoke grew denser and rolled higher, the voices of the singers swelled grander, and fuller, and louder, and the head of every worshipper was bowed lower, and all adored the Lord. Yet wilder clashed the cymbals, and louder blew the trumpets, and sweeter and fuller joined in the pipes and flutes, until the sacred music, floating through the quiet air, pervaded every silent nook and corner of the vast edifice. Through the long, and now darkened and deserted corridors, round about the lofty columns, over the warlike battlements, through the golden portals out upon the city, rolled the full tones of the glorious strain, till penetrating the dark and silent sepulchre, it must have sounded o'er the motionless forms of Israel's dead kings.

And to-day, as regularly as the Sabbath comes, the Jews living in Jerusalem go to the place where once their magnificent Temple stood. And where a part of the old foundations are still standing, they gather themselves together to mourn over the loss of their beautiful house. Old men and women with heads all gray with years, lay their trembling hands upon the stones as if caressing something that was inexpressibly dear to them. They bow their heads against them, cover them with kisses, and wash them with their tears. Thus they mourn and weep, calling upon God in tones of pathetic entreaty to remember the covenant established with His people. This is one of the saddest things that I have ever heard. We

know that the Temple will never be rebuilt, but this poor people cling with unwavering faith to the hope that God will raise it up from its ashes more beautiful than ever before.

After Christmas.

BY A PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Sitting in the firelight, Bess and I, talking quietly, while the little ones sat on the moss under the Christmas tree, hugging their knees, and with eager faces discussing the sweet impossibilities of Kriss Kindel's journeyings. Said Bess, "The pine is falling fast, and I fear we shall soon have nothing left but brown stems; suppose we take the tree and evergreen down?" "True," said I, "and beside Epiphany is past," as the star on the topmost bough glittered a moment. The children were sorry, but willing, if they could only have a farewell to it, and we promised that for the next evening.

Meanwhile the hearth-light was making pretty changes in the home picture, and the old-fashioned parlor wore more than its usual gentle grace. The reverence lent it from the faces on the walls, portraits of Christian ancestors who had left us in that blessed hope which made the whole life here a long Advent lesson, seemed always deeper at Christmastide, so full of precious memories and hopes; these with the pictures of the present were garlanded with evergreens and sprigs of ivy and myrtle; the few statuettes with delicate wreathing of ferns; from vase and candelabra swept trailing mosses, while many a cluster of bright autumn leaves and shadowy grasses lent a grace here and there to stand or sheaf.

For the deeper joy of the Christmastide there were the shields above doorways and windows, bearing "Glad Tidings," "Child Jesus," "Peace on earth," with a star and cross of frosted autumn leaves. This the firelight showed in fitful turns, and the shadows of the Christmas boughs came and went with the leaping flames, like the dreams and recollections in our hearts.

But a dazzling radiance some way seemed appropriated by the tree itself, standing near the corner, with graceful branches and steady stem holding and bending with the fantastic freight of fruit. O the mysteries of that laden tree! Budding, blossoming and bearing its harvest all at once! How the gay horns of plenty swayed the dainty branches, linked by chains of silvery bells, behind whose mystic windings glittering fruits hung tremulous with fairy faces, and miniature groups shining within them! The marvellous golden egg swung from a tiny twig reflecting all the firelight and more beside; silent drums hung stickless beside gilded fishes that unhesitatingly were upward bound; tiny flags waving out the innocent cause of endless enthusiasm in their fluttering red, white and blue; gay balloons tempted by the tiny Vanity Fair, lost ambition, and rested midway transfixed; curious fruitage of yellow and red hung from sprays that held fringed balls and glistening nothings; banners with devices of peace and joy fluttered above sweet cherub faces flying with shiny wings from the tips of boughs, like an echo from the choir that startled the shepherds that starlit night on Judea's hills; tiniest bird-cages with canaries resting from song and step, swung beside clusters of silvery grapes that hung high enough to be sour, while from innermost branches shone divers colors from tangible bubbles. Suspended from many a fair twig hung the seeds of Utopia's gardens; transparent nuts with, O wonder to tree! golden leaves! Birdlings of gray and gorgeous plumage nestled amid the evergreen branches; crimped oranges, yellow and splendid among the fir; gay tulips and white lilies blooming on the ends of boughs that bore fruits which never grew in the fairest of earthly Edens, shining white and pink under a covert of silvery foliage.

In quiet content, from dizzy heights swung strapped papoose guarded by as gorgeous a group of clouds as ever gathered around the hills when the sun goes down, from whose tossings a full orb with dazzling rays shot forth, ever shining, never gone from among the leafage of that Christmas tree. Glimmering scales betray the dolphin on his slow sail through the tempestuous sea of fir; fluted shells, dainty enough for the tiniest naiad to float in, lay stranded on the greenest of shores, under the

soaring of sweeping eagles that bore on their own crests the *ne plus ultra* shield; a hundred nameless growths of field and forest swing lightly among the swaying branches that needed not the lightest wind to make the bough bend, and when it did, baby and cradle and all did not come down.

Under the laden tree, with heavy coat all furrowed by snow, with old gray hood and long grey beard, with ample arms hugging tight the tree that only for the children knows seed time and harvest all at once, with that young old face of his lighted up by the kindest blue eyes in all the world, stood Kriss Kindel, wishing you a "A merry Christmas and happy New Year," while above all was the star surmounting a shield, bearing "Peace on Earth." O that shield! What darts of sorrow and discontent and all uncharitableness would it not ward off? O that star! making you wish anew for the purest of gold, the sweet spices, and incense for an offering to the Child the King.

The next evening, while the snow, which had been softly falling all the day, lay in downy outlines upon the bare brown branches beyond the windows, and the flakes in spiral groups went waltzing through the air, the little ones gathered about the glowing hearth to hear again the story of the first Christmas-tide; then with a farewell chorus that rang out cheerfully the hope for next Christmas song and joy, began to hold tiny hands for the dropping fruits. How they came down! It was like nutting time; not like the May bloom that comes in showers of fluttering pink and white, but like golden autumn shaking down a splendid sunset.

The little feet made sundry trips from tree to table, where the shining harvest was gathered in; now rejoicing over some new beauty the leaves had hid; now tasting a forgotten candy in the depths of the never-failing horns of plenty, until last of all they bore between them a bright little banner that showed you the aged Simeon with folded hands and eyes of faith, bending before the Infant of Days, while "Peace be with you," went twining around the folds held by baby fingers.

So let it be, little ones! And as I look at the empty tree before me and think of your little busy hands lying in the perfect rest of childhood's slumber; the shut eyelids on little flushed cheeks, and the hush of childhood's voices behind the sweet baby mouth, and then again at the tree, standing in its native grace, so many thoughts come crowding. It came from the forest where the snow had fallen around its feet and in its highest bough; it was not the growth of a day nor a year, yet it came with its voice of the free air, its present winter song among the glossy leaves, and its echoes of cool, shady places in the summer time, to bear its "strange sweet fruit" for us at Christmas-tide. The branches have a deeper meaning, because of the former laden bough, do you know that little children? And the ripened fruit ever gives a yielding grace to the branch that the blossom alone cannot bring. It came among us and silently told its own story of the shepherds' watch and the song of the angels, and we must not feel that its song is wholly ended; its lesson is not over, for the "Peace, peace," here and there among its branches, is not merely an echo.

Flowers.

BY REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D.

PART II.

Conceding the beneficial effects that may be said to flow from the cultivation of flowers in a worldly point of view, what we wish to insist upon is that nothing can find its true meaning outside of Christianity, which alone can sanctify our tastes and make our joy in them perennial, and that in all this we have higher incentives than the old Greek had when he taught his boy to study and admire the works of Phidias.

Even refined paganism taught that the highest beauty culminated in the service of the gods, and if they were impelled to invent deities as the patrons of flowers, why should we ignore Him who "clothes the lilies of the field?" Indeed it is wonderful how flowers have entered into the religious life of the world, and how in all heathenism we have dim adumbrations or shadowings of what is told us by revelation. Into

this field I may not enter, but let me give one instance. Zoroaster tells us that the stem of the rose had no thorns until the entrance of Ahrimanus (the evil one) into the world. Here we have evidently a stray gleam from the burning bush, for this is just the truth that the Bible declares. When God made man, he placed him in an Eden of beauty, and when man fell he involved his whole heritage. The earth was cursed for his sake and doomed to bring forth thorns and thistles. Every one who contends with weeds and briars, feels that this curse is a dread reality, that reaches away down to the very soil on which we tread. Flowers, then, comport with innocence, and thorns with sin.

But now this law of sin and death is to be reversed. A Deliverer is promised, by whom the curse is to be removed, and when His triumph is predicted it is in this language: "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be made glad * * the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God." Is. 35: 2.

If then the restoration is to be as much of a historical reality as the curse is, the bloom of Eden must be renewed, and the evil one will not be permitted to say, "Although man has been redeemed, I hold his heritage." He will not be able to say, "The blighted Eden spoken of in the *first* part of your Bible was a fact, but the new heavens and the new earth described by St. John, in the *last* part of your Bible, and promised as the restored paradise into the which the redeemed shall enter, must ever remain a fiction." No, even the plants and flowers of the earth are to "see the excellency of our God," and this thought is one to which the Christian ought not to be indifferent.

It is remarkable that He by whom all this is to be effected, has many names given to Him from the world of plants, as "the Root and Stem of Jesse," "the Branch," "the Balm in Gilead," "the Rose of Sharon," and "the Lily of the Valleys." And it is further remarkable that in the Song of Solomon, the love of Christ for His Church is set forth under the image of a lover in a garden of flowers. But I would yet call attention to the fact that the use of flowers in religious decoration is spoken of in the Bible. The high priest's dress, and some parts of the tabernacle, with its sacred furniture, were decorated with the blossom of the pomegranate and the almond, and as this was done by Divine directions, no one dare cavil at it.

He whose lips were touched with a live coal from off God's altar, and who spoke as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, uttered this prediction: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious." This prediction has been fulfilled in the custom of the churches that adorn their houses of worship on festival days. And this custom is no longer confined to the old German and English churches, but is coming into vogue among those who do not lay so much stress upon the regular festivals. The late centennary celebration of Methodism in this country witnessed many a floral offering, and at the meeting of the united Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, held in Philadelphia, the sacred edifice was festooned with evergreens, and their pulpit and communion table were crowned with flowers. I like my Methodist and Presbyterian brethren all the better for that. And if any long-faced croaker should speak to me of it as an evidence of a decline in what he would be apt to call their "vital godliness," I would respectfully differ from him; but if he should go farther, and seriously say that they were worshipping flowers, it would take all the little grace I have to keep from thinking him a donkey that had been feeding on thistles all his life. But even if it were established that a man must make an idol of everything brought into our churches, it were better then to adorn our chancels with flowers, than to litter them up with hats, overcoats, umbrellas and muddy gum shoes, which you would expect any refined pastor to leave outside of your parlors.

A minister of our own church once preached a sermon against the time-honored custom of decorating churches, because, as he said, it was hostile to

spirituality; as if there was something essentially spiritual in bare walls. He took the text, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." Unfortunately, he found it in the book of Chronicles, where we are told God built the most gorgeous temple the world ever saw, and the text itself means in the original, "Worship the Lord *with the ornaments of the sanctuary.*" If he had quoted the whole song from which his text was taken, he would have read these words, "Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord." Men will find out one of these days that it is a terrible slander to say that our most holy Christianity is to be represented only by what is poor and ugly and mean, and if that is only done, the spirituality may be taken for granted. God ordered the richest and best of everything for His temple of old. The wise men from the East brought gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh to the infant Jesus. When the palm-branches were strewed in the Saviour's way, it was the Pharisees that protested, and not Christ Himself. The woman who poured the precious ointment made of the nard plant at the Saviour's feet was commended by Him, and built herself a monument lasting as the gospel itself. It was not the most spiritual of the disciples, but a gold-loving Judas, who said, "Why was all this waste made?" The early Christians had a great many flowers in their services on the festival days. Whitsuntide, or White-Sunday, received its name, as is generally supposed, from the white dresses and flowers used on that day. These things could not then, nor could they now, add anything to Christ, any more than Mary's ointment could, but He can add something to them, by sanctifying our tastes and associating them with that which is holy, and thus symbolizing the Paradise of God, which will re-appear whenever the creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption unto the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Tell me not, then, that the gold does not sanctify the temple. It is enough for me to know that the temple sanctifies the gold. I love flowers, and I love them all the more because, as I hope, I love God, and I do not see why they should be excluded from our holiest activities and associations. I like Mr. Beecher's bouquets on his pulpit more than I like some of his smart but erratic sermons. I think if any one could be found with such a scrofulous mind as to object to a bunch of God's innocent flowers on His own altar, one might say to him what John Calvin said to the only person he ever heard object to the repetition of the Lord's prayer, "Poor creature!" You can imagine such a one at his public devotions. You would be apt to see him with any of our modern hymn-books in hand, standing on Jordan's stormy banks, and casting

> "A wishful eye
> To Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where his possessions lie."

You would hear of a "land of pure delight," and he would sing

> "There everlasting spring abides,
> And *never withering flowers,*
> Death, like a narrow sea, divides
> That heavenly land from ours."

Oh, yes, his "land of pure delight" is full of flowers, by Divine appointment, of course, and it is, perhaps, well that he can't see all, for he might be impelled to commit suicide by drowning, for—

> "Could he but climb where Moses stood,
> And view the landscape o'er,
> Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
> Could keep him from that shore."

See! anxious to get over where the flowers are, but he don't want any such superstitious nonsense here, and could hardly pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." There are such jewels of consistency in the world, who, though they think flowers very wicked, do not object to thorns, especially if they stick them into some parson's side.

My own opinion is, that the greatest enemies of our holy religion are not open revilers, but those professors who look upon our Heavenly Father as a merciless tyrant, and His service as a series of inexorable hardships. They may profess to be the antipodes of the Carmelite monks, but they differ from them only in placing purgatory on this side of the grave. They represent Christian duty as a heavy premium we must all pay in this world, as an insurance against fire in the next; and they would never take a policy themselves if they were not afraid of a future scorching.

These people make religion seem harsh and forbidding. They drive all the best music out of the churches into the opera houses, and then storm at their children if they go after it. And such people ought to have in reality, as they have to all intents and purposes, two sets of eyes, one set to "roll up in meeting," and another set with which to look at God's green earth and starry heavens. As it is, their *Christian* eyes see nothing but skulls in the rose bushes and cross bones in the skies. With them Christianity is a dry, hard, harsh, abstract theory, whereas it is, in truth, a *new life*, that ought to underlie our natural life and give tone and color to the whole constitution of the world in which God has placed us. For no one is bound to give up anything as a Christian which he ought not to be ashamed of as a man. And Christianity does not ignore any of our relations, or any enjoyments or pleasures growing out of them; it simply sanctifies them in such a way as to make them truly joyous. Nay, more, in the second Adam we may gain everything we lost in the first; and even the outward world, instead of being irredeemable, is to be restored finally, *though it may be through catastrophe*, to its pristine glory, and claimed for the service of God. His grace and power are to be as far reaching as the blight of sin. He came that even the matter of which the outward world is composed —not simply the coarser parts of it, not simply what we see at Golgotha and Calvary, jagged rocks and bare earth wet with blood; not simply the rude wood to which He was nailed; not simply the wormwood that He drank, and the thorns with which He was pierced, but that *all* things, the richest and best of everything should praise Him; yea, that even the aroma of the plant and the fragrance of the rose should be brought to Him, (Luke xxiv. 1), not to purchase favor indeed, but as the offerings of joy, and the ointment of grateful love poured out at His feet. The Christian who does not appreciate this fact, comes short of his high privileges, if not of his most solemn duty.

These are my views, which, however, none of you are compelled to adopt. I would not force even my roses upon you. If you prefer *thorns*, you pay your money and can take your choice.

Dottings from the Old World.

BY N. C. S.

LEIPSICK, EUROPE,
December 1*st*, 1874.

Sometimes incidents, which in themselves have little or no significance, are indelibly impressed upon the mind by the attending circumstances and the connection in which they occur. My memory recalls at this time with peculiar vividness two such incidents, which occurred during my travels in Italy.

One of them is associated with the Piazza d'Espagna or Spanish Square, one of the largest and finest in Rome. On it stands a lofty marble column, supporting a bronze statue of the Virgin Mary, which represents her in the attitude of pronouncing a blessing upon the eternal city. The base of the column is adorned by four marble statues of life-size, representing Moses, David, Isaiah and Ezekiel. The whole is designed to commemorate the fact, that on December 8th, 1854, Pius IX. proclaimed the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. Near by is the celebrated Propaganda, where the famous Perrone is Professor of Dogmatics, and where young men of every clime and country are educated and trained for the priesthood. A series of magnificent steps connects this piazza with the Via Felice. One morning as I was coming down these steps, my attention was attracted by an old woman, who had a number of books upon a shelf in front of her. Curiosity prompted me to go and examine what she had. To my surprise I found she was selling Bibles, Testaments and Psalters; some in Italian, others in the original. The cheap prices, at which she was selling them, were evidence enough that she was in the employ of the British Bible Society. Had this occurred in any other country, I might never again have thought of this woman. But the fact, that she was selling Bibles just there, made her to me an index of the change which has taken place in the late dominions of the Church. Whenever I think of it, my mind turns on the difference between the old and the new order of things. For as long as the Pope was

in possession of his temporal power, Bibles coming from England were invariably confiscated by the Custom House officers. Sometimes they were smuggled into the States of the Church,—an instance in which Protestantism perhaps justified the means by the end. Perrone says, that Rosa Madiai distributed 1,100 copies of the Italian Bible; but she finally suffered imprisonment for her zeal, and only regained her freedom through the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance. And if such was the success which attended the efforts of one, who labored with the prospect of incarceration before her eyes, what results may not be expected in our day, when the publications of the British Bible Society are freely sold throughout the whole kingdom of Italy? If the monument upon the Spanish Square reflects glory upon Pius IX., how much more does the woman selling Bibles upon the Spanish steps reflect glory upon King Victor Emanuel!

The other incident occurred on the way from Naples to Pompeii. My companion and I had taken a third class car, which is perhaps the best way of studying the character of the common people. Besides it gives one the reputation of being a poor man, which is certainly a very desirable thing while traveling in Italy. Near us sat a man, who evidently belonged to the lowest dregs of society, for his pantaloons were so deficient as to leave the greater part of his legs bare. He employed his time in watching us, and in pocketing old cigar stumps that happened to lie upon the floor. He gazed at us very intently while we were examining our maps and guide books. As soon as we laid these aside, he pulled out of his pocket a paper, which he handed to us. It stated that he was employed to work on the railroad, and hence allowed to ride free of charge. Several others asked him to let them see the paper; but he would show it to no one else. At the time his conduct appeared to me inexplicable; but the mystery was solved when I read in one of Prof. Hase's books, that in the late kingdom of Naples only two persons out of a hundred were able to read. The man was evidently proud of his paper, and hence only willing to show it to such as he thought capable of reading it.

Facts like the above speak louder than words. They show what Roman Catholicism is in countries where the reforming influence of Protestantism has not been felt. That the Romish Church feels their force, is evident from the attempts which she is constantly making to explain them away. But the odds are against her. The regulation requiring the services of the sanctuary to be held in the Latin language, is enough to excite suspicion. It shows how little she is disposed to encourage the use of the living languages in religious matters. Gregory IX. caused a prohibition to be issued in the year 1229, which forbids translations of the Old and New Testaments, and prohibits the laity from having any portions of the same with the exception of the Psalms and the parts contained in the breviaries. More than a century later John Wickliff was condemned on the charge of heresy, because he had put the Sacred Scriptures in an English dress. The Council of Trent raised the Latin Vulgate, with all its errors, to the dignity of a sole authoritative canonical text, although the Professors at Tübingen in spite of this decree, make use of all the corrections and improvements which have been made by men like Tischendorf. In the Bull Unigenitus issued 1713, Clement XI. condemns the propositions of P. Quesnell, one of which recommends the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures. By some the utterance has been made that the Church would be better off if no Bible were in existence, which, it has been well said, must sound like blasphemy in the ears of a Christian laity.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some Popes have encouraged Bible-reading. Nevertheless the Church is rather afraid to put the Bible into the hands of the people; because experience has taught her how difficult it is to retain the fidelity of those who find in the Scriptures a picture of Christianity so altogether different from that which confronts them in the bosom of the Church. When the common layman finds no definite injunctions concerning the worship of Mary and the Saints, concerning purgatory, oral confession and masses for the dead, he may be tempted to exclaim as one of the Bishops is said to have done: As often as I read the Bible, I find in it a reli-

gion entirely different from the one we now have.

Perrone in his Dogmatics says: "Christ never said, go ye and distribute Bibles." But if on the day of Pentecost the Apostles received the power to preach the gospel in many tongues, God is certainly not displeased if by means of the printing press the Bible Societies of our day proclaim the gospel in every written language upon the globe.

In reference to Catholicism the proverb holds true, "that distance lends enchantment to the view." When seen from afar the hierarchical fabric of the Romish Church makes an imposing appearance. Unity, antiquity, art and wealth contribute their charms to her. But many of the charms vanish when one comes to inquire more closely into matters and customs. The admiration which had been instilled into me by priests and members of that Church, with whom it has been my privilege to associate, was more than counterbalanced by what I saw in countries that have not been subject to the moulding influence of Protestantism.

The Two Sides—Or, Then and Now.

BY THE EDITOR.

Is the system of religious instruction in the modern Sunday-school better than that which prevailed in the Protestant Churches in Germany since the Reformation? This question has two sides. The catechetical system as introduced in these churches three hundred years ago, was superior to that in our Sunday-schools:

1.) In that it had better teachers—the pastor and the school-master. The latter, as well as the former, was thoroughly educated for his position. The teachers of our Sunday-schools are not expressly educated for their office, but must fit themselves for it as best they can. None such could have been appointed teachers of the young in the Reformation Churches of the continent of Europe.

2.) It had more co-operative help. Every Sunday the pastor had to preach a plain sermon on the Catechism Lesson of the day, to the parents and the children. Certain hours of the week the schools had to devote to the thorough and accurate committing of the same Lessons, and proof texts and verses of hymns. The pastor would come at certain hours to hear the scholars recite the same. Then, before confirmation the pastor would give them special instructions. By the time they were confirmed they had a vast store of precious religious truth laid up in their hearts and memories. The modern Sunday-school has no system which presents such a co-operative unit, between the pastor and teacher.

3.) It laid more stress on accurate committing to memory, and less on the explanations of individuals, who had no chance of qualifying themselves for such a difficult task. Bible verses, the Catechism and the grand old hymns were always true, always to the point, a safe guide in every season of danger, doubt, darkness and death. These were given them, unincumbered by private speculations.

4.) All their religious instruction and training was made to work for one common end – the preparation of the scholar for confirmation. On this point our present Sunday-school system is unquestionably at loose ends. Individual schools there doubtless are, whose course and system of instruction have the same end in view. But the institution generally is without a fixed, well-defined object, toward which all efforts are concentrated. Lecturers and writers on the subject tell us that the end of all teaching must be the conversion of the scholar. But they fail to give a concise, definite idea of what they mean by this; and what is worse, not one half of the teachers have this idea.

Besides, in every well ordered congregation it is to be presumed that the bulk of the baptized children, who have been properly trained, do not need conversion, in the technical sense of that term. Like Timothy, they have been pious from childhood. What is to be the aim of teaching in the case of such? Certainly in the Reformed Church—at least, their preparation, by the Word and grace of God, for confirmation.

On the other hand, the present Sunday-school system is in some respects an advance on that of the past.

1.) It has better school-room accom-

modations. In Europe, and in this country, up to within thirty years ago, the school-rooms for children were uncomfortable, dingy, dreary places. Benches without backs, often too high for the little feet to touch the floor; but few windows, and those small, and perhaps dusty; ceilings low; ventilation poor, walls without pictures or maps. In short, rooms which aside of our cozy, well-lighted, well-ventilated, well-furnished, cheerful Sunday-schools, seem like cells for juvenile prisoners.

2.) Whilst, as a rule, the sentiment or doctrine of the hymns is inferior, the music of our Sunday-schools, we think, for children, is superior to that of the other system. It is more cheerful and better suited for the capacity and peculiar tastes of childhood.

3.) There is greater variety in the present than in the past system. The half-matured, half-disciplined mind of a child, cannot be confined long to any one subject, without discomfort and a sense of weariness. The present system seeks to secure a pleasing variety in its services, better adapted to rivet and retain the attention of the child than the other.

4.) With the lamentable amount of pernicious fiction in our Sunday-school libraries, it must still be admitted, taking all in all, that our Sunday-school scholars have more apt, good reading than the older system furnished. In a child's mind, the imagination predominates. And this want the Sunday-school recognizes and seeks to supply. The minds of little ones can be reached and influenced better through the imaginative than the strictly reasoning or logical faculty.

5.) The present Sunday-school system makes religious instruction less of a task—and invests it with more attractive and pleasure-giving features than the old one. It seeks to blend duty with pleasure. Under the old system pleasant rooms and entertaining books were less used than the birch of the schoolmaster. We know of no prettier place on the face of the earth than some infant schools we sometimes visit, where you inhale the breath of heaven among a crowd of innocent little ones, singing and praying to our Saviour, and as happy as the angels in heaven.

Palestine.—The Mount of Olives has changed hands. The Countess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who lives at Jerusalem, has bought and handed it over to the French Government. She is now erecting a convent on the spot where our Saviour prayed. The prayer is inscribed on the stone wall around the court yard in thirty-two languages. The Countess is a lady of immense wealth, and is as queer as she is wealthy. She lives in an old cottage of oriental style, with only a tortoise-shell cat and a brown dog for her companions.

Last summer's flowers are all gone. You can not find one in the fields or gardens. Yet we know that next summer the earth will be covered again with floral beauty. God has other flowers preparing, just as fragrant and beautiful as those which the frost has killed. So the joys that have faded from our homes and bosoms are not the only joys. God has others for us in store, as sweet and rich as those we have lost, which He will give us in due time.

Often when traveling among the Alps, one sees a small black cross planted upon a rock, or on the brink of a torrent, or on the verge of the highway to mark the spot where men have met with a sudden death, that others may shun the danger. So God in His word has marked the spots where men fell, and the sins by which they perished, that those who follow after may know where perils lie.

A little child was passing along a quiet street, clinging with one hand to its mother's dress; but when crossing one of the busiest thoroughfares, I saw the little hand quickly letting go the dress and seeking a hold of its mother's hand, which when it got, it felt safe and content. So it is with us. When pursuing the even tenor of our way, and all goes on quietly and comfortably with us, we are satisfied with the most casual and outward contact with Jesus; but when we have to cross the terrible thoroughfares of life, when we are brought face to face with the dangers and distractions of sickness, or bereavement, or sorrow, then we instinctively reach up to clasp the living and loving hand.—*Macmillan.*

The Sunday-School Department.

[EDITORIAL NOTES.]

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—All letters pertaining to the business affairs of the Guardian, are to be sent to S. R. Fisher & Co., 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Please do not worry the Editor with matters pertaining to the payment of bills, and the many questions arising from unavoidable clerical or mail irregularities. The back and missing numbers of the GUARDIAN can be had at the Publishing House in Philadelphia.

All communications and letters pertaining to the editorial department are to be sent to the Editor of the Guardian, Reading, Pa. Articles to be inserted in a certain number, must be in the hands of the Editor by the first day of the month preceding. As a rule, the manuscripts of rejected articles will not be returned to the authors, nor can the reason of their rejection be furnished them. We have no time to spare for such matters, neither will our friends demand such at our hands. We wish to fill our monthly with apt reading material. It may become our duty to reject thoroughly prepared articles, written by the best of scholars, men of ability and prominence, simply because they are unsuited for our class of readers and will not meet the object of this magazine.

Our friends can furnish us with valuable material in the form of Sunday-school incidents and items from their experience. Whether woven into an article, or given us in a few sentences of a letter, in either case they will be thankfully received and judiciously used.

Our friends will notice with pleasure the increasing number of contributors which the GUARDIAN is gaining, and the entertaining and instructive reading which they furnish. In the name of our readers we cordially thank these kind co-laborers in the good cause, and invite others, who possess an aptitude for this kind of writing, to join them in the good work.

It affords us pleasure, that our foreign correspondent, Rev. N. C. Schaeffer, has resumed his well-written and instructive letters from the old world. We have a second one in hand for the March number, on "The Leipsic Professors." A valuable and interesting addition to our reading matter our lady contributors are furnishing. None can write so aptly for their own sex as they. Not only for the sake of our large number of lady readers, but for the benefit, too, of the sterner sex, it is very desirable that the diligent hand, the practical mind, and tender, sympathizing heart of woman should help to set and furnish the monthly table of our magazine.

Those friends who in the kindness of their hearts furnish us articles which we feel constrained to reject, will please not think hard of the non-appearance of their mental offspring. We can not insert everything sent to us, either because the matter is not adapted to meet the wants of our readers, or not suited for publication on account of a defect in the composition.

"*The Soul Lost*" we should like to insert, were it not for a few blemishes. It bears the marks of a talented mind. We advise the author to cultivate and improve her gift. Meanwhile it would perhaps be well to use her pen somewhat in prose composition.

No man can be an under-shepherd of Christ, in the full sense of the term, who does not know how or care to feed his lambs. "How do you manage to raise and keep such a thriving set of sheep?" said a certain wool dealer to a plain shepherd in the highlands of Scotland. His sheep were the healthiest and largest, and had the best quality of wool of any in the neighborhood. The reply of the shepherd was: "By taking care of the lambs."

And the great secret of true, permanent congregational prosperity consists in taking care of the lambs. It seems to us our Theological Seminaries and works on pastoral theology pay too little attention to the Sunday-school work in the teaching and training of their

students. We know of no seminary in this country where the candidates for the ministry are specifically prepared for this work. Indeed, apart from what some may derive from their experience as teachers in some school during their course of study, they simply get nothing. They are sent out to take charge of one of the most difficult and fruitful departments of their calling, without being trained for it. Many a young pastor learns more from the unlettered teachers of his school and from his bungling experiments, than he ever did from his Professors. The department of catechetics, as now taught, does not cover the ground. Ought we not to have a Sunday-school Professorship in our Theological Seminaries? If not that, the Church should devise some other means by which our theological students can be "thoroughly furnished" for this great work.

Tardiness among Sunday-schools is in some cases unavoidable, but in many cases the result of bad habits. Some of the best people we know are always late in arriving at church. They are among the most liberal, prayerful, devoted persons you can find, whose godly influence is diffused on every side, like a sweet-smelling savor. They are always in their place, and always get to it five or ten minutes after the time. Not that they wish to do it. For they rise early and sit up late to do good. But they always get ready to leave home for church or Sunday-school a little too late. If they would begin to get ready a little sooner, or consent to let some matters of little importance unattended to till they return, or tell some thoughtless friends, who always happen to drop in just when they ought not, either to go along to Sunday-school, or excuse them, they could be up to time. Tardiness is a great annoyance, a great wrong to a school. The Superintendent or director regards the class vacant for that Sunday. After he has supplied it, the regular teacher comes. Then an unpleasant scene ensues. Either the teacher or the supply must withdraw from the class; both feel badly and the director, perhaps, feels worse than either. A tardy teacher will soon train a whole class in the pernicious habit of tardiness. And thus the evil will spread and perpetuate itself.

In the Waldensian Valleys a self-denying pastor gives the following good example on this point. Pastor James Cook, a Sunday-school missionary, says there is a Sunday-school there that begins at five o'clock in the morning, as most of the scholars, during the day, must keep the herds and flocks upon the mountains. When he began it, he feared that the scholars would fail to come so early. But he says that he is often awakened by the children long before that early hour. They gather around the church door and sing their sweet hymns. And the charming melodies of their ringing voices pleasantly awaken the man of God from his early slumbers, and summon him to his welcome work.

The January number of the GUARDIAN has been greeted with an unusual welcome. And this welcome was in a form most encouragingly tangible—payment of arrearages, a large addition to its subscription list, and many words of cordial and kindly approval. If its friends and the friends of Christ's kingdom in the Reformed Church will accord it the vigorous aid of their pen, purse and general support, it can be made the vehicle of an untold amount of good. The best advertisement of a publication like the GUARDIAN is its own character. Make it what its readers, the cause of Christ, the times need, and it will need no burrowing or drumming to increase its circulation. It is with a publication as with an individual. Let a man build up a character and acquire a power of doing good, such as the people or community feel that they *must* have—in other words, make himself a felt necessity—and he need not go a begging for a place. His services will be sought after and demanded. To make the GUARDIAN such, requires more than one mind; demands a diversity of minds and experience. We ask for *apt* material. Such as many possess. Out of their treasure let them "bring things new and old." To all who have cheered the GUARDIAN in its entrance upon a new year and a new field of labor, with words and deeds, we tender our grateful thanks.

The GUARDIAN Lesson Leaves contain much that the scholars ought to commit to memory; such as striking central verses in the Scripture Lesson, and the Questions of the Catechism at the foot of the page. By a little effort children and young people can readily commit to memory. The tendency of the Sunday-school now is to neglect this excellent habit of our fathers. After all, one central verse, well committed and pondered over, is often worth more to the scholar, in the form of a perpetual blessing, than the whole Lesson besides, even though never so well explained. Apt Scripture verses clinch the nail of the argument, both of the sermon and the Lesson. Said a young clerical brother, of fine talents and bright prospects of usefulness in the ministry, to us a few days ago:

"Last summer, on my visit home, I preached for our pastor. Returning home, after church, my father said to me, 'John, you preached a very good sermon to us. It was a comfort to me. But you don't clinch the nail as our pastor does. He backs up every argument with a lot of Bible verses. And, John, I tell you, nobody can deny those verses, or get over them. You have got to believe them.'"

Well might the dear old man feel a comfort in hearing his boy preach an able sermon. But there is a vast deal of truth and good sense in his view of clinching the nail.

When James Brainerd Taylor was pursuing his studies, preparatory to entering the University, he made it a rule to commit some portion of the Scripture to memory every night before retiring to rest. When he was examined for licensure, one who was present, said of him, "I never heard any man quote the sacred Scriptures with such fluency for the confirmation of his doctrinal views, as the questions were successively proposed to him."

When he came to die, the precious truths of the Bible, long before committed to memory, came forth, and stood about him as old friends and welcome comforters. They spoke to his fainting soul, and gave him refreshment and strength, when human help and solace were vain. When suffering acute pains, the repetition or remembrance of these precious words quieted his spirit, and gave him strength to endure. And when human speech could no longer reach his ear, and the voice of love had lost its charm, these faithful and true sayings did not lose their power; but to the very last, the Word of God was his shield and buckler, making him stronger than the strong man armed.

At the late Christmas Festival of the Orphans' Home several pleasing incidents occurred. A letter was received from Rev. J. P. Stein, of Pottsville, Pa., containing $2.00 for the Orphans. He stated that this was the contents of Shendon Stephens' saving-box, a little boy of his Sunday-school. A short time ago this little boy died. Among the last things he uttered when dying was a request made to his sorrowing mother, to give all his money to the dear Saviour. After his death the mother concluded to give this legacy to the Orphans' Home, where in our Saviour's name, fatherless children find a home. There is something touching in the thoughtfulness of a child, right on the verge of death and heaven, giving affectionate direction that its little earthly property should be given to our Saviour's cause.

Last summer Mr. P. F. Eisenbrown Superintendent of a country Sunday-school, at Green Brier, Northumberland County, Pa., urged his scholars to gather and give something useful to the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa. As their parents and the people thereabouts were a little backward yet in such matters the little folks knew not where to find anything. Their Superintendent advised them to gather chestnuts, each as many as possible, and they would put them in little bags, and give each orphan in the Home a bag of chestnuts at their Christmas festival. In the fall of the year many of these scholars roamed over hill and dale in that region, and climbed many a tree to gather nuts The result was nearly three bushels of chestnuts. Two quarts were put in each bag, and 73 bags in all were distributed by Mr. Eisenbrown at our festival. Every bag had the name of the little boy or girl on it who gathered its contents. After they had

been all handed around, Mr. Eisenbrown said that one of the bags had the name of Mary—on it. This little girl told him to give it to an orphan of the name of Mary, if such there was in the Home. "If there is such a one here, she will please hold up her hand," and quick as thought up went a little hand, and this Mary rejoiced over the bag of chestnuts which the Mary afar off gathered and sewed up in a bag for her unknown friend.

A worthy pastor has just told us: "I am delighted with the Lesson Leaves for the use of Sunday-schools. The Questions are simple and to the point, and exceedingly well adapted for the biblical instruction of the scholars. The Catechism Lesson for the Sunday, at the foot of the page is an excellent feature. This morning, to my agreeable surprise, I overheard our little Harry (a lad less than eight years of age) reciting the lesson for the first Sunday, to his sister in an adjoining room. The dear little fellow had accurately committed to memory the three answers of this lesson, even the long one to the first question. It did my heart good to hear him repeat these answers." This is the right plan. Let parents get their children to commit these catechism lessons at home, at an early age, when it will be comparatively easy for them to do it. One lesson a week, will enable them to treasure up the whole precious Catechism in their memories in the course of one year. This will make the future catechization of the children by the pastor comparatively easy.

The LAMMERHIRTE, the German Sunday-school paper of the Reformed Church, recently contained a letter from a teacher of the Sunday-school of the Second Reformed Church (German) of Dayton, Ohio, in which he complains of the fractious, frisking members of his class, in the following wise: "I used to be a shepherd in the old country. I had a fine lot of lambs. I can still see them, as I led them out of the stable, how they would dance and skip after me. But as soon as I reached the pasture field with my flock the lambs stopped their playful antics, and each tried to be foremost in getting where the best grass was. Sometimes it happened that even then a fun-loving lamb would hop about, and often such a one would turn the whole flock into an unruly rabble for awhile. Through the mischief of one little one much fine pasture would be trodden under foot and ruined. The unruly lambs themselves helped to destroy it.

"Since then I have become a shepherd of another kind of lambs. Although I have but a little flock, one or two among the small number are full of mischief, and have repeatedly reminded me of my irrational lambs in the old country. It is true, those that I now have do not butt with their heads, as the others did, but with their hands. They do not hop about as those did, but their eyes gad about the whole school and their thoughts are everywhere, only not with their teacher and the lesson. Pray tell me what to do with such inattentive, mischievous scholars?"

The Sunday-school of the First Reformed Church of Reading, places a copy of the Guardian into the hands of each teacher. Those teachers who may not have the means to spare to get it, will be furnished with the necessary money out of the treasury of the school. This is done for two reasons: 1) To give *all* the teachers an equal opportunity to prepare the Lessons, and have the benefit of other useful reading. 2) In order to benefit the scholars by assisting the teachers to instruct them in an entertaining and profitable way. This is a good plan and shows the right kind of a spirit.

"A Little Child shall Lead Them."

BY J. O. J.

When I was a little boy studying the Sunday-school Question Book, I often looked with a great deal of wonder upon a picture which it contained. In the foreground was a little boy, and back of him and around him, were the wolf and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and the young lion and the fatling. He was standing in the attitude of one about to go forward; and underneath

were the words: "And a little child shall lead them." (Isaiah xi. 6.) My boyish curiosity was excited, and greatly did I wonder who that little child might be. All the while there was within me a secret feeling: "perhaps I may be that little child." Certainly my wish that it might be so was strong, though never expressed to any one. I longed to question my mother in regard to this wonderful child who should be able to have "dominion over the beasts of the field," but was restrained from doing so by the fear that she would at once detect the secret which I cherished. Vain fear! I can well see now; for my mother knew my anything but saint-like boyhood too well, to think for a moment that her son would ever be able to tame and lead wild beasts, or subdue the untamed passions of men, (for the "dreamer" was himself impatient of restraint.) But had I questioned her, or any one else, and betrayed the secret aspirations of my heart, it might have been asked of me, as it was of the youthful Joseph when he "dreamed that the sun and the moon and the eleven stars did obeisance to him:" "Shall I and thy father and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to *thee* to the earth?" Shame and fear kept me from betraying, even to mother, the budding "hope," which did, however, in this case, "make ashamed" afterwards.

Finally, I ventured to ask a friend who the child might be, trying to assume a careless look, and speak in an unconcerned manner; but I was deeply concerned in the answer he would return. When, lo! I received such a reply as forever cast down all my hopes of obtaining the coveted power and dignity of "the little child." "I do not know who is meant; but it will never be you, unless you soon turn out to be a better boy!" Thereupon I disclaimed all the hopes which had arisen, and felt perplexed. Had he detected my secret, or did he merely make the remark in the way of reproof of my general naughtiness? I never had courage to ask. Nor did I broach the subject to any one else.

How often I think of that foolish fancy of my childhood. And yet it is very much like the fancy which many ambitious young men have, that they will some day be *leaders*, whilst they have never yet passed through the needed discipline of *being led*.

Well, I have learned since that the prophet, as every reader of the "GUARDIAN" knows, referred to the Child of Mary, whose name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God."

"A little child shall lead them." Leaving out of view the reference of these words to the Saviour, how true they are, and how constantly do we see them fulfilled in the actual life of men and women. They set forth the power and influence of childhood.

Childhood! How sweet the word. It speaks of Innocence, of Mirth and of Joy! Its power and influence are felt everywhere. In every family which is so happy as to have a child among its members, there is set up a throne, there is a king and there are loyal and devoted subjects. "The king of the cradle," is your real sovereign, and before his sceptre all must bow. What a willing service the parents pay to his majesty! How ready to run and do his bidding. And yet never was there a more capricious and arbitrary sovereign. He demands your services at all hours, and does not consult your convenience. He will make you rise from your warm couch and shiver in the cold night air, simply to give his "high mightiness" a sip of water. No sooner have you ministered to this want and again plunged up to the ears under the covers, than he discovers that a little paregoric or *fœniculum* might minister to his ease and comfort. Expostulation is vain. "Go and get it," he cries, and away you go, his obedient servant, and search through the medicine chest in the cold room for the bottle labeled "paregoric." You protest? You will renounce your allegiance? You will rebel against his imperious capriceship? To-morrow morning you will be bowing before him, performing numerous acts of homage, and offering him every glittering object within your reach, for the rich reward of one smile from the little monarch. The "little child will lead" you.

Philosophers tell us "the child is father of the man." Very likely. He is, at least, the master spirit of the family. (Perhaps it is for this reason that he is called, during the period of his minority, "Master Augustus," and

when he grows to be a man, only plain "Meister Jones.")

Nevertheless, good it is for the family when it has a king of the cradle. He is the meeting-point of all the members of the household. The father, returning from his daily occupation, seeks this royal presence; the mother finds many opportunities to run and pay her homage at all hours of the day; the children, (and servants too, if there be any in the house,) all gather around this throne and its occupant. Perhaps we had better call it a "shrine." Verily, "the little child leads them."

"A little child shall lead them." Yes, the children lead the parents oftener than they or the parents are aware of—in ways of which they think not—and to places whither the parents would otherwise not go. Many a Sunday-school scholar has led a careless, non-church-going father or mother to the school and to the sanctuary. A lady who is prominent in the Sunday-school cause, some time ago remarked: "All well-regulated daughters manage their parents," or words expressing the same thought. It is only a corroboration of what the prophet says: "A little child shall lead them."

Taking these words in their direct reference to the Christ-child, we see how true the declaration of the prophet. Our late Christmas festival is abundant proof of the *power and influence of child-life.* As the angels, the shepherds and the wise men gathered around the *Child* at Bethlehem—as Simeon and Anna were drawn towards the *Child* in the Temple, so has it been ever since with the young and the old. The Christmas Festival is that of the Infant Jesus, and all the so-called Christian world keeps it. Into the spirit of no other festival do people enter so universally as into the joyous spirit of Christmas—the festival of the Christ-Child. In every heart a chord is struck at this season of gladness. The little child then seems to lead all mankind—not only those resembling in disposition "the lamb and the kid," but also having the fiercer spirit of "the wolf, the leopard and the lion." The Holy Child leads them in the ways of peace.

Children of the Sunday-school and of the Church, have any of you parents or companions who do not go to School and Church? They are waiting for you to "lead them."

The Government of Sunday-schools.

BY THE EDITOR.

Rev. Dr. Deems, of this city (New York) falls in with the suggestion already made in several quarters that superintendents should be inducted into office in some formal manner. He goes farther and thinks that teachers also should be publicly received with some such solemnity as makes a deacon or deaconess feel the responsibility of the undertaking. The *Christian Register* also favors installation and adds, that, properly administered, the office of superintendent is one of grave responsibility, and it would seem eminently in keeping to impress that fact both upon the chosen leader and the school itself by a ceremony suitable to the important occasion. The Columbus Avenue School, at Boston, has lately installed its superintendent.—*Christian Union, Dec.* 9, 1874.

What relation should the Sunday-school sustain to the congregation? Should the pastor and the Consistory have anything to do with it? If so, what? Is there to be any discipline? If so, by whom? Who is to select the books? It is with Sunday-schools as with nations; it is possible to govern too much. Also to govern too little. We believe that the congregation, through its Consistory, should have the controlling power, yet not so as entirely to ignore the teachers and officers of the school. There is a great deal of loose, random government in Sunday-schools. Much aimless and ill-directed effort; much, indeed, that is positively damaging to the congregation. The most important matters are often attended to without due notice and deliberation. At a special meeting of the teachers, composed, perhaps, to a great extent, of very young and inexperienced persons, measures are adopted which will affect for weal or woe the eternal destiny of hundreds of children. Books are selected without consulting the pastor, the Consistory or the older members of the church. Many a pastor is pushed aside in his own school; is not allowed or does not wish to have a controlling influence over the religious education of the children for whose salvation he

is, in a serious sense, responsible to God. In some cases the school is a rival organization to the congregation, aside of instead of in it, and as occasion offers, will become an annoying agent to foment strife, and become a scourge to the pastor and his flock. A perfectly organized Sunday-school, whose parts are all well adjusted and in harmonious working order, is rarely found. As there is a felt want in this respect, throughout the Church, we submit the following form of a Sunday-school constitution, for the inspection of our friends. This has been used in our own school for nearly two years. Even with its admitted defects, it is a great improvement on all that we had previously tried. We are seeking the light, and shall be thankful for anything better that can be offered. This is a vital question. Let us seek to solve it.

Constitution of the Sunday school of —— Reformed Church, ——— —.

ART. I.—*Name.*—This Sunday school shall be called the Sunday-school of —— —— Reformed Church of ——— —.

ART. II.—*Government.*—This School shall be under the control of a Board of Control, composed of seven members to be chosen of and by the Consistory, and six members of and by the Teachers.

ART. III.—*Officers.*—SECTION 1. The Officers of the School shall consist of a President, Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, four Assistant Librarians, two Directresses and two Ushers

SEC. 2. The Pastor shall always be the President, who shall preside at all the sessions of the Sunday-school and install the Officers and Teachers.

SEC. 3. The Superintendent shall assist the President in conducting the School and preside in his absence. He shall visit every male Teacher who shall be absent two successive Sundays without sending an excuse.

SEC. 4. The Assistant Superintendent shall preside over the Infant Department of the School, and otherwise assist the Superintendent.

SEC. 5. The Secretary shall keep an accurate record of all meetings held by the School, and a complete roll of the Officers, Teachers and Scholars, noting the names of all absentees of the two former each Sunday.

He shall present at every quarterly eeting of the Board of Control a report of the attendance of the Teachers and Scholars, giving the names of the former.

It shall be his duty to receive and keep an account of all monies collected by the School, and pay the same to the Treasurer, taking the receipt therefor.

SEC. 6. The Assistant Secretary shall assist the Secretary, and in his absence take charge of the Secretary's books.

SEC. 7. The Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to the School, and pay all orders drawn upon him by the Board of Control, and render a quarterly report to the same.

SEC. 8. The Librarian shall have charge of the Library, distribute the books and papers, as the School may direct, and at the end of the Sunday-school year render a full report of the condition of the same.

SEC. 9. The Assistant Librarians shall assist the Librarian in the discharge of his duties.

SEC. 10. The Directresses shall assist the Superintendent in classifying the School, supplying Teachers for vacant classes, and in such other duties as he may assign them. They shall visit every female Teacher who shall be absent two successive Sundays without sending an excuse.

SEC. 11. The Ushers shall attend to the doors, wait upon visitors, and place new Scholars in the hands of the Directresses.

ART. IV.—*Elections.*—SEC. 1. The Officers to be voted for shall be nominated by the Board of Control, and shall be elected at a joint meeting of the Consistory, Board of Control and Teachers.

SEC. 2. The annual election for officers shall be held on the last Sunday in June of each year.

ART. V.—*Teachers.*—SEC. 1. All Teachers of this Sunday-school shall be elected by the Board of Control.

SEC. 2. No one shall be a Teacher who is not a regular communicant member of ——— —— Reformed Church, and in good repute for Christian character.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of Teachers to prepare their lessons, visit their scholars when irregular, or absent more than two successive Sundays, and maintain good order in their respective classes.

SEC. 4. Any Teacher absent three Sundays in succession, without a reasonable excuse, shall be reported by the Secretary of the School to the Board of Control for discipline.

ART. VI.—*Collections.*—All monies contributed by the School the first six months of the year shall be used, if necessary, for the current expenses, and the monies contributed during the second six months, for Benevolent purposes, as may be directed by the Board of Control.

ART. VII.—*Discipline.*—SEC. 1. Any Officer or Teacher charged with unchristian conduct shall be arraigned and tried

before the Board of Control, according to the rules provided for trials in the Constitution of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States.

SEC. 2. Any Officer or Teacher feeling him or herself aggrieved by the action of the Board of Control, shall have the right to appeal to the Consistory of the Church, whose decision shall be final.

ART. VIII.—This Constitu ion may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the Consistory and Board of Control present.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the plan proposed in the above paragraph by Dr. Deems and others, is neither original nor new. From its organization, this school made the formal installation of officers and teachers a provision in its constitution. These, in the presence of the whole school, are solemnly inducted into their respective offices by the pastor. After a short explanation of their duties and responsibilities, they audibly promise, by answering certain questions proposed, to discharge and meet the same with fidelity.

This service helps to give the teacher, as well as the whole school, a sense of the solemn import of the office, and is calculated to enlist their co-operation. Not only the Superintendent, but other officers of the school have difficult and important positions to fill, for which they need much grace, as well as the sympathy and prayers of their associates.

Mamma's Hand and Jesus' Hand.

A dear little child of three years of age lay dying. Father, mother, physician, friends, had done all in their power to stay the hand of death, but in vain.

The mother bent over him in speechless agony. How could she give him up —her beautiful boy; her darling, her treasure? How lonely the house would be without the little prattler!

But love could not keep him, and the last moments of his life were fast ebbing away. All were watching, in almost breathless suspense, for the silent messenger.

Suddenly the dear child gazes around him, places one little hand in his mother's, and stretches the other one out as if clasping another. His lips move, and these are the precious words he utters:

"One hand in mamma's and one in Jesus'."

And thus protected with the care of his two best friends, he takes the short step from one to the other.

Though bowed down with grief, the mother's heart is made glad. How near she is brought to the best of Friends. Her darling is safe in His arms; who held one hand ere she relinquished the other?

"One hand in mamma's and one in Jesus!" Could anything be more beautiful, more comforting? The little one is not lost, but with Him who "carries the lambs in His bosom? How confidently the child placed his little hand in that of the Gospel Shepherd! No fear, but much faith.

Gone from earth, but nestled close to a Saviour's bosom! Forever free from sin and suffering! Blessed, blessed little one! Happy mother, to be able, without murmuring to give him to Jesus!

No man can do evil and his fellows not suffer. The old sages illustrated the truth thus: "A vessel sailing from Joppa carried a passenger, who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with him, 'What doest thou, O miserable man?' the offender calmly replied, 'What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth!'"

When it was told Martin Luther that his little daughter of four years old often spoke with joyful confidence of Christ, of the dear angels, and of eternal joy in heaven, he once said to her, "Ah! dear child, if we only believe it!" Thereupon, the little maiden, with anxious looks, asked her father, "If he did not believe it?" And Dr. Martin Luther observed, "The dear children live in innocence, know not of sin, live without any anger, avarice, or unbelief, and are therefore joyful, and of a good conscience, fear no danger, be it of war, pestilence, or death. And what they hear of Christ and of the future life they believe simply, without any doubt, and speak joyfully about it. For Christ earnestly appeals to us to follow their example. For the children really believe, and therefore Christ holds little children and their childlike ways dear."

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa.

BY THOMAS VON CELANO—A. D. 1256.

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,
Solvet seclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sabylla.

Quantus tremor, est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et Natura,
Cum resurget Creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus—
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui Salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lasus,
Redemisti Crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremen igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis;
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo, parce Deus!
Pie Jesu Dominie!
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

Judgment Hymn.

BY REV. C. Z. WEISER, PENNSBURG, PA., A.D., 1875.

Day of Judgment—Day of urning,
All the Earth—to ashes turning;—
Witness: Psalms and Sibyl learning.

Oh! The Reign of Terror waiting
For the Judge, His station taking,
Proving all things, nought abating.

Blasts of Trumpet will be rending
E'en the Tombs, the Dead ear lending,
Called, and all the Throne attending.

Death and Nature, with surprising,
See all creature life reviving,
And the Judge response devising.

Open lies the Book of Ages,
Holding in its pregnant pages
All the World's allotted Wages.

To His Throne the Judge attaining,
Hidden things in light arraigning,
Nought unknown will be remaining.

What shall then be my behaviour?
With what Patron then find favor?
Scarcely has the Saint a Saviour!

King of all majestic Station,
Saving saints with free Oblation,
Save me! Fountain of Salvation!

Jesus merciful, Remember!
Thou for me Thy Life didst tender—
In that Day be my Defender.

Weary seeking me astraying;
On the Cross my debt defraying—
Was such Grace a vain arraying?

Righteous Judge of righteous Vengeance,
In Thy Pardon's my dependence,
Ere the last Day gains ascendance.

Like a culprit I am groaning,
Crimes with blushing face bemoaning;
Spare me, Saviour, All-Atoning!

Mary Thou didst grant remittance;
Spak'st the Dying Thief's acquittance;
I too trust in Thine assistance.

E'en my prayers are unavailing,
But Thou canst amend my failing,
And spare me eternal wailing.

Let me with Thy Sheep find pasture—
Nor with Goats lament disaster—
At Thy Right Hand, Gracious Master!

When the accursed, with malediction,
Sink in Hell—endless affliction!
Seal on me Thy Benediction.

Suppliant, I pray prostrated,
Heart in dust humiliated—
In Thee see me consummated.

Day of Sorrow, sighs and weeping,
When the Tombs resign their keeping
Over man, his sentence reaping!

Jesus, Merciful and Holy,
Be Thou Man's Deliverer solely.
And let Grace reign e'er and wholly. Amen.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 7. LESSON VI. 1875.

Quinquagesima Sunday. St. Luke xviii. 31–43.

31. Then he took *unto him* the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished.

32. For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on:

33. And they shall scourge *him*, and put him to death: and the third day he shall rise again.

34. And they understood none of these things: and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken.

35. And it came to pass, that as he was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the way-side begging;

36. And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant.

37. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

38. And he cried, saying, Jesus, *thou* son of David, have mercy on me.

39. And they which went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried so much the more, *Thou* son of David, have mercy on me.

40. And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him: and when he was come near, he asked him,

41. Saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

42. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee.

43. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw *it*, gave praise unto God.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this Sunday called Quinquagesima? To what events in the life of our Divine Redeemer are we now to look forward? With what festival will this season of the church year close?

31. Who are meant by the twelve? What were their *names?* What is meant by the expression, He "took" the twelve? Was it usual for Him to talk to them privately? What did He say to them in last Sunday's lesson? Luke viii. 10. Of what did He now tell them? Why go to *Jerusalem?* Had any of these things been foretold? By what prophets? Ps. xxii., Is. l. 6, liii. chap., Hos. vi. 2. Had the death and resurrection of Christ been prefigured in any other way than in words? John iii. 14; Matt. xii. 40. Who is our true *Passover?* 1 Cor. v. 7.

32. Who were the *Gentiles?* How was Christ to be treated? To what particular people of the Gentiles was Christ delivered?

33. In what was their cruelty to end? What was He to do on the third day?

34. Did the disciples understand these things when told of them? Mark ix. 32; Luke ix. 45. Were not the words of Christ very plain? Why were these things hid from their eyes? When only did they come to a more perfect understanding of them? Luke xxiv. 44; John xii. 16, xiv. 25-26.

35. To what place did Jesus now draw nigh? Where was Jericho? Who sat by the way-side? For what purpose?

36. How did the blind man know that Jesus was passing by?

37. What did the multitude call our Lord? What does the word *Jesus* mean? Why did they call Him Jesus of *Nazareth?* Was He often thus called? Had this been predicted? Matt. ii. 23. Was any one coming from Nazareth looked upon with favor? John i. 46.

38. To Whom did the blind man cry? What did *he* call Him? Was *the Son of David* a title of the Messiah? Whose seed was Christ to be? Did the Jews know this? Matt. xxii. 42. On what other occasions was Christ called by this title? Matt. xv. 22, xxi. 9. Were the Pharisees pleased to hear this title given to Jesus? What better motive may the common people have had in asking the blind man to hold his peace? For what did the blind man ask? Did he mean to ask for common alms?

39. What did the multitude do? Did the blind man cease his prayer?

40. What did Jesus do?

41. What did He ask him? What did the blind man now call Him? What did he ask of our Lord?

42. What did Jesus say? What is meant by Thy faith hath saved thee? Did the blind man receive his sight? What had been predicted of Christ? Is. lxi. Did Jesus ever refer to this? Luke iv. 18-21.

What did the blind man do when he received his sight? What did the multitude do?

What different kinds of blindness are spoken of in the Bible? What one is referred to in the first part of this lesson? ver. 34. Are we not all in darkness, by nature? Who is the Light of the world? What promise is given to us? John viii. 12. Can we know *Christ*, or understand His word without the help of the Holy Ghost? 1 Cor. xii. 3; John xvi. 13-14. What effect should His grace have on us?

CATECHISM.

VI. Lord's Day.

16. Why must He be very man, and also perfectly righteous?

Because the justice of God requires that the same human nature, which hath sinned, should likewise make satisfaction for sin, and one, who is himself a sinner, cannot satisfy for others.

17. Why must He in one person be also very God?

That He might, by the power of His Godhead, sustain, in His human nature, the burden of God's wrath; and might obtain for and restore to us, righteousness and life.

18. Who, then, is that Mediator, who is in one person both very God, and a real righteous man?

Our Lord Jesus Christ; "who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

19. Whence knowest thou this?

From the holy Gospel, which God Himself revealed first in Paradise; and afterwards published by the Patriarchs and Prophets, and was pleased to represent it by the shadows of sacrifices, and the other ceremonies of the law; and lastly has accomplished it by His only begotten Son.

COMMENTS.—*Quinquagesima*, or fiftieth day before Easter. Now our Divine Redeemer openly declares to His apostles His approaching death.

31. *Behold we go.*—He does not shun the sufferings that lie before Him; nor is He led as an *unwilling* victim to the sacrifice, but knowing all things that await Him there, He steadfastly sets His face to go to Jerusalem, and takes His disciples with Him, that they may be witnesses of His death and resurrection. *Jerusalem.* The Holy City—the centre of all the religious services of the Jews, and the appointed place of sacrifice. He goes there to fulfil all the prophecies, and to make the great sacrifice of which all others were but types. This was the paschal season.

32. *Delivered to the* GENTILES.—The Jews delivered Christ to the Roman authorities, who then had the power of condemning to death. Thus the prophecy was fulfilled.

34. *They understood none of these things.*—While Christ had a clear apprehension of the meaning of the prophecies, and of their approaching fulfillment, the disciples could not understand these things when He had plainly announced them. A false idea of His glory hid the necessity for His humiliation. His glory rested in His resurrection from the dead, and this of necessity implied His sacrifice. These things could be understood by them only in the light of the acts themselves, under the illumination of the Spirit. (John xvi. 12-23, xii. 16; Luke xxiv. 25-27, 44-46. *Jericho.*—A town in the plain of the same name. It was six miles west from the Jordan, and near the site of the ancient city of Jericho. The Jericho here mentioned, after Jerusalem, was the great station of the priests and Levites, who came in turns to Jerusalem to serve the temple. Considerable intercourse existed, in consequence, between it and the capital, and the way was thronged near the time of the Passover. It was a place where those asking alms would be likely to go.

36. *The multitude.*—Going to the Passover, not knowing that they had the Paschal Lamb with them.

37. *Jesus of Nazareth.*—Nazareth was a town in Galilee, in which Joseph and Mary resided, and where our Lord dwelt until the commencement of His ministry. It was an obscure place, from which it was thought nothing good or great could come. (John i. 46.) Yet it was predicted that Jesus should be called a "Nazarene," or "of Nazareth," as He was, Matt. ii. 23, xxi. 11; Luke iv. 34; John xviii. 5. It became a term of reproach.

38. *Son of David.*—This stands in contrast with Jesus *of Nazareth.* It was the *Messianic* title. David means, "the *beloved.*" David was, by pre-eminence the Theocratic King, and from his loins the Christ of God was to come. (Zech. xiii. 1; Luke i. 32,69.) And so this appellation was given to Jesus, by those who hoped for salvation through Him. (Matt. ix. 27, xxi. 9). *Have mercy.*—This cry was for more than ordinary alms. It expressed a dawning faith, and recognized the superiority of Jesus, whose presence always enlarges desire.

39. *Rebuked Him.*—The Pharisees were always jealous of the title *Son of David*, when applied to Christ; (Comp. Matt. xxi. 15 with Luke xix. 39,) but the common people who heard Him gladly, may have simply desired that His discourse should not be interrupted, or their comfort disturbed.

41. *What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?*—Intended to bring out clearly the object of petition, to elicit faith and confession, and to attract attention to the *Person* of Christ. This last is one great design, and result of all His wonderful works. (See ver. 43, also John ii. 11; Matt. viii. 27).

42. *Receive thy sight.*—(See Isaiah lxi. 1; Luke iv. 18.) The miracles of the Lord were all redemptive in their nature, *i. e.*, they cured men instead of afflicting them, and were but the earnest and beginning of the salvation from all our miseries, which He was to accomplish by the death and resurrection He had just announced, and to which He was going. *Thy faith hath saved thee.*—This does not mean that there is any merit in faith, apart from the mystery of grace that confers it (See Eph. ii. 8.) But God requires faith, and rewards it.

43. The blind man and all the people praised God for *this* act of His love. The *great* and crowning act of His love was going to Jerusalem to die and rise again. (John iii. 16; 1 John iv. 9-10; 2 Cor. v. 14-15.)

FEBRUARY 14. LESSON VII. 1875.

First Sunday in Lent. St. Matthew iv. 1–11.

1. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.
2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.
3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.
4. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.
5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,
6. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.
9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.
10. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
11. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

QUESTIONS.

1. What great event in the life of our Lord immediately preceded His temptation? Where was Jesus led? Where was this wilderness? By whom was He led? For what purpose? By whom was He to be tempted? What do we know of the devil from the Scriptures? Of what other temptation does this remind us? (Gen. iii.) What points of resemblance are there between the two? What points of contrast? Was the state of things altered by man's fall? What did Christ come to restore?

2. How long did Jesus fast? What other examples of forty days' fasting have we? (Deut. ix. 9; 1 Kings xix. 8.) What is said of Christ at the end of this time? How had it become possible for Christ to be hungered? With what exception did He become like unto us? (Heb. iv. 15.)

3. What did the tempter say to Him? What was the object of this? Did He ever use His Divine power to raise Himself above the wants of man? If He had done so, could He have known our infirmities?

4. What did Jesus answer? Where is this written? Are God's resources limited by what we call the laws of the natural world? Did Christ triumph *in our nature?*

5. Where did the devil then take Christ? What was the name of the holy city? What temple was there?

6. What did the tempter then say? What was the object of this temptation? Why did he say Christ might cast Himself down? Where is this written? (Ps. xci. 11-12.) Did not this whole Psalm apply to Christ as *the Perfect Man?* Did Satan quote the whole passage? What did he omit? May the Scriptures thus be perverted? Would obedience to Satan have been walking in the *way of God?*

7. What did Jesus reply? Where is this found? How does it meet the false challenge of the devil?

8. Where did the devil next take Jesus? What did he show Him? Did not the wicked one thus *exclude* the kingdom of *God* and *His* glory? (John xviii. 36.)

9. What did the devil offer Christ? What did he claim? (Luke iv. 6.) What is he called? (John xii. 31; Eph. ii. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Rev. xiii. 9.) To whom had *God* given this lordship? How did man lose it? Through Whom is he to regain it?

10. What reply did Jesus make to the tempter? What does He call him? What does "*Satan*" mean? What did Christ say to him? Where is this written? Whom alone must we serve?

11. What now took place? What contrast was there between the actions of Satan and the angels? What is meant by ministered? Where else do we read of angels ministering to our Saviour? (Luke xxii. 43.)

What benefit do we receive from Christ's victory over Satan in the wilderness? Where and how was His victory consummated? (Col. ii. 14-15.)

Is temptation in itself sin? When does it become sin? Have God's people to contend with the tempter now? (Eph. vi. 12.) In whose strength alone can they overcome? (Eph. 6th chap.)

CATECHISM.

VII. Lord's Day.

20. Are all men, then, as they perished in Adam, saved by Christ?

No, only those who are ingrafted into Him, and receive all His benefits by a true faith.

21. What is true faith?

True faith is not only a certain knowledge, whereby I hold for truth all that God has revealed to us in His Word, but also an assured confidence, which the Holy Ghost works by the gospel in my heart; that not only to others, but to me also, remission of sin, everlasting righteousness, and salvation, are freely given by God, merely of grace, only for the sake of Christ's merits.

22. What is then necessary for a Christian to believe?

All things promised us in the gospel, which the articles of our Catholic, undoubted Christian faith, briefly teach us.

23. What are these articles?

I. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth: II. And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord: III. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: IV. Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried: He descended into hell: V. The third day he rose from the dead: VI. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty: VII. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. VIII. I believe in the Holy Ghost: IX. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints: X. The forgiveness of sins: XI. The resurrection of the body: XII. And the life everlasting. Amen.

COMMENTS.—First Sunday in Lent. *Lent* commences with *Ash Wednesday.* "The designation, no doubt, arose from the custom of sprinkling ashes upon the heads of penitents. As this day opened the specific penitential season of the year, it gathered to itself in a particular way this general custom, pursued in reference to penitents in all seasons, and thus drew to itself, naturally, this title." *Invocavit.— General Remark.*—The names given to Sundays were often taken from the first word of the Latin Psalm with which the service was commenced. In this case it was the 91st Psalm, which beautifully harmonizes with the scene of the temptation.

1. *Then.*—After His baptism,—not merely denoting succession of time, but the Divine order in which the events of our Lord followed each other. Having now been recognized as the SON of the FATHER, and inaugurated to His official work, He is led forth as the Second Adam, to test His power with the enemy who had defeated the first Adam in the Garden of Eden. *Led of the Spirit.* The Spirit of God. *Into the wilderness.* A waste and desolate place, made so by sin, (Gen. iii. 17,) and standing in historical contrast with the beauty and fullness of Paradise. Supposed to refer here to the dreary region that "goeth up from Jericho;" infested by wild beasts. (Mark i. 13.) Contrast this with original lordship of man. (Gen. i. 28.) *Tempted.*—Tried to see if He would yield to evil as the first Adam had done. *The devil.*—Not a suggestion from the heart of the Sinless One; nor yet simply an impersonal influence or evil principle, but the *Wicked One*—the Head of the dark and malign kingdom of sin, whom Christ called the "prince of this world," and whose works He came to destroy.

2. *Fasted forty days.*—Not by an exercise of His Divine power, which would rob the transaction of its meaning; but upheld during that time by the tide of spiritual joy received in His baptism, and in the recognition of His Father. For slighter incident of same kind, see John iv. 31-34. For *forty* days. (See Deut. ix. 9; 1 Kings xix. 8.) The number forty in Scripture is the signature of penalty and affliction (Gen. vii. 4-12; Num. xiv. 33, xxxii. 13-14; Ps. xcv. 10; Deut. xxv. 3; Ezek. xxix. 11; Deut. ix. 25; Jonah iii. 4; Ezek. iv.6.) In view of this the Quadragesimal fast of the Church, hence, this gospel for this first Sunday. *Hungered.*—Felt the want of food painfully.

3. The object of the temptation was to induce our Lord to use His Divine power for personal objects; to forego His mission as Redeemer, involving as it did, suffering and death, for worldly ease and glory. *If Thou be the Son of God.*—A false echo of the declaration of the Father, "This *is* my beloved Son." *Command.—Speak in order that* these stones be made bread. A *false* appeal to the Divinity of Christ. It was "Prove your *Sonship* by relieving your necessities." To have complied would have defeated His work. If, when the pressure of suffering came upon Him, He had fallen back on His Divine power, and thus exempted Himself from *our* suffering, He would not have come under our load. This temptation was like the taunt, "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Obedience to it would have stopped short of His death and resurrection, without which there could be no salvation for man.

4. Instead of separating Himself from the lot of our race, and putting forth His power as the Son of God, He says, *Man* shall not live by bread alone. He will not detach Himself from the humanity He had taken on Himself, but will *conquer in it.* But by *every word, &c.* God Himself the nourisher, and His resources not exhausted or limited, Deut. viii. 3.

5-6. Whole line of assault is changed from distrust of God to presumption. *Pinnacle of the temple.*—A representative place. Christ is here asked not to give up the Messiahship, but to accept it according to Jewish conceptions of it. "Be Thou acknowledged the Christ at once. Give of Thy own free accord that 'sign from heaven,' which those who may accept or reject Thee, will demand. Descend with a pomp of angels upbearing Thee, in the midst of an admiring people. Thou art the Christ, Why take the long and tedious way of recognition? Why consent to be despised and rejected—bringing all Thou wilt bring of evil on Thyself, and on them that reject Thee, when, by one noble venture of faith, having, moreover,

a Scripture warrant for this, Thou mightest, at a single bound, leap to that remote consummation, which is indeed in the intentions and purposes of God?" It is written, He *shall give His angels charge.* A false echo of Christ's words in ver. 4th. "Every word." The Devil in his quotation omits the qualifying expression *in all* THY *ways;* (Ps. xci. 11-12.) He falsifies the record, as all the wicked do. *Christ's* way was not over the precipice.

7. AGAIN *it is written.* The *again* of Christ contrasts with the devil's false quotation. *This* is written, *as well as* the other. Jesus would not make distorted use of isolated passages of God's Word. Only as we enter into the unity of Scripture, *i. e., every* word as it proceedeth out of the mouth of God, and thus interprets itself, are we guarded against delusion. *Tempt the Lord thy God.* Challenge Him with false tests.

8. Satan now leaves the Scriptures, and takes up the resources of his own kingdom. *High mountain.*—Tradition makes it Quarantania, lying three miles north of the road to Jericho, and commanding an extended view. Others say Mt. of Olives. *Showeth Him.*—"Causeth Him to see, not upon a map or picture, * * * nor by an optical delusion, * * but either by a voluntary and miraculous extension of His vision, on His own part, or by a combination of sensible perception, with rhetorical description, * * an actual exhibition of what lay within the boundary of vision, and an enumeration of the kingdoms which, in different directions, lay beyond it, with a glowing representation of their wealth and power." This, no doubt, involved in a profound manner, the whole scope of the world's life, as based upon the fall.

9. The offer was undisguised and desperate. All this will I give Thee. See what is added in Luke iv. 6; and yet, notwithstanding the expressions found in John xii. 31, Eph. ii. 2, 2 Cor. iv. 4, and Rev. xiii. 2, Satan is a *usurper,* whose kingdom of fraud and violence Christ is to destroy. *Fall down and worship me.*—Pay outward homage to him as prince of this world, and give up His mission.

10. *Get thee behind me*—from my sight. *Satan*—adversary. *For it is written.*—Christ still appeals to the Word, as it proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Thou shalt worship; (Deut. vi. 13.) *Him* ONLY. That was the key to all. No two masters—no divided empire. The *kingdom* must be *wholly* of God.

11. Then the devil leaveth Him, Luke iv. 13, adds, "for a season." The conflict is renewed, not, however, to *entice* the will of Christ, but to *break* it, by the accumulation of worldly opposition in the garden and on the cross. *Angels came and ministered to Him.*—The bad tempt, the good minister. Having conquered Satan, and established His supremacy, Christ entered into converse with ministering spirits. (John i. 51.) He realizes in the supernatural and heavenly support He receives, what is said in ver. 4.

"THAT'S ME."—I was sitting down in the Orphanage grounds upon one of the seats, talking with one of our brother trustees, when a little fellow, I should think, about eight years of age, left the other boys who played around us and came deliberately up to us. He opened fire upon us thus: "Please, Mr. Spurgeon, I want to come and sit down on that seat between you two gentlemen."

"Come along, Bob, and tell us what you want."

"Please, Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was a little boy who had no father, who lived in an orphanage with a lot of other little boys who had no fathers, and suppose those boys had mothers and aunts, who comed once a month, and brought them apples and oranges, and gave them pennies, and suppose this little boy had no mother and nobody ever comed to bring him nice things, don't you think somebody ought to give him a penny? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me."

Somebody felt something wet in his eye, and Bob got a sixpence, and went off in a great state of delight. Poor little soul; he had seized the opportunity to pour out a sorrow which had made him miserable when the motherly visiting day came round, and as he said, "Nobody never comed to bring him nice things."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

FEBRUARY 21. LESSON VIII. 1875.

Second Sunday in Lent. *St. Matthew* xv. 21–28.

21. Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.
22. And behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, *thou* son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with the devil.
23. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us.
24. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.
25. Then came she and worshiped him, saying, Lord, help me.
26. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast *it* to dogs.
27. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.
28. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great *is* thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.

QUESTIONS.

21. Where did Christ now go? Did He go beyond the Jewish lands during His personal ministry?

22. Who came out of the Coasts of Tyre and Sidon? Was she a *Jewish* woman? To what people of the Gentiles did she belong? What had God once commanded in regard to the Canaanites? (Ex. xxiii. 23; Num. xxxiii. 53; Deut. xx. 16-17.) To Whom did she cry? What did she call Him? Have we heard this title given to Christ in any former lesson? What did it mean? For what did the woman pray? Why did she ask for mercy? Who was vexed with a devil? Did Satan always *vex* and persecute those whom he possessed?

23. Did Jesus give any reply? Was this silence usual, when He was prayed to? What did the disciples do? Why did they wish Him to send her away?

24. What answer did Jesus give? Was it likely from this that the disciples had asked Him to grant her request before sending her away? Who are meant by the house of Israel? Was this reply encouraging to the hopes of the woman?

25. What effect has this on her? What did she do? What is meant by *worshiped?* What did she ask?

26. What did He say? Who are here meant by the *children?* Who were often called *dogs?* What was this title intended to express?

27. How did the woman make this a plea for mercy?

28. What did Christ commend in her? What is said of her daughter? What is meant by "made whole"?

For what purpose was the Son of God manifested? (1 John iii. 8.) Has His grace now been extended to the Gentile world? Who is to break the power of the Wicked One in us? On what conditions will He do this? (Matt. vii. 7-8.) In what parable are we taught to be persevering in prayer? What grace must we exercise in prayer? (Heb. xi. 6.) In what other instance does Christ especially commend strong faith? (Matt. viii. 10.) What encouragement have we in this lesson to bring the wants of others before Christ, in prayer and faith?

CATECHISM.

VIII. Lord's Day.

24. How are these articles divided?
Into three parts: the first is of God the Father, and our creation; the second of God the Son, and our redemption; the third of God the Holy Ghost, and our sanctification.

25. Since there is but one divine essence, why speakest thou of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?
Because God hath so revealed Himself in His Word, that these three distinct persons are the only true and eternal God.

Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

Behold, I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear Thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

COMMENTS.—21. Came *near to* the borders of Tyre and Sidon, (Mark vii.) Our Lord's personal ministry did not take Him into heathen lands. (See ver. 24.)

22. The woman came out of the same coasts. St. Mark calls her a *Greek*, a *Syrophenician* by nation, "by the first term to describe her religion, which was Jewish, but heathen by the second, the stock from which she came, of Canaan, that accursed stock who owed its continued existence to the fact that God's people had disobeyed Him in not exterminating it." Everything against her, yet she called Him *Lord*, and *Son of David*, and cried for *mercy*. *Grievously vexed with a devil.*—As we have the fullest manifestation of God in Christ, so we have at this time the fiercest manifestation of the "adversary." The possession of devils was an attempt to come to an incarnation, in imitation of Christ; but it never succeeded—never came to a vital union, producing peace; was a forcing of a will upon man's will, often dragging the victims through fire and water, and "where they would not." (Matt. xvii. 15, Matt. iv. 24.) Deepest discord instead of highest harmony. So always, "sore" and *grievously vexed.*

23. He whose fame had gone through all this region, who had anticipated the wants of others, is silent. The disciples *seem* more merciful, but they are selfish: she crieth after *us*. Annoys us; and will excite your enemies.

24. When Christ did speak, His words seemed fatal to her prayer as a woman of Canaan.

25. *Worshiped Him.*—Doubtless by an outward act of adoration.

26. *Children's.*—The Jews were the children of the kingdom. Gentile *dogs* was regarded as a keen reproach Dogs were held in contempt. (See Deut. xxii. 18, Job xxx. 1, 1 Sam. xvii. 43, xxiv. 15, 2 Sam. iii. 8, ix. 8, xvi. 9, 2 Kings viii. 13, Matt. vii. 6, Phil. iii. 2, Rev. xxii. 15.)

27. She accepts the title and the place, if she may only have the least part of Christ's mercy.

28. Her great faith is now commended and her request granted. "The paralytic (Mark ii. 4) broke through the outward hindrances, the obstacles of things external; blind Bartimæus (Mark x. 48) broke through the hindrances opposed by his fellow-men; but this woman, more heroically than all, broke through apparent hindrances, even from Christ Himself."

THERE is a Grecian story of one who killed himself through envy. A rival had been successful in the public games, and his fellow-citizens reared a monument to his honor. Every night the envious man went out to attempt to destroy the monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal, and it fell; and in its fall it crushed him. All envy is suicidal.

AN old Roman had a punishment in which he bound the dead body of the murdered man to the living body of the murderer, and left them there on the scaffold. So remorse binds to the living soul of the sinner the sins of the past.

MAN'S heart is like a mill-stone. Pour in corn and round it goes, bruising and grinding, and converting it into flour; but, give it no corn, and the stone indeed turns round, but only grinds itself away. So the heart must have something always to do, or it wastes itself by anxieties.

THE race is so woven into one that no man's actions stop with himself. If a man lived alone on some desolate island, like a Selkirk, he might seem to have cut every tie that bound him to the race, and thus to have gotten clear of all responsibility for others. Yet the race suffers from his excision. He is missed somewhere.

SPEAKING, or even thinking, about the blackboard just now, instantly recalls the use of it in connection with the terrible disaster to the steamer "Atlantic." Did ever a blackboard bear a more blessed earthly message than that which the rescuers on that rocky coast held up to the gaze of the shipwrecked passengers: "*Cheer up! the boats are coming to your assistance!*"

JOHN RUSKIN lives in a country where ancestry is everything. Yet he is not proud of his descent, neither is he ashamed of it. H says, "My mother was a sailor's daughter, so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife—the other, a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a green grocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace."

FEBRUARY 28. LESSON IX. 1875.

Third Sunday in Lent. St. Luke xi. 14-28.

14. And he was casting out a devil, and it was dumb. And it came to pass when the devil was gone out, the dumb spake; and the people wondered.

15. But some of them said, He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils.

16. And others tempting *him*, sought of him a sign from heaven.

17. But he, knowing their thoughts, said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself, is brought to desolation; and a house *divided* against a house, faileth.

18. If Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand? because ye say that I cast out devils through Beelzebub.

19. And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast *them* out? therefore shall they be your judges.

20. But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you.

21. When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace:

22. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.

23. He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.

24. When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest: and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out.

25. And when he cometh, he findeth *it* swept and garnished.

26. Then goeth he, and taketh *to him* seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last *state* of that man is worse than the first.

27. And it came to pass, as he spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed *is* the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked.

28. But he said, Yea, rather blessed *are* they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

QUESTIONS.

14. What was Jesus doing? What is said of this devil? What made the possessed person dumb? What is meant by dumb? What did the person do when the devil had gone out? What effect had this on the people?

15. What did some of them say? Who was Beelzebub? To what demon is reference here made? How did this charge show malice?

16. What did others do? What is meant by a sign from Heaven? Was this demand ever made of Christ at any other time? Where?

17. What is said of Christ in the seventeenth verse? Does He know *our* thoughts? Is any thing hid from Him? What scriptural proof have we of this? What does Jesus say in this and in the eighteenth verses?

18-19. Who are meant here by *your sons?* Had evil spirits been driven out before the time of Christ? Was it done by others during the time of Christ? (See Mark ix. 38-40.) Did Christ forbid it? In whose name and power alone could this be done? Why? (See verses 17 and 18, also 23.) Could not Christ then claim to be as good as others, in the judgment even of the Pharisees? Did they not try to make Him *worse?* Was this not their sin here?

20. What is meant by the *finger of God?* Was this term ever used before? When and where? How does it apply here? What is meant by the *kingdom of God?* By *Is come among you?* In whose Person was this might and rule of God?

21. Who is meant by the strong man in the parable that our Lord now utters? What place has he usurped? Can we of ourselves drive him out?

22. Who is the *stronger* one? What had been predicted of Christ? (Gen. iii. 15; Isa. xl. 10, xlix. 24-26, liii. 12; Col. ii. 15.) In whose strength must *we* conquer?

23. What is here said? Are *you* for Christ? If not, what must be said of you?

24. What is meant by the unclean spirit? By *dry* places? Where are the cast-out spirits described in the Bible as dwelling? (Is. xiii. 21-22, xxxiv. 14.) Where was Jesus led to be tempted of the devil? Is Satan ever at rest? Is there rest for any who are wicked? In Whom alone can we find peace? In whom does Satan wish to dwell and rule? Does he often return for re-admittance to the soul of man?

25-26. Are we not in especial danger when we have vain confidence in our reformation and advanced spiritual state? If we fall back into sin what is our condition?

27. Whose saying is recorded here? What did she say? Was the mother of our Lord called blessed? In what, after all, did her true blessedness consist? May we share that same blessedness?

CATECHISM.

IX. Lord's Day.

26. What believest thou when thou sayest, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth?"

That the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ (who of nothing made heaven and earth, with all that is in them, who likewise upholds and governs the same by His eternal counsel and providence,) is for the sake of Christ His Son, my God and my Father; on whom I rely so entirely, that I have no doubt but He will provide me with all things necessary for soul and body: and further, that He will make whatever evils He sends upon me in this valley of tears, turn out to my advantage; for He is able to do it, being Almighty God, and willing, being a faithful Father."

COMMENTS.—14. *Casting out a devil.* —Christ not only resisted the assaults of Satan, but made inroads upon the kingdom of the Evil One. *It was dumb.* In the original the expression is *dumb devil.* The *victim* was dumb, not from any defect in the organs of speech, but by the power and influence of the fiend that possessed him. *The people wondered* that the devil should be driven out, and that thereupon speech should be restored.

15. The calm majestic power of Christ makes those about Him feel that it is supernatural, and the question is: From Heaven or Hell? Some said He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. There is an organized kingdom of evil, with a head and subordinates, "the devil and his angels." Beelzebub, here, however, probably refers to the Evil Spirit that presided over the idols worshiped at Ekron, 2 Kings i. 2, and which the monotheistic Jews professed to abhor. There is an intensely malignant reference of what Christ had done, to the *worst* possible agency.

16. Others wished *Him* to show that His work was from *above*, by a manifestation that would attest *God's* hand in it.

17-18. Even Satan's kingdom cannot make war upon itself without an overthrow. *A house divided, &c.* An axiom that became a proverb, is here applied.

19. *Your sons.*—The exorcists of the Jews. Not necessarily evil. Many works had been done among them, by faith in God, such as the casting out of the demon of idolatry at the Babylonish captivity. Even putting Himself on a level with Jewish exorcists, in order to claim for Himself what they claimed for their children, the casting out of devils, Christ would say, is only from a good and Divine power. (See Mark ix. 38-40.) The concession here finds an analogy in John x. 34-36.

20. *Finger of God.*—See Ex. viii. 19, where the magicians were constrained to acknowledge, by this expression, the difference between magic and the miracles of God. (See also Ps. viii. 3, Ex. xxxi. 18.) *Kingdom of God.*—The might and rule of God—the conqueror of Satan, the serpent bruiser, is present in my person.

21-22. Satan, though a spoiler and usurper, held man and his heritage in thraldom. He was dislodged only when Christ the Stronger One overcame him. (Gen. iii. 15, Isa. xi. 10, xlix. 24-26, liii. 12, Col. ii. 15) The casting out of devils was but the pledge of what was yet to be done. Hence, Christ predicts the great conflict, and His victory over death. (John xii. 31-32, xiv. 30, Heb. ii. 14-15, Eph. iv. 8-10.)

23. The line is strictly drawn. There is no middle ground of neutrality, as far as our allegiance or activities are concerned—a lesson for those who think themselves, and appear to others, *not against* Christ. The *with* me, the inward fellowship which inspires action.

24. Under a fearful image, familiar to the Jews, our Lord declares the fact that former guilt and misery are aggravated by relapses through slothfulness and vain confidence. *Dry places, i. e., desert* places—the waste and ruined habitations of fiends. (Isa. xiii. 21-22, xxxiv. 14, Matt. iv. 1.) The original application is to the Jews. The demon of idolatry had been driven out at the Babylonish exile, but he had returned with seven-fold power, to the generation who lived at the time of Christ. We may think we are rid of some one besetting sin, our house may be swept and garnished, hung with pictures of self-complacency, but the unclean spirit is only gone out to return with seven other devils more wicked than himself, and may come and make our last state worse than the first.

27-28. A woman, who perhaps shared the common Jewish feeling, that to be barren was a curse, and that the mother of an anointed one of God was highly favored, utters the words here recorded. In her admiration of the wisdom of Christ, she forgets the practical application He would have her make, and our Lord addresses to her the truth contained in ver. 28. The mother of Jesus was "blessed among women" because she gave birth to the Redeemer. (Luke i. 42.) But Jesus was *her* Redeemer as well as her Son. Her soul magnified the *Lord*, and her spirit rejoiced in God her *Saviour;* Luke i. 46-47. Although properly *called blessed*, (Luke i. 48,) it was through her Son, as her Mediator, that she attained to that salvation that constitutes true and final *blessedness. This* blessedness is for all who hear the Word of God and keep it.

Miss Mary J. Will, N. M'rk't, Va.	1.50	26
Mrs. Sarah J. Baker, Lewisb'g, Pa.	1.50	26
Isaac W. Brown, " "	1.50	26
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1875

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVIth volume, on the first of January 1875. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be mainly devoted, as heretofore, to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

In addition to its usual variety of reading matter, THE GUARDIAN will hereafter appropriate at least ten pages of each number to the interests of the Sunday-School cause. It will aim to serve as an efficient helper of Sunday School Teachers, and thus meet a want which has long been felt in the Reformed Church.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church or of the Sunday-School, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVI. MARCH, 1875. NO. 3.

Life at a Watering-Place.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was in the heat of summer; of course it was. The place was in a mountain dell. The house, a large commodious building, well arranged and well kept. The guests, eighty in all, hailed from the most opposite parts of the country; from Chicago and New Orleans, from the far East and the far West. People of high standing and some who wished others to think that they stood high; an ex-member of Congress and an active member; merchant princes and retired gentlemen; parents, with groups of merry, little ones—all lived together in peaceful harmony. Or perhaps we should say, in seemingly peaceful harmony. For, in spite of the intelligence and refinement of these people, certain petty rivalries one could not help but notice.

"Mr. Smith is most an excellent gentleman," said a somewhat stylish guest from Washington City to us one day, of a venerable friend walking past us, who lived in the same city with himself. "He is quite wealthy, and lives in retirement and elegant ease. And, what I think speaks very well of him, he is very kind to his *poor relatives.*" The last remark was evidently intended as an equivocal compliment. The design of it was to inform us that Mr. Smith was of a low, poor stock, and without the hereditary tone of a born southern gentleman.

Sitting on the shaded verandah, in conversation with a wealthy manufacturer of a western city, a fine coach, with a span of gay horses and a liveried, colored coachman, drove by. It belonged to a fellow-townsman of his. "That gentleman is said to have been very successful in business," said we.

"Not very, sir; he is not considered wealthy with us, although he and his family make quite a display. The most prominent millionaires of our city do not make the silly parade he does. You don't see their coachmen strapped up as that one is, with a tall black hat and a broad showy ribbon around it. There is more show than substance in this man."

Both were successful business men, active members of their respective churches, liberal in the bestowment of gifts for religious objects, good working members of their general Church Boards, both pushing their business energetically, rushing ahead in the race for wealth with all possible speed, yet eyeing others more successful than they with ill-concealed discomfort.

Ours is a great country for energetic, industrious young men to rise in. Take these two men as illustrations. The one, a native Welshman, came to this country twenty-five years ago. He was then a poor, hard-working mechanic. In a large manufacturing city of the West he found work, and soon gained the confidence of his employers. Meanwhile he became a skilful musician, and in his fragments of leisure he gave lessons in this accomplishment. As it often happens with good young men, his skill as a workman, and his industry, honesty and thrift gained him the confidence of his employers. They felt that they needed his services permanently; indeed that the loss of these would prove a serious detriment to

their business. Let a young man acquire a good character and skill in his craft and he will be in demand and command a good price. He was taken into the firm as a partner, and now is a wealthy manufacturer. Although beyond the meridian of life, he plays well on the piano and sings sweetly. He retains the plain habits of his earlier years. Wears plain clothing, eats at rational hours, and by the way, is a prodigious eater, and is innocent of the many awkward little knife and fork formalities which fashionable people so scrupulously observe at table. In short, he eats as do the swarthy men who mine the ore and make the iron. His great hard-skinned hands look as if they had never been touched by a glove, certainly no kid glove was ever made large enough for them. He works hard, makes money, gives much to the cause of religion; is a whole-souled, useful man.

When a little boy at home, a certain old man worked a great deal for our father. Every autumn there was repairing to be done, which gave work to this old carpenter for a month or two. So far back as our memory goes he looked equally old; always wore an old pair of glasses, and always clothes that looked the same. In the coldest weather he never wore an overcoat. He lived in Lancaster, Pa., in a small one-story house which he had honestly paid for with his hard earnings. Although living more than two miles off, he would go home every evening. We never knew him, in the severest weather, to consent to remain over night. In the morning he would usually walk these two miles before we boys would be out of bed.

He was a strong Democrat, of the Jackson school. Father was an equally ardent Whig. Many a time the two brave old men would get into a heated discussion. The carpenter was given to stammering. When excited this impediment of speech was a great hinderance to the utterance of his arguments, and a great amusement to us mischief-loving boys.

Although a hard-working, saving, sober man, he never got more than a home and a living for his family. And therewith he was contented. Both he and his wife were members of the Church, and tried to lead a Christian life. Their children they sought to train up in the fear and nurture of the Lord. The sons learned trades, became sober, industrious men. One, a dear companion of our boyhood, was learning the trade of a locomotive engineer. One day the train was thrown down an embankment, the locomotive was overturned, the youth, fastened under its ponderous weight, received the scalding contents of the boiler on his body, and was killed. Poor Fred! Two timid boys stood aside of his bier, before they had become familiarized with scenes of death; a cold shudder seized them as they looked upon the scalded, disfigured face of their early friend. Ah, never shall we forget the heart-rending sight.

One son of the old carpenter found a place as errand-boy in a store. It was an old-fashioned store, where groceries, dry goods, stationery, etc., were kept. By-and-by the errand boy was put behind the counter, and at posting books. In the course of time he became the chief clerk in the store. Indeed, married his employer's daughter.

At length he began business in a western city. For certain reasons, his first attempt was a failure. But he energetically began again, on a small scale. He succeeded beyond expectation, and now is said to be worth from a quarter to half a million. He has all along sought to be an honest man, a consistent Christian. He is a liberal supporter of the Church of Christ. A few years ago he called to see us, and spoke with filial gratitude and reverence of his humble parents. He is the owner of the coach driven by the colored, liveried coachman that has just rolled by us; the son of the old, hard-working, stammering carpenter. Greater far the glory of a poor youth, who, through honest industry and enterprise, acquires a fortune, and rises to prominence in spite of his humble origin, than that of him who inherits all from his parents. Especially if, as it often happens, the heir mismanages and squanders his inheritance and brings reproach upon the good name of his family.

A very sad feature of these summer resorts are the invalids which usually frequent them. A godly physician has been vainly searching for health at many

watering-places. He tells us that he has not had a painless hour for years. In performing a surgical operation years ago, a particle of diseased matter was absorbed by his body through a small sore on his hand. This curse lurks ineradicably in his system, and sends him through his remaining days and nights, groaning with pain. A very kind-hearted Christian man this is, who without any parade does much good to those in need.

Different from this old friend is a younger invalid. In the prime of life reaping the reward of his doings. For he has evidently been intemperate in his eating, if not in drinking and other habits. He is always ready to give you a detailed diagnosis of his case. All that you need in your morning walk is your usual "good morning," to inquire, "how are you this morning, Mr. Jones?" At once he will entertain you with a long disquisition on his torpid liver and treacherous stomach; tell you when and where his troubles began; how Saratoga water affects him, and how the White Sulphur Springs and the Bedford. One day, after one of these doleful narratives, a friend remarked to us: "Dear me, it is no wonder that man is sick. Sitting near him at table, I have noticed him eat three and four ears of corn, and great quantities of other strong food, and at last send the waiter for a lot of extras."

Persons living in luxurious ease at home, often exhibit an unusual degree of energy at these summer retreats. Some of the most fashionable people here, drink a glass or two of water and then walk for miles and try to remedy, during a few weeks, with excess of effort, the physical mischief which their indolent habits have caused during the balance of the year preceding. Half the trouble and care taken to *preserve* health at home, before it has been lost, is worth more than all this expense of money, time and exertion to *restore* it at a watering-place.

At such places amusements are in great demand. Many of the guests are persons of active habits—hard-working professional or business men, whose life at home is a constant succession of exertion. They come hither to rest, but find it difficult to cease working altogether. Their busy minds, accustomed daily to grapple with business and professional burdens, refuse to be laid on the shelf entirely. They chafe with great discomfort under their constrained inactivity.

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distrest."

Of course, minds incapable of or unused to work have no trouble on this score. Some devote half their waking time to their toilet. A Philadelphia lawyer reads French and Latin classics. The tidy Washingtonian who called our attention to his neighbor's poor relatives, calls in the aid of a few rowdies from a neighboring village to join him in a game of cards. A scholarly clerical friend goes a fishing, but catches no fish. The ladies crochet, some play croquet. The daily papers are a brief relief. A few ride on horseback, more ride to the village and elsewhere in cabs. More still promenade along the shaded walks.

The evenings usually drag with leaden heaviness. The guests gather in groups in the parlors, and mingle in social enjoyments. But the younger folks demand amusements more in keeping with their home habits. The obliging host is consulted. The next day a few carpenters begin the erection of a novel structure at one end of a parlor. The more knowing ones soon discover the outlines of a stage, with all the accompaniments of a theatre, in a rude or rather rustic style. There is a curtain, which if it does not drop can be drawn aside, a back or secret entrance, certain stage furniture, and the dinner bell of the hotel announces the opening and closing of every act of the drama.

A few evenings of the week are enlivened by this extempore dramatic performance. A dozen young men and ladies are the actors. And for non-professional actors they perform their several parts remarkably well. They had evidently studied and practiced at this business at home. The admission is free to all the inmates of the house. Even the servants and waiters gather around the door of the closely packed parlor, to witness the exhibition. The orchestra consisted of two performers—a young lady on the piano and a young gentleman on the violin. The plays

were short and simple, easily understood and performed. Charades, these people called them; tableaux, others would perhaps call them.

Seated on the verandah one morning, reading a paper, a young friend accosted us as a committee sent by a number of the ladies, to enlist our services in a play that was to be enacted the following evening. Would we please and read the play, standing in front of the stage, as two actors would follow our reading in pantomime? That is in mute action and gesture. The play was to be a selection from Pickwick. The part in which he narrates a certain awkward blunder he once made when stopping at a hotel. In attempting to go to his room he unwittingly entered the wrong door. As the furniture and its arrangement were the same as those in his own room, he never dreamed of any one having a prior claim. Just as he had hung his coat and vest on a chair, and sitting on another one, in the act of taking off his shoes, he is startled by the entrance of a female owner of the room. In the darkness she could not discover the intruder, who quickly leaped behind the curtains of one of the beds. While seated in her chair, gaping, and engaged in her sleepy musing, Pickwick shows signs of great uneasiness, faintly coughing, and in various other strange ways seeks to announce his uninvited presence. Then an awkward, if not heart-rending, at least side-splitting scene occurred, which such an intrusion would naturally produce.

Our friend pleaded hard for our services. "It was simply for the innocent amusement of the guests. No one would misunderstand our part in helping to give them an evening's pleasure. They insist on it, sir. You certainly would not refuse them this favor."

"My friend, how do you happen to ask me to do such a thing?"

"Well, sir, we took it for granted that being a clergyman your elocutionary practice would enable you to read the piece with better effect than any one of us."

"Please have me excused, sir."

"Well, sir, if you refuse to do it, we have none to undertake it, but perhaps Mrs. S."

"Very well, sir; you get Mrs. S. to do it; she is an excellent reader.

Mrs. S. was an intelligent lady of New Orleans, who read the piece very expressively.

Thus we narrowly escaped exchanging the pulpit for the stage. In sooth it would have been an odd role for a man of our cloth to play. The play was honored with a "crowded house," and "great applause." Mrs. S. had the most difficult part to perform. She had to do the soliloquizing, groaning, grunting, coughing, and awkward apologizing of Pickwick, as well as go through the long-drawn yawns, shrieks, exclamations of terror, and sharp, peppery tongue-lashing to which the terror-stricken, rightful occupant of the room gave vent. Meanwhile the ill-assorted room-mates suited their postures, gestures, and expression of countenance precisely to what was read, without uttering a word.

These dramatic entertainments attracted quite a number of guests from other hotels. One who happened to have a bad notoriety. Some years ago he filled a certain Government office. While its incumbent he defrauded the Government out of $400,000. He was convicted, sentenced, and punished. Through the intervention of his wife, who is said to be connected with some so-called "prominent families," the same Government which he had robbed not only pardoned him, but actually consents to his holding a certain office again. Had he been a common horse-thief he would forever have been voted out of decent society, but having shown himself a *grand scoundrel*, who successfully committed theft on a large scale, he is patted on the shoulder and readmitted into "high circles." In these days of lax, mawkish, sentimental social morality, it is far safer for a man to steal a half a million of dollars than a half a barrel of flour.

Of a Sunday evening religious services were held, provided a clerical guest could be prevailed upon to conduct them. One evening two of us divided these duties. All the guests were present in the large parlor. An excellent lady performer accompanied the singing on the piano, and many sweet voices joined in the praise. The short address was listened to with close attention, and hearers gracefully grasped the hand of the preacher at the close.

The following Sunday he declined officiating. We had come here for rest, and this was work. No matter, he must do it. Several committees wait on him. Only a short address. Surely he would not discourage people who so ardently wished to worship God on Sabbath eve, far away from home.

"No, we must have rest."

"Why, this is no work."

Thinking that we could not refuse, they fill the large parlor with chairs and people. On a small table at one end they lay the Bible and hymn-book. They wait long for his coming, but wait in vain. And his conscience has chided him ever since, much as he sought and needed rest.

Among the Leipsic Professors.

BY N. C. SHAEFFER.

My first experience involved a bit of indiscretion, which I will relate at the risk of being called egotistic, in the hope that it may warn the youthful reader against similar conduct.

Early in the morning two of us left Tübingen by rail and stopped at one of the stations in the Black Forest. With our knapsacks upon our backs, we began our foot-tour, now admiring the scenery, now gazing at some old ruins or at the peculiar costumes of the peasants. As evening set in we arrived at Herrenalb, and only after some searching found rooms for the night, as the place was full of guests, who had come there to bathe and recreate. Tired out by the day's walk, my companion immediately retired; I, on the other hand, determined to get some supper, for the journey had given me a regular Berks county appetite. A gentleman and his wife took seats next to me at the supper table. Her conversation and manner showed that she must belong to the upper classes of society. He was a man of middle age, but did not enter much into the conversation that was going on between his wife and those on the opposite side of the table. Being a German, he must after all be "gemuthlich," thought I, and hence determined to strike up a conversation with him. An Englishman would have given short replies, but a German never does so, especially when he sits at a supper table or has a glass of beer before him. We were soon chatting like old acquaintances. Finally an incidental remark led him to suspect he was talking to a foreigner. He asked me where I was from and where I had learned German. I told him I had studied at Berlin and Tübingen, and expected to go to Leipsic, at the same time saying some things in praise of that University and its theological faculty. He gave me a look which I could not interpret. Soon we were speaking of the unusual number of great men, who had gone forth from little Wurtemberg. He knew all about them. This led me to ask whether he too was from Wurtemberg. He replied: "I am a Leipsic Professor of Theology." It was like a thunder-clap. Had I known who he was I would have been less free in addressing him. Still I felt glad that the criticisms in which I had indulged in reference to several men, whose lectures I had heard, did not pertain to any of his colleagues or to the University which he represented.

But the worst was yet to come. A month later I sat among a party of students in Leipsic. With great glee one began to tell the story of how Professor Schmid had met an American in the Black Forest, who had praised the Leipsic Faculty in flattering terms without knowing whom he was talking to, and how much fun the Professor had over the matter. The shoe pinched me and I acknowledged the fact. This time the fun was at the expense of him, who had been telling the story. The party, however, were unanimous in the opinion that I must visit the Professor. I did so. He received me very kindly; but incidentally informed me of another man who had been at the supper table that evening in Herrenalbe. It was a Tübingen Professor, whom I had never seen, although I had attended lectures there for a whole session. This fact, and the recollection of my critical remarks on that occasion made my red face grow redder still. Indeed, to use a common phrase, I felt like sinking through the floor. I made some remarks upon my indiscretion. He only laughed, and said such things were allowable in the case of students enjoying the academische

freiheit. However, it led me to lay down for myself the maxim: Never pass criticisms, unless you know whom you are addressing.

Perhaps the greatest of living scholars in the Exegesis of the Old Testament is Professor Delitzsch. When I called on him the first time, he was reclining on his sofa, with his hat and overcoat on, apparently out of breath. On reading the card of introduction which Professor Weizsacker, of Tübingen had given me, (in Germany letters of introduction are not customary) he exclaimed: "Another American." The tone in which he said this made me think that Americans were bothering him over much. I stated what course of lectures I expected to hear from him. He replied in a very sad tone of voice: "A trouble with my throat will prevent me from delivering all the lectures which I had announced." He also remarked that he had just come from Halle, and felt very tired. However, he soon brightened up, began to speak English, and showed that a learned man can be a jolly good fellow without losing his dignity. A few weeks later an invitation to supper was lying upon my table. It had been brought by his famulus. (Famulus is the name given to the student whom each professor at this University selects to make his announcements and arrange his official intercourse with the students.) On the appointed evening students belonging to three different faculties and representing four nationalities, gathered in his house. One of them had his hair combed back over his head. The Professor walked up to him, looked at him, and said: "Echt Assyrisch." The evening was very pleasant. There was no wine on the table, but the beer flowed freely. Indeed, the man who in Germany is unable to drink beer, is to be pitied. He gets into difficulty times without number in his intercourse with the natives. Those who advocate total abstinence find it difficult not to break the pledge. In one case I caught a Good Templar defending the principles of his order over a glass of beer with all the earnestness of an advocate.

The most popular lecturer is Professor Kahnis. He is a stout, well-built man, and looks more like a priest than a professor. He is full of life, easy to approach, and a special favorite among the students. He is like an American professor, in this, that he knows something of everything. I have heard him talk on astronomy, philosophy, physics, and chemistry; and he is evidently posted on all these subjects. On the other hand, he is just as thorough and learned as any of his countrymen, who, in accordance with the usual custom, devote their whole lifetime to the study of one subject. Of all the men I have heard he is the only one who is able to dictate without weakening the moulding influence which it is the teacher's duty to exert upon the pupil. Schleiermacher used to say: "The professor, who dictates sentences into the pen of his hearers, thereby arrogates unto himself the privilege of ignoring the Art of Printing." Kahnis may be said to succeed in spite of this habit. What he dictates gives but a skeleton of the subject; the flesh and blood is added in his subsequent remarks. His eloquence holds the students spellbound, and fills them with life and enthusiasm. He even attracts students enrolled in the other departments. This is so much the more remarkable, because since the late war many of the educated take special delight in showing how little interest they have for religious matters. One evening he was invited by the students to accompany them to one of the club-rooms. After taking his glass of beer he brought out a toast, the substance of which is worth recording: "The most perfect man is he, who combines the wisdom and calmness of age with the energy and vivacity of youth." "But this ideal is one which we cannot fully realize; for in the nature of things we are either old or young. In this respect the professor is fortunate; he always has young men around him. A certain writer says there was no death in Paradise; that the animals always went out quietly when they felt the approach of death. Likewise students, when they begin to grow old, make haste to leave the University. In my young days I saw the philosopher Schelling. He was then a man with beautiful gray hair. The thorn in his flesh was the fear that others might steal his ideas. How glad we theologians would be if people would only try to steal our ideas."

An anecdote is told, showing how absent-minded he is at times. A student came to borrow a book from his library, which, by the way, fills all the available space on the walls of his study. To get the book he had to climb up a ladder. While seeking for it he lighted on another book, which related to a subject he was then investigating. He began to read, and forgot all about the student. At last another student came in, which woke the Professor from his reverie to find that he had been reading nearly half an hour. On another occasion his wife came into the study and told him what they would have for dinner. It was in the Summer; the door remained open. After a considerable time she passed the door and heard him repeating to himself what she had told him, just as a boy does when on his way to a store to avoid forgetting what he is to buy. On looking in she found him busy at his work; he was unconscious of what he was saying and unconscious of her presence. It seems there is no end to the eccentricities of German professors.

The most dignified man in the theological faculty is Dr. Luthhardt. His temperament is decidedly phlegmatic; he has little to say when the students call upon him. The sharp features of his countenance are an index of a similar intellectual quality, for which he is distinguished. His lectures are always clear, his distinctions often very subtle, and never in a single point does he swerve from the standard of the strictest Lutheran orthodoxy. He is therefore looked upon by his friends as one of the pillars of sound doctrine. It is particularly gratifying to see of what central significance the Person of Christ is for his thinking. I once heard him say: "In our day everything depends upon the position we assign to Christ and the position we take in reference to Him."

On Sunday evening he is in the habit of gathering the students around him. The exercises always close with the reading of a hymn, the Lord's prayer, and a benediction. On one evening a small yellow-covered book was lying upon his table. Pointing to it he said: "As often as I read the life described in that book, the deepest emotions agitate my bosom. It gives the history of a man who received with joy the Gospel as preached by the Reformers, but recanted because he feared the inquisition. His remorse became so great that he died from the effects." Several days later he referred to the same thing in one of his lectures. He spoke of the heart-rending scenes occasioned by the violent measures used in the 17th century to suppress Protestantism; how husbands and wives accused each other of having caused them to deny and recant the truth; how the peasants in the fields fell upon their knees, wringing their hands, and calling Heaven to witness that in renouncing their faith they yielded to the violence of power. But of all these he said there was none so terrible as the case of Francisco Spiera. This led me to borrow the above-mentioned book. It contains the original documents as they were lately found in the archives at Venice. Spiera was a lawyer in Cittadella. The Bible and some of Luther's writings fell into his hands. With joy he received the teachings of the great Reformer; zealously he studied the Scriptures, held meetings in his house, and proclaimed the truth to his fellow-townsmen. It created a wonderful excitement; the people began to despise the confessional, the mass and the sacramental wafer. He was accused and summoned before the inquisition at Venice. On the way thither he passed through the most painful mental and spiritual struggles. But the old Adam gained the victory. He retracted all he had taught. In St.Mark's Cathedral, before thousands of spectators, he read a recantation, which had been prepared by the officers of the inquisition. In his native town he was obliged to do so again. When he returned home conscience began to accuse him; he felt that he had incurred the wrath of Almighty God. He never enjoyed another moment of peace. Despair took possession of his spirit; he fell into the deepest melancholy. His sons and friends took him to the neighboring city of Padua, and called in the most distinguished medical men in the University. They prescribed a purge to remove the gases, which they supposed were arising from his stomach and beclouding his brain. When he heard their advice, he exclaimed: "Poor mortals, how ignorant you are! Do you really think I suffer from a malady which can be cured by drugs or human skill? Believe me, another

remedy is here necessary. A soul, crushed by the sense of sin and by the weight of divine wrath, cannot be relieved by potion or plaster; for it there remains but one physician, viz.: Christ, and but one cure, namely: the Gospel." He would neither eat nor drink. His children forced food into his mouth; nevertheless he grew weaker and weaker. His friends advised him to embrace Protestantism again; but he declared that by renouncing what he knew to be truth he committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Many of his death-bed utterances make one shudder while reading them. He died in the Fall of 1548, a few days after he had been brought back to his native town. Hundreds of persons visited him while in Padua; the students, who came from all parts of Europe to study there, scattered the news far and wide. Messengers were sent out to contradict the reports, but the effect could not be neutralized in this way. Several accounts were written at the time; Calvin prepared an introduction to one of them. The recantation and its effects are placed beyond doubt by the discovery of the documents in the archives at Venice, describing the proceedings of the inquisition. The memory of Spiera still lives among the people of Cittadella; they still speak of him as "the unfortunate one"

Stilling in Search of a Profession.

BY THE EDITOR.

One of Gœthe's great works is called "*Wilhelm Meister's Wanderyahre.*" In it he describes the varied experience and trials of a traveling apprentice in Germany. For there all young mechanics, after they have served a certain apprenticeship with their masters, must travel or "wander" a few years, working a short time with many masters, in different places, in order to perfect themselves in their craft. A part of this Wanderschaft of Stilling we gave in the December number of the Guardian. How he was harassed with doubt as to the selecting of a suitable calling. He had learned the tailor trade; indeed had learned it very well. But his insatiable thirst for knowledge gave him a growing dislike for the tailor's bench. He excelled too as a school-master. Yet, for some reason or another, his efforts at teaching brought him much grief and disappointment. And his pious heart saw, or thought it saw, the finger of God in every little incident of his life. In his daily experience he read the guidance and will of Divine Providence.

At length he concluded that his dissatisfaction with his trade, and desire for study was an indication of pride—a temptation of the devil. This he must endeavor to conquer. And he manfully set to work to do it. He must leave home and parents, and enter upon his wanderings as a tailor apprentice. On a certain Easter Monday he packed his small knapsack. He was alone in his little bed-room. His wardrobe was soon packed; three patched shirts, the fourth he wore, a pair of old stockings, a cap, his scissors and thimble. The rest of his clothing he put on—a pair of well-worn shoes, black woolen stockings, leathern pantaloons, a black cloth vest, a brown cloth coat and a hat. With a thorn cane in his hand, and the knapsack strapped on his shoulders, and four rix dollars in his purse, he bade a tearful adieu to his parents.

After securing the necessary passport from the proper authorities, some ten miles distant, he wandered along the public highway, waiting and watching for God to guide him. The second night he stopped at a small village inn. The landlord spread straw on the floor on which the young stranger was to sleep. In the same room slept the innkeeper and his wife. Till midnight neither could sleep a wink. Each party suspected the other of being an unsafe room-mate. Stilling feared for his life, so uninviting did everything look. About midnight he overheard the landlord's wife whisper to her husband:

"Arnold, are you asleep?"

"No, I am not."

Stilling breathed heavily, pretending to be fast asleep, suspecting that ere long they might have him by the throat.

"What kind of a man might this be?" she continued.

"God only knows," said the nervous husband. "I have thought over it all evening. He spoke little, and looked so singularly suspicious; I am not sure that we can trust him."

"You ought not at once to think evil of people. He looks so honest; who knows what troubles he has already had to endure. I pity him; he looked so sad as he entered the door. Surely some sorrow presses him down. May God help him."

"Forgive my rash judgment; the man may have a good conscience. We will commend him to God; He can befriend him if he is pious."

After this Stilling's straw bed seemed as soft as a bed of down.

After a sweet sleep and the usual good morning, Stilling was asked: "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, after midnight."

"You seemed tired yesterday evening."

"Yes, my dear friends, tired and sorrowful, for I have had to endure much trouble in my short life."

"Yes," replied Arnold. "You are with people who fear God and long to be saved. Even had you valuable treasures, with us you and your goods are perfectly safe."

"God bless you," said Stilling, as he warmly grasped the hands of a newly-found friend. On leaving, after their simple breakfast, the landlord and his wife wept as if they were parting from a fond brother.

Before many days Stilling found work. Tailor Nagel treated the apprentice kindly. The wanderer thought of a saying of his father: "A trade is a precious gift of God, set in gold." He felt keenly penitent for having so long despised his trade, and praised God for giving him work. In a few days he felt perfectly at home in the family of his new master.

As usual, he soon made many friends. Of a Sunday he would always attend church, as a devout Christian. The organist being an old man and an awkward player, Stilling would sit by his side and assist him. He usually played for the singing of the hymns, and the closing piece as the congregation withdrew. And his playing was so fine that the people stood, stared and listened with delight, instead of going directly home after the benediction. At first everybody asked, "Who is that?"

How great their surprise when they heard that it was tailor Nagel's apprentice. Ere long the foremost people of the village made it a point to drop in at the tailor shop to have a chat with the musical apprentice. To their surprise they found that he knew many things besides making clothes and playing the organ; that he understood Latin, was well read in history and in natural science; and, moreover, that he possessed a good pious heart. His name was on everybody's lips—he was the rising young man of the town. Master Nagel and his family felt proud to have an apprentice in their home whom the people so greatly honored

Pastor Stollbein, the village minister, and son of his father's pastor, showed Stilling much kindness. Him and the village school-master he frequently visited. One Sunday evening he took tea with the latter, who had learned to admire the talent and intelligence of the apprentice. Surely such a man ought to teach instead of plying his needle.

"Stilling," said he, "how would you like to exchange tailoring for a good position as teacher?"

"Very much."

"A wealthy merchant in Holzheim wishes to have a good private tutor for his children. You are just the man for the position."

He consulted a few friends about the matter. Pastor Stollbein advised him to go. His master, Nagel, and family tried their utmost to dissuade him from it. Stilling thought he saw the finger of God in it, and once more exchanged the needle for the birch and books.

It was a stately, stylish man who employed him this time. Fashion instead of faith ruled the family. As he first approached the dignified father of the home, he cast a piercing glance at his new tutor, made a slight bow, and said: "Serviteur, monsieur!" (Your servant, sir.) A cold and stiff reception, in sooth, which Stilling met with: "Your servant's worthy principal!"

Then followed a conversation, which the stuck-up merchant interlarded with French phrases. The apprentice felt ill-at-ease. At the table he felt greatly embarrassed. The members of the family had fixed, formal, stiff rules to regulate their manner of eating and drinking. The stranger had never been trained to this mode of life. In the simple home

of his childhood, and in the families of his masters, the people knew nothing of such table politeness. For a while he found little pleasure at table, from fear of committing some blunder and acting the boor. He studied closely the rules of polite society; the rules, too, of this family. Every movement and little point of etiquette he watched and practiced. When by himself in his room, he would even practice in graceful bowing and polite salutations.

With the teaching and the children he succeeded very well; but his employer treated him distantly. He had scarcely any time to himself. The family was cold and formal. His support was meagre, and his clothing soon became threadbare. He spent his Sundays drearily in his room, for want of decent garments. He grieved over his folly. Why did he leave his kind friend, Nagel? Now God is punishing him for it. He grew pale and haggard. Once he ventured to church of a Sunday. No one noticed or cared for him. Yes, one, kind-hearted pastor Brück. He saw how sad and homesick he looked, and took him home with him to dinner. In the good man's family the sorrowful youth unburdened his heart, until all in the room wept with him. The man of God spoke kindly and wisely to his guest, and lightened his burdens.

In this icy family he could endure it no longer. For when they saw his clothes wearing out and his external appearance becoming shabby, they showed signs of increasing disrespect. One morning early he left them by stealth. His few threadbare clothes he tied into a small bundle, threw it out a back window, softly passed down stairs and out a back door, and hurried off, he knew not whither. He felt like a fugitive from bondage, so forsaken, yet so free and unshackled. He wandered till noon, when his hunger reminded him that he was without money and friends. Pausing a moment by the wayside he muttered to himself: "Now I have reached the summit of my need and misery. Nothing remains for me but to beg or perish."

With that a soothing conviction flashed over his mind that he must seek work in a neighboring town. Fortunately he found his scissors and thimble in his pocket. As is customary for traveling apprentices, at the gate of the city he inquired of a person where the best master tailor lived.

"Take this man to Master Isaac," said the man at the gate to a child. With nimble steps he guided the stranger to a small house in a back street. A slender, cleanly woman was just spreading the table. After a few friendly words Stilling learned with joy that Isaac was in want of a workman. The good housewife pressed him to partake of her meal. He was at once put to work. Soon a Christian neighbor came in, and began a familiar conversation with Isaac. "I hold," said the neighbor, "that the Spirit of Christ is an everywhere-present power, which worketh in the hearts of the children of men, to sanctify every soul. The further one is from God, the more is he estranged from this Spirit. What is your opinion, brother Isaac?"

"I agree with you. Much depends upon the choice and will of man, whether he is willing to let the Spirit of Christ work in him."

With this Stilling began to weep for joy: "I feel at home, I feel at home," he muttered and sobbed to himself.

The two friends looked at him with astonishment.

"Stilling, what is the matter with you?" asked Isaac.

"O, it is a long time since I heard people speak in this way. And since I see that my lot has fallen among people who love God, my grateful heart must find vent in tears."

"Are you then a friend of Christ, and of true godliness, too?" inquired Isaac.

"O, yes, with all my heart," said the delighted apprentice.

The neighbor, smiling, said: "Then we have found one brother more," and with that both he and Isaac cordially grasped the hand of Stilling.

Then as now the most of these "Wanderbursche" or traveling apprentices, were a set of rowdies. In the large towns there were hotels or places of entertainment specially designated for them. There they would flock together at nights in large numbers, and indulge after their frivolous fashion, in the wildest revelings. Now they travel more on the cars. Then along every highway groups of three, four, or more, could be

seen wandering, all wearing a small cap, a blue blouse, carrying their wardrobe in a small knapsack. Many a one may have borne a Bible among his little baggage, which a fond mother prayerfully packed among his clothing. But few, however, read or cared anything about it. A pious "Wanderbursche" was rarely found. And when known to be pious, was made a target at which the rest would hurl their jeers and jokes. Thus many a godly youth, like poor Stilling, is sent adrift, as sheep among wolves. With great reason he feels strange and forsaken amid such associates, where he rarely hears a word in favor of our Saviour. And many a one loses his faith and piety, and his poor soul, on his wanderings.

The kind tailor and his apprentice soon forgot that they were master and servant, so sincere and warm was their love, as two brothers in Christ. Isaac helped the youth to a fine new suit. His family loved him, as a son and brother, and gave him a Christian home. He soon made many friends. Among these a wealthy neighbor, the proprietor of a large furnace, of the name of Spanier. Isaac and his apprentices did all the tailoring for this family, and usually in Spanier's own house. Here the good man soon saw that Stilling was destined to be more than a tailor.

One day, standing aside of him at his skilful work, Spanier said:

"Stilling, you work like a born tailor; but that you are not."

"Why not?" he quickly replied.

"Because you must become the teacher of my children," said the iron-maker, smiling.

"No, sir, that cannot be, Mr. Spanier. I have solemnly resolved never to teach again. At length I am at peace, and happy at my trade. I shall not abandon it again."

Spanier, laughing, shook his head, and said:

"I can teach you different. I have levelled many a mountain in my time. I think I shall overcome this one, too."

The next morning he reasoned with Stilling. "God had given him rare talents, for whose right use he was responsible. If he refused to use them in the right place and way, he committed a great sin. He durst not decline this call to teach."

His conscience troubled him. He wanted to obey God, but had felt certain that he was not called to be a teacher. At length he exclaimed: "I must venture once more; but I do it with fear and trembling."

The Stump of a Sign Post.

BY THE EDITOR.

A few days ago a kind-hearted country pastor invited us to a ride. Riding leisurely along a somewhat hilly road, we were speaking of many things connected with our pastoral experience, and at length reached a certain wayside dwelling. A glance showed that it was once a country tavern. It was a large two-story frame building, with a long, open porch along the front of the house, and a row of hitching-posts in front of the porch. "Do you see that post at the end of the row?" said our friend. "It is the old sign post, sawed off. It is the monument of a sorrowful death. In that house I once had a sad duty to perform. The landlord was the father of a large family. He was an intemperate, wicked man, and his sons followed his example. He used most shameful language against the Church and her ministry. Toward the end of his life he suffered much of bodily affliction. Thinking that he might not live much longer, my conscience gave me no rest until I made, at least, an attempt to teach him his need of the Saviour. One day I mustered courage to approach him. As I stopped in front of the house, about to step out of my carriage, and kindly saluted him standing on the porch, he said: 'I do not want your services. I shall have nothing to do with ministers. They are a set of scoundrels, and churches are nothing but places of corruption. I do not want you here.'"

"You may well think how I felt as I drove away homeward. A few weeks later he sent for me in great haste. As I entered his sick chamber he screamed: "O pastor —— I have committed the unpardonable sin. I have abused and slandered God's Church and His ministry. O! I am suffering the torments of hell!" In broken sentences he detailed to me some particulars of his wicked life, and his opposition to the

Church of Christ, interspersing his confession with exclamations: "O I am suffering the pains of hell!"

"Shall I pray for you?" I inquired.

"Yes, you may, but it will do me no good. It is too late.'"

After I had begun to pray, he screamed: "Stop, O stop praying, I can stand it no longer, I am suffering the torments of the lost."

"He then called his children around his bedside, and besought them to take warning from the wicked life of their father, lost forever. That they should attend church and lead a Christian life. Moreover he made them solemnly promise him that they would at once saw off the sign post, close the tavern, and never sell any more rum in that house. The children wept aloud as he thus admonished them. The sign post was sawed off. The tavern and bar closed. Six hours later he was a corpse. To the end he uttered the wailings of a lost soul."

Before his death he charged the pastor to tell the people at his funeral how he bewailed his wicked life, and how his soul was lost; that he should warn his boon companions to flee from the wrath to come. Many a wicked comrade of the deceased came to hear what a minister could preach at the funeral of such a man. And they did hear it; heard it in the dying warning of the man himself. Whether any derived a permanent spiritual benefit from this horrid death, we know not. Many in the neighborhood, and some of the children even, live as they had done before. For certain reasons the old man disinherited one of the sons. This one laid three cents in the coffin of his father, as he said, "to buy him a glass of whiskey on his road to hell!" But the stump of the sign post, about four feet high, is still well preserved, and looks as if it might stand there fifty years longer, to proclaim to all that see it:

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." Isaiah iii. 11.

"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Ps. cv. 15.

Coming home we met a man and woman in a covered market wagon. He had a black bruise in his face, and tried to hold the lines, but was so drunk that he could scarcely keep on the seat aside of his wife. "That is one of the sons of the lost father," said our friend, "who helped to saw off the sign post." Alas, one may saw off the sign post when it is too late, after the taste for rum and the habits of sin have become too strong; when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, and they shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

On our return home we told the story of the sign post to a friend, who added the following leaf to it: "Some years ago I and a few friends happened to stop at this man's tavern. The old landlord was behind the bar handing out the bottle to my friends. 'What will you take?' he inquired of me. 'Nothing,' I replied. 'I use no strong drink.'

'My dear sir,' said the landlord, 'I use it and sell it, but I *know* that it is wrong to do either. Although it is my business and pecuniary profit to sell it, I tell you, sir, you are right and I am wrong. It were much better if no one drank or sold strong drink.'"

Alas! this poor man fought his way to hell over his better convictions. Wilfully hardened his heart, and sinned against the strivings of God's Spirit: knew his Master's will and did it not.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation." Hebrews iii. 7, 8.

Christ Among Children.

BY REV. J. W. STEINMETZ.

The Infant Jesus.

"Jesus came to redeem all by Himself; all who through Him are born again unto God: infants, little children, boys, young men and old. Therefore he passed through every age: For the infants He became an infant, sanctifying infants; among the little children He became a little child, to sanctify those who are of this age, and at the same time to present unto them an example of piety, uprightness and obedience; among the young men He became a young man, that He might set them an example and sanctify them to the Lord."—*Irenæus.*

The church father just quoted contemplated Jesus in this passage as existing before He appeared in the world.

So the Scriptures also represent Him. Nay, they claim this for Him alone. He *came*—came from another state and world, where He had a conscious and eternal existence, possessed of the infinite attributes of Divinity, dwelling in His own glory with the Father, receiving the homage of all the heavenly hosts.

His coming was foretold, thousands of years. He was promised to come as Saviour. The woman's seed was to bruise the serpent's head. And this earliest proclamation of the Gospel by God Himself indicated already the nature (in part at least) of the promised Deliverer. For as Eve and her daughters were to become mothers with multiplied sorrows, because through woman sin entered the world—so also did God comfort Eve and her daughters that through their multiplied sorrows of motherhood the conqueror of the serpent and the deliverer of humanity should at last come.

Because Eve became the first transgressor she and all her daughters have been compelled to bear the ignominy and shame of it. Among all nations women hold a second position, lower than man, often one of degradation and slavery. This was not arbitrarily imposed upon them by the "Lords of Creation," but is the fulfillment of the God-imposed curse attached to first sin.

But to the heavier curse, Eve was also left the hope of becoming the mother of the Deliverer. Adam had no share in this promise. He had no hope of becoming the father of this Serpent-bruiser; but as the shame and curse of the first sin rested upon woman, so also was the glory of the human parentage of the Redeemer to rest exclusively upon her. Thus when the Virgin Mary became the mother of our Lord, all the shame and reproach of Eve as the first sinner was taken away from her sex.

This it is, in part, that made Mary "the blessed among women." The fact that she was selected to become the mother of the eternal Son declares her as the "highly favored" with whom the Lord was in an especial degree.

From these words it is proper to conclude that God chose the purest and holiest of all the daughters of Eve and of Israel. This is also what we would naturally expect. It would be out of all harmony with pious feeling and thought to expect Mary of Magdalene, with her seven devils; or the woman who was a sinner; or the Samaritan woman, to be the mother of "the holy child Jesus." These, through His saving grace and mercy, could become followers of His—earnest, devout, saintly; but it is unnecessary that any one of these should have become His mother. Yet while we believe that the Virgin (and His mother had to be a Virgin according to prophecy) was the holiest of her age—highly favored of God—we have no sympathy whatever with the Romish fancy of her "Immaculate Conception."

As the Son of God, Jesus took upon Himself our nature of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, and so united humanity and Divinity in His own person. Continuing to be the Son of God, He also became the Son of Man—to continue man and God forever.

From this it follows that Joseph, the Virgin's espoused husband, was not the father of "Our Lord." Jesus, as every man, had only one father and one mother. He is the Son of God in the same full sense as He is the Son of Man. As the Son of God the Father, He is God. As the Son of the Virgin, He is man. He is the only-begotten Son of God. And He is, in an equally exclusive sense, the Son of Man. He was not simply an individual man—one among many other men. He is the Son of man, in the sense of the Son of humanity. All the energies and excellences of humanity culminate in Him. As such He is man, in the same exclusive sense that Adam was on the day he had no Eve. Jesus was the Archetype—Adam the type—the figure of Him that was to come. God had made Adam in His own image and after His own likeness. And His Son, He sent forth, made of woman, made under the Law, *in the likeness of sinful man.* Jesus Christ was in a word as divine as His Father—and as human as his mother. Divine-human, the God-man, the fullest revelation of God, and the equally full revelation of man. Only in Him do we see the Divine Glory full of grace and truth. All the goodness and holiness of God, and all that which in truth

belongs to the divine idea of man. In Jesus Christ God's idea of man is realized. And we become truly human in proportion as we become Christlike.

But the prophecies also indicated how Jesus was to become man. He as "the seed of woman" was to be "born of a Virgin." He was to come into the world, it is true, by the miraculous interposition of God the Father through the agency of the Holy Ghost; yet, at the same time, was He to be naturally *born* as every human being. He, the eternal Son of God, was to commence His human existence where all His brethren commenced theirs. As the Redeemer, He had to redeem His own individual humanity in assuming it. For no matter how devout, pious and godly-minded the Virgin was, she was still a sinner. He had to take up our human nature with all its primitive elements—as even weakened and enfeebled by sin, yet without sin as such. Thus in assuming our nature, He redeems His own individual humanity from all defilement of sin, yet retaining the *curse* for sin resting upon the race, whose nature He assumed. In other words, He took upon Himself with our nature all the consequences of sin, excepting only sin and its pollution.

And to do this He had to commence His human life where sin touches human life. David, in his profound confession, contained in the 51st Psalm, appears to have sought backward in his life for the beginning of sin in his person. And feeling himself utterly undone he cried from the depths, giving the result of his self-examination, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Thus where sin touches man, there Jesus as the Son of God to be the perfect Saviour touched humanity, and began His divine-human life. In this way He passed through every state of human life, saving, redeeming, and sanctifying in His progress. No wonder that John the Baptist, as yet unborn, rejoiced with his mother in the presence of the unborn Saviour. John, by the faith of his mother, was then preveniently brought into saving relation with the coming Saviour. How cheering and hopeful the thought of Irenæus above noted is when consistently carried out and applied.

No wonder that Elizabeth rejoiced with the Virgin. The time was near, when Israel could say, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," for Immanuel was being constituted. His advent was at hand—the promise of the woman's seed was about to be fulfilled, and the hope of all the pious to be realized. Humanity's Deliverer was coming at last. Never had any one more cause for joy, and gladness, and praise, than Elizabeth with her son, and Mary, the virgin mother of our Lord.

In the fullness of time Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Yet how different were the circumstances from what the mind of man would naturally expect the Son of God to be surrounded. Instead of affluence we find Him surrounded with poverty; instead of royal raiment, we behold swaddling bands; instead of a magnificent couch, a manger; instead of an imposing royal palace, a stable became the birthplace of the King of kings. It was perfectly natural for the Magi from the East to seek for the King of the Jews in the palace of Herod, and in Jerusalem, the capital of the nation. There ordinarily, nay, with scarcely any exceptions, the sons of kings are born. Yet instead of beholding the effulgent glory of the ineffable God, they beheld only a wee babe; instead of omnipotence, they find utter weakness and helplessness. Ah! who would have sought for the Immanuel amidst such surroundings? Truly He is the wonderful! He is the permanent miracle. He contains in Himself the Infinite God and finite man. The Son of God eternal in Himself, yet born of a creature! The Son of the Virgin! Divine fullness in creaturely limitations! The eternal Word made flesh; thus containing the idea of the Parable in Himself—setting forth the infinite spirituality of God in the finite naturalness of humanity! As such He is the Word Himself, expressing or uttering the thought of God—the express image of the Father.

This He became, in the incarnation. And all through His terrestrial life He was expressing God in His person even more fully than in His teachings. He said I am the Truth, the Life, the Light. This He was already in His infancy; nay, this He is by virtue of His real in-

fancy. The reality of His salvation depends upon the reality of His Incarnation, and this depends upon the reality of His supernatural conception by the Holy Ghost and upon His natural birth of the Virgin Mary. All His subsequent acts receive their value and virtue from this. If He was only the son of man the Gospel is a fiction. If He was only the Son of God, and without being organically conjoined with humanity, then the Gospel is equally untrue. Everything depends here upon the actual childhood of God's eternal Son. Concede this, and the union of God and man is secured. Deny this, then God has not reconciled man unto Himself. Upon this fact the truth of Christian Theology rests — especially when we consider that the incarnation is not only of eternal significance and force, but of eternal duration.

The humiliation of Jesus did not only depend upon the fact of His birth of the Virgin; nor yet upon the creaturely limitations which His birth involved; nor yet upon the place of His birth, a stable; nor His poverty; but upon the fact of His union with a race of *sinners*. The stable with its straw, dung, and fetid breath of beasts, was vastly less repulsive than the sin, guilt, and pollution of the fallen race, whose nature He assumed. Human hearts are worse than oxen's stalls. His lowly birthplace is indeed vastly below His native heaven. Immense is the step between the Throne of Omnipotence where He was enveloped with ineffable glory, and the manger where He lay a helpless babe wrapped in rags. But all this is an assurance unto the poor and down-trodden that they have an interest in this poor child—in Him who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. This is the significance of the *sign* that was given to the poor shepherds of Bethlehem's plains. His poverty encouraged them to go in haste to see the thing which the angel of the Lord had communicated unto them.

Yet on account of His lowly birth the multitude of the heavenly host sang "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." On account of this the angel of the Lord came to the shepherds to proclaim "The glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." He had laid aside His glory for a time, that they might be surrounded with the glory of their Lord.

No wonder that children rejoice so much in the anniversary of Jesus' birth. No wonder that Christmas makes children of all godly-minded adults. Christmas gives us more joy—higher and purer joy—than our own birthdays. Were there no Christmas our birthdays and their anniversaries would be days of gloom and sadness. But Christmas gives joy to all nations and to all ages. The Infant Jesus is the joy of angels and men. What unspeakable tenderness is contained in the prayer of the disciples as recorded in Acts iv. 24–27, where they, speaking to God, call the Saviour twice "Thy Holy Child Jesus." How near they felt themselves to God through His "Holy Child Jesus." What faith, hope and love that term breathed as it flowed from the hearts and lips of His persecuted disciples that comprised His weak, struggling, oppressed, infantile church.

Jesus retained the child-spirit of patience, humility, love and trust through His earthly career. He was meek and lowly of heart, and stood childlike in deepest sympathy with all the suffering and oppressed, obedient to the Divine "must" of His Righteous Father which He ever recognized, fondly attached to children, full of admiration for lilies of the field and birds of the air; free from all worldliness. O, if "heaven lies about us in our infancy," how much more was this true of Jesus. Heaven vanishes with our childhood, but in His youth and manhood it only unfolded its bliss and glory more fully.

Holy Child Jesus, make me more childlike by making me more like Thyself

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Truths of the Bible.—The truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the Scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet of their interpretation. Sometimes, when they discover them, they call them new truths. One might as well call gold newly dug new gold.

The Church Year.

BY S. P. HEILMAN, M. D.

Since the GUARDIAN is now partly devoted to the more direct interests of the Sunday-schools of the church, and thus made to reach a larger and somewhat different class of readers than heretofore, and is also made the means through which to furnish to our schools, as a basis for instruction, a series of Lessons arranged according to the order of the Church Year, a statement as to what is meant by the term "THE CHURCH YEAR," and a table of its days and seasons, may not be inopportune; indeed may prove very acceptable. Of course, we do not here address those to whom the subject is a familiar one, but rather those with whom it has never been an object of study, or those to whom it is at best a matter of vague and disconnected knowledge. Whether this number is large or small, may readily be discovered by the superintendents of most of our schools, questioning those under their charge as to the order and meaning of the church year.

In general then by the *Church Year* is meant this: "From the earliest times the ancient Christians celebrated certain days of the year, in commemoration of great events in the life of Christ. Whether these days were the proper anniversaries of such events or no, the idea involved in the celebration was still the same—that the creature should hold in continued remembrance the life of his Saviour." Or, in other words, as the civil year is divided into days and seasons for man's temporal wants, so for his spiritual comfort the year is set off into sacred days and seasons, on which, and during which is especially commemorated some great religious truth or event in the earthly life of Christ. The object sought by an arrangement whereby, we at stated times commemorate these great events in the life of Christ, is to enable us to hold in remembrance more firmly and constantly their glorious benefits, and to yield ourselves more continually to their moulding and spiritual influence.

For our further purpose, the following statement is offered, which is to be *tabular* rather than explanatory, in order to bring together into a small space, before the mind's eye, the whole range of the days and seasons of the church year. These have been well shown and well explained in various books—Liturgies, Hymn-books, "Creed and customs," &c., by others far better qualified, yet at one place without *any* explanation, at another perhaps in a somewhat disconnected manner, so that after all many fail clearly to understand (and most Sunday-school scholars fail altogether) the exact order and relationship of the different parts of the church year. For the help and aid of such, we offer the same in the following tabulated form, accompaning it with the briefest explanatory remarks.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

Extends from ADVENT to ADVENT, December to December.

Divided into four principal seasons.

I. CHRISTMAS.
II. EASTER.
III. PENTECOST.
IV. TRINITY.

* * * *

I. CHRISTMAS SEASON.

ADVENT. With it begins the *church year*. *St. Andrew's Day*—November 30th,—in memory of St. Andrew, who was the first to follow Christ, is employed to determine the beginning of Advent. The Sundays in Advent are always *four* in number, the first being that nearest St. Andrew's day, before or after as the case may require. The whole period of Advent, which fills up the space between the first Sunday and Christmas, is devoted to the commemoration of the coming of our Saviour. During Advent we have the

1st SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
2d " " "
3d " " "
4th " " "

CHRISTMAS. *Birth of Christ*, Dec. 25th.

1ST DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. *St. Stephen's Day*, Dec. 26th. In memory of St. Stephen, the eloquent martyr.

2D DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. *St. John, the Evangelist's Day*, Dec. 27th. The beloved disciple and bosom friend of Christ. Also martyr.

3d DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. *The Innocen's' Day*, Dec. 28th. In memory of the Jewish children slain by Herod's command.

Then follows the

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

NEW YEAR'S DAY,

on which the circumcision of Christ is commemorated.

EPIPHANY,

(From Greek, *epi*, and *phanein* to show forth.) Always observed on the *sixth of January*, the twelfth day after Christmas. On this day we celebrate Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles. Then follows the

1st SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.
2d " " " "
3d " " " "
4th " " " "
5th " " " "
6th " " " "

The Epiphany Sundays may vary in number from *one* to *six*, as Easter comes early or late. They carry the Church Year to the

II. EASTER SEASON.

The first three Sundays in this season are called, in order, as follows:

3d SUNDAY BEFORE LENT, or SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY. (70.)

2d SUNDAY BEFORE LENT, or SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. (60.)

1st SUNDAY BEFORE LENT, QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. (50.)

Meaning the 70th, 60th and 50th day before Easter.

The next *Wednesday* after this last Sunday, is called

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

It is the first day in

LENT,

which (meaning *spring-tide*, or *spring time*) is a time for special fasting and prayer. It is that time which is between Ash-Wednesday and Easter, and, besides the six Sundays in Lent which are not fast days but Lord's Days, is always forty days in length, in order thereby to commemorate Christ's fast of forty days in the wilderness, or "to bring more especially before the minds of Christians the sufferings and death of the Saviour." During Lent we have the

1st SUNDAY IN LENT, the first Sunday after Ash-Wednesday.
2d SUNDAY IN LENT.
3d " " "
4th " " "
5th " " "
6th " " " or *Palm Sunday*, to commemorate Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the beginning of His real sufferings,—the Paschal Lamb led to the slaughter. Then

GOOD FRIDAY. *Crucifixion of Christ.*

EASTER EVE. Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath, Christ in the Tomb. From Palm Sunday to the next Sunday—Easter—is called *Holy Week*, for reasons evident, a week of special solemnity. Then comes the joyful—death is overcome.—

EASTER. *Resurrection of Christ.*

EASTER MONDAY. In commemoration of the risen Saviour meeting with two of His disciples on the road to Emmaus. Then follows the

1st SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
2d " " "
3d " " "

Which last carries the Church Year to the

III. PENTECOSTAL SEASON.

This points to the near glorification of Christ, the near fulfillment of His earthly mission, and the near completion of the plan of Divine grace. During it we have the

4th SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
5th " " "

ASCENSION DAY, *Ascension of Christ to heaven commemorated*, comes on the next Thursday after the last Sunday. Always 40 days after Easter, the number of days Christ remained on earth after His resurrection. After this we have the

6th SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, or simply SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY. Then

WHIT-SUNDAY,

which comes ten days after Ascension Day, or fifty days after Easter. On this day the descent of the Holy Ghost on the apostles is commemorated. Also called *Feast of Pentecost.*

WHIT-MONDAY,

Commemorates the gift of the Spirit to the Gentiles, under the preaching of St. Peter.

The Holy Spirit is now present, and the Divine plan of Salvation is completed. This carries the Church Year to the fourth and last, the

IV. TRINITY SEASON.

This begins with the Sunday after Whit-Sunday. This Sunday is called

TRINITY SUNDAY,

On which the mystery of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, is especially held in remembrance. Then follows the

1st SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,
2d " " "
3d " " "

and so forth. All the following Sundays being numbered "after Trinity," and vary from 22 to 27 in number, as Easter had been early or late. They carry the Church Year to Advent, and thus complete it. During this long season of Trinity, or as it may be called the true "Church Season," now that the Church on earth is truly founded, and we have the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit, we turn more especially to the study and practice of those Christian graces and duties which our Saviour taught so abundantly whilst on earth, and which are the ornaments of every true Christian! To summarize.

During the CHRISTMAS SEASON we commemorate the coming of Christ, His birth, the few known events of His early life, and during the period of Epiphany, in miniature, His three years' ministry in Judea.

During the EASTER SEASON we commemorate the story of our Saviour's sufferings, His condemnation and crucifixion, His solemn rest in the grave, and His glorious resurrection.

During the *Pentecostal Season*, we commemorate the glorification of Christ, the completion of His earthly mission, His ascension to heaven, and the blessed gift of the Holy Ghost.

During the TRINITY SEASON, we contemplate the attributes of the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost and study those truths and doctrines flowing out from the plan of salvation, and those means of grace which through the Church and through Christ, are to lead us in the way of life and peace.

A table somewhat similar to the one here given, was prepared by the writer for the Sunday-school of which he is a member. The names in the table were written in large letters or on large sheets of paper, and these then hung up before the school, and from them the whole order of the Church Year was explained to the school. Nothing for a long time had been brought before the school, that elicited closer and more earnest attention, and after the explanation many expressed themselves as having had made clear to them, what before had been vague and disconnected in their minds.

The purpose of introducing into our Sunday-schools a series of lessons arranged according to the Church Year is, for many reasons, most commendable, but it should also be accompanied with instruction as to what is meant by the Church Year, and its fasts and seasons. All scholars may not at first understand and be able to remember all that may be said—neither do they of other things taught them—but time and perseverance may in this direction accomplish a great deal. By doing so our scholars, in place of making many of our Church festivals and seasons an after-thought, or of no thought at all, may in time be made to anticipate and love these days and times as much as they anticipate, and long for the Sunday-school privileges of each coming Sunday.

IF we ever think that it sharpens our eye to hold it against an aperture where the light seems concentrated, we shall discover too late that it has been dulled for the great horizon of the sky.—*John Weiss.*

ELOQUENCE is the best speech of the best soul.—*Emerson.*

The Sunday-School Department.

Editorial Notes.

A CERTAIN excellent parishioner we once had was addicted to a very annoying habit. He was a farmer, and often, in the kindness of his heart, drove up to the parsonage door and invited us to ride to the country with him. His horse, though young, moved at a very slow and slovenly gait. The lash of the whip had been worn off by constant use, nothing being left but a stump of the stock. Our friend had acquired the habit of jerking the reins and using the whip all the way. We can say, without exaggeration, that on an average, in the sixty minutes of an hour's drive, there was not one that he did not lay the whipstock on the poor horse, jerk the lines, and pester the animal with his "get up." This kind of driving usually spoiled all our pleasure of the ride. The horse had become used to it, and seemed to feel the belaboring no more than if a fly had alighted on his hoof. By the incessant jerking of the line he became insensible to all the worry of the driver, and from his early years got to be the slowest, lankest and most lifeless carriage horse in the neighborhood. With his neck and head hung earthward, instead of moving with a free step, his feet scraped the earth as he dragged them along.

Our friend reminds us of some Sunday-school superintendents we have heard of. They are all the while jerking the lines and using the worn-out whip. In other words, instead of tapping the bell but once at a time, and only several times during the whole session, they bang away all the while. Teachers and scholars have become so accustomed to the incessant ding-donging that it makes not the slightest impression. Bang, bang goes the bell, and loud is the uproar in the school. Frequent and furious are the scoldings, all to no purpose. The more the leader jerks the lines and uses his worn-out whip, the worse matters get. And all from a pernicious habit into which the superintendent has unwittingly fallen. Like our friend's horse, the school becomes insensible to the ordinary methods of government, dragging and drudging lifelessly along, without order, system, comfort or success. The whip is worn-out, the lines are vainly jerked; they are deaf to the *driver's* "get up," in short, the school moves along like a horse prematurely jaded. Here and there are wide-awake teachers and scholars whom this banging worries greatly—like the jerking of the lines to tender-mouthed horses.

Said a certain teacher: "We do wish that the superintendent would quit thumping that little bell by his side. How near he keeps to it! How nervously his hand seeks it! Even while he stands calling order, and scolding, his eye flashing out his irritation on the school, his hand moves toward that little bell much as a blind man's staff searches into the darkness before him. Now he has seized it. Bang! Does he forget that some of his teachers have nerves? That bang! like one attempting to drive a big cork into a small bottle for the purpose of hermetically sealing it. If the superintendent we mean was not such a really good man, and we did not know him to be such, we could not endure it. We will tell him of it, at any rate, in this publicly anonymous way. May be it will help cure him. For the life of us, we can't see why he should think that the racket he makes is of any use. A slight tap would do just as well, wouldn't it? And then he might break the bell."

Use the bell rarely, and never tap more than once. To announce the time for opening the school, for beginning and closing the lesson, for passing from one part of the service to the other—but only one tap for each of these. "I have a capital teamster," said a venerable friend to us the other day. "He never screams to his mules, but talks to them rarely, and always in a low and gentle tone of voice. And they hear and heed his few words with almost human intelligence." The fussiest, noisiest teamsters are the least successful. 'Tis so with superintending Sunday-schools.

The quiet, gentle leader, the person of few words, but these always used at the right place and in the right spirit and tone, will always have the most orderly school, the best attention, and the most devoted friends. Don't jerk the lines; don't jade the young sensibilities with a lashless whip-stock; don't irritate and annoy earnest people by needless worry in the name of order.

CHILDREN are nearest to Christ, as the smaller stars are nearest the sun. It is easier for them to believe and pray than for older people. A slave-trading vessel, loaded with stolen negroes, sailed along the coast of Africa, on its way to another country, in search of a market for these poor beings. Fortunately an English man-of-war passed along that way, and captured the slaver. The captives were to be set free, but whither should they place them? To return them to their own country would expose them to the danger of being recaptured and sold into life-long bondage. The humane English captain therefore brought them to Sierra Leone, in West Africa. There a colony and home had been provided for such liberated negroes. They are furnished with land and farming implements, and are taught habits of industry and piety. Whole villages have thus grown up of these liberated and redeemed people. Among the shipload of degraded beings brought hither was a little negro boy. He was given in charge of Mr. Thomson, the teacher of the Mission School. It was not long till the little fellow learned to read; learned and loved to read the Bible, and became a pious boy. The Missionary baptized him, and gave him the name of Thomas.

One day he came to school late, and found the door locked. His teacher heard some one speaking without. He approached the door and found that it was the voice of little Thomas, who prayed thus:

"My dear Lord Jesus! I thank Thee that the bad man came and carried me away from home; and that the good English ship came, and took the ship of the bad man, and brought me here; and that Mr. Thomson has taught me to read and to know Thee. But I have another great blessing to ask: Send some more bad men, that they may catch and carry away my father and mother; and send the English ship again, and let them take the ship of the bad man, and bring my father and mother here, that Mr. Thomson may teach them to read and to know Thee, that we may all together get to heaven."

After the teacher had opened the door he asked Thomas:

"Do you believe that the Lord Jesus has heard your prayer?"

"Yes. Did you not tell me that Jesus would hear our prayers?"

That evening Mr. Thomson met the boy at the beach of the sea.

"What are you doing here, Thomas?" he kindly asked.

"I am waiting for Jesus to answer my prayer."

Every evening thereafter the trustful black boy came down to the beach, and with unwavering faith looked out over the wild waste of the ocean, watching for the coming of the English ship.

One evening he bounded back from the sea-coast into the village, clapping his hands and crying as he approached his kind teacher:

"Jesus has heard my prayer."

He took Mr. Thomson by the hand and led him to the landing place. It was even so. An English man-of-war had captured a slave-trading ship, and brought it hither, with both the parents of Thomas on board. Mr. Thomson taught them, too, to read and to know the Lord Jesus. The negro boy was right. He took our Saviour at His word.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

A MAN'S worth depends not upon what he has, but upon what he is. Fine clothing, a full purse, a palatial home, swindlers and murderers have had. But an upright, pious character only truly good people can possess. Even in our republican country there is much silly pride of rank and wealth. Young people boast of a lineage which their wicked life disgraces. People pride themselves on pious parents of whom they are most unworthy; of great ancestors of whom they are puny, empty-headed descendants. A person who rises to a noble manhood and womanhood, despite a low ancestry, deserves a double

meed of praise. The great question with each one is:

"Where do *you* stand? Not where stood your ancestors? What is your character? What are you doing for your fellow-beings—for Christ?"

A noble saying is on record of a member of the British House of Commons, who by his own industry and perseverance, had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blackened my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the noble response, "*did I not do it well?*"

This is worth remembering. If you can only say of any useful work, "I did it well," it is to your credit; it is honor enough. Perhaps you remember the couplet that runs thus:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Old Sunday-Schools.

BY THE EDITOR.

Fifty years ago the Sunday-school cause was still in its infancy. Many good people then looked upon the efforts of its friends as doubtful experiments. The Reformed and Lutheran churches had congregational or parish schools. In these the school-master taught the children the catechism and hymns, and in this way he was a help to the pastor in the religious instruction of the young. These school-masters were specially educated for their office. When the introduction of Sunday-schools into these churches was first broached, the question arose: "Can people who have not been educated for the office of religious teachers, instruct our children as well as the school-master, whom the congregation employs?" The opposition to Sunday-schools by people of these two denominations proceeded from this cause. To these people, being Germans or their descendants, accustomed to the thorough school training of the fatherland, the gi ous instruction of their children was a matter of the most vital import. By it the foundation of the child's future character and destiny was laid. Is it wise, said they, to commit the religious teaching of our children to persons, however pious, who have not been fitted for this solemn duty? And we hold that their misgivings were not without foundation.

Besides, the good people of these two churches laid great stress upon the doctrines, religious usages and forms of worship which they had been taught to believe in and use. Not a few clergymen and members of the English churches spoke lightly of these peculiarities of the Germans. Some indeed ridiculed and openly denounced them. This led some of the latter all the more to suspect the designs of the new kind of parish or Sunday-schools. Might it not be a trick to engraft a hostile system of religion upon their congregations? Under the circumstances their precautions were very natural.

Moreover, in town and city congregations, the Reformed pastors held Sunday afternoon instruction in the Heidelberg Catechism. Had not the fifty-two Lessons of this excellent work been expressly arranged, so as to furnish a lesson for each Sunday in the year? Would not this kind of a Sunday-school, taught by the pastor, be better than one taught by unordained and, to some extent, irresponsible persons? These worthy people who, fifty years ago, before the Sunday-school system had been fully tested, preferred the good, old and well-tried ways of their fathers to one for which ground was just being broken, were not as stupid and irreligious as some suppose. Judged from their time, point of view and circumstances, we see little to censure and much to commend.

Very naturally the congregations in the larger towns and cities were the first to profit by the experiment. The old Race Street Reformed Church, Philadelphia; Second Street Church, Baltimore; Hagerstown, Md.; Chambersburg, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Lancaster, Pa.; led the way. County congregations, as a rule, were much slower to introduce them. Lancaster, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and Lebanon began their schools from thirty to forty years ago. Then but few churches had basements. Sunday-schools had to hold their meetings in private houses, in the parish school-house, or in the main body of the church. The school of the old First Church at Lancaster met in its school-house in North Duke Street. Then the

room seemed large and comfortable. Now it would scarcely suffice for a small mission school.

Fifty-five years ago members of different denominations in Reading, Pa.,—Lutherans, Reformed, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics and Quakers, started a Union Sunday-school. They began in the old Academy building, and, later, held their meetings in the old Court House, in Penn Square. Its teachers were evidently somewhat in advance of the general sentiment of the community. The place was as dingy, dirty and dreary as old Court Houses usually are. The floor soiled with tobacco, the seats awkward and uncomfortable—in short it was a place where fashionable and fastidious people would dislike to be seen. And yet it was upheld and supported by some of the best people in the city. The teachers were composed of some of the most intelligent and respectable citizens. A few of the pioneers of this good cause are with us to this present, either working in its behalf with youthful vigor, or blessing it with their prayers and benefactions. One, A. F. Boas, Esq., first a scholar, then a youthful teacher of the old Union School, has been the efficient superintendent of the Sunday-school of the First Reformed Church of Reading for well-nigh thirty years. A pleasing retrospect do these fifty-five years afford the few survivors of this band of early teachers. They had to begin and carry forward their work under the most trying discouragements. It was the only school in the town. It had to contend with the prejudices of good and the opposition of bad people. Their place of meeting was uninviting. It was the day of small things. Now it is far otherwise. Every congregation of the city, Protestant and Catholic, has its Sunday-school. Scores of large, commodious Sunday-school rooms and chapels, attractively furnished, invite the children to worship God and study His holy Word.

This Union School was organized on July 20, 1819. In a short time it numbered three hundred scholars, among which were eight colored children. It had twenty-three teachers. Their Minutes show that they used stringent measures to carry forward their work. Persons absent without a good excuse were fined. Any one, without good reasons, refusing to serve on a committee, was fined fifty cents. A report, presented in 1821, states that during two years preceding, the scholars had committed and recited fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-one verses of Scripture, five thousand two hundred and forty-three answers of the Catechism, and one thousand and thirty-three hymns. A little girl, fourteen years of age, committed to memory nine hundred and fifty Scripture verses, five hundred and sixty-two Catechism answers, and one hundred and eighty-six hymns. Another, thirteen years old, committed twelve hundred and sixty Scripture verses, four hundred and thirty-two answers, and one hundred and eighty-four hymns. Persons could have the use of the library by paying an annual fee of one dollar. The library fines were: For keeping a book over a week, one cent per day; for soiling or defacing a book, one-fourth its value. A person losing a book had to replace it with a new one. Scholars, with the consent of the Superintendent, had the free use of the library. For every neglect of duty the librarian was fined fifty cents, and for the second offence he could be removed from office. In the course of time the Union School disbanded, and its teachers fell in with their church enterprises, which started their own schools. At first some received no cordial sympathy from the pastor. Their places of meeting were little better than the Court House. The First Reformed Church then had no basement. It had a cellar. A member of the consistory, then living in the country, furnished the joists or sleepers, and others secured the boards to floor it. Plain, rude benches were put in, and a stand or table for the superintendent. A few steps led down into the cellar-like place. Dim and scanty light was admitted through air-holes and small windows. In short, it was a cellar, poorly lighted, like an underground Mohammedan school-room in Cairo or Damascus. This was the first Sunday-school room of the Reformed Church in Reading, used thirty-five years ago. Some of the surviving teachers and scholars remember the place, though unattractive, with pleasure. The teachers were full of zeal and the scholars cheerful and contented with their dingy

quarters. Many older members wisely shrugged their shoulders, and shyly watched its progress, and wondered what it might lead to. When the church was remodelled, some years later, the present commodious basement was provided for the use of the Sunday-school.

One of the oldest and most successful Sunday-schools of the Reformed Church is that of the old Zion's congregation of Chambersburg, Pa. We question whether there is another school in our denomination which has given so large a number of ministers to the Church as this. It is now in its forty-fifth year. The following sketch of its history, from the pen of its pastor, Dr. P. S. Davis, we take from the "Reformed Church Messenger," of December, 16, 1874:

The school was organized on the 30th of November, 1830. A Reformed minister of the Gospel by the name of Jacob Beecher, came into this place to inquire into the feasibility and propriety of establishing a school here in Chambersburg. He consulted with Wm. Heyser, Barnard Wolff, and John Smith.

Sunday-schools were then almost unknown, and these men never took a step without thinking about the consequences. There were difficulties in the way which they foresaw. They expressed a fear, which people who love Sunday-schools have had ever since, that these Sunday-schools might come injuriously between the family and the church. They were unwilling that the training of their children, by proper catechisation, should be taken out of the hands of parents, and out of the hands of pastors, and put into the hands of persons who were irresponsible. * * Sometimes the interests of children are put entirely into the hands of Sunday-schools.

These officers met Mr. Beecher at the house of Mr. Heyser, and had a prayer over the subject, and resolved to make an effort for the establishment of a Sunday-school. They called a meeting in the Reformed church. The next Sunday morning when they came here, they found the house full of children. In a few years a room was rented in the Masonic Hall, where the school was held for a long while; afterward it was brought back to this house. Mr. Heyser was the first Superintendent, holding that office from 1830 till 1863, when the Master called him home. He was succeeded by Mr. Barnard Wolff, who felt himself called in his old age to come forth and take up the burdens, which his brother had laid down; and he continued in office to the time of his death It was the custom to elect these Superintendants annually, but Mr. Wolff was elected emeritus Superintendent for life

If we go back, we find that many changes have taken place since that school was established. The child then in the cradle is now forty-four years of age, and more than a generation of people have gone the way of all flesh. There are very few here, who were members of the Sunday-school when it was first established. In the midst of these changes great good has been effected. The following ministers of the Gospel have gone forth from the school: Ephraim Kieffer, recently deceased; Dr. Moses Kieffer, pastor at Gettysburg; Rev. Henry Heckerman, retired pastor at Bedford; Peter Swingart, deceased; Rev. Dr. G. W. Aughinbaugh, President of Palatinate College; Rev. D. Hefflefinger, deceased; Rev. N. E. Gilds, and Rev. W. R. H. Deatrich, pastor at Mechanicsburg.

The influence of the teachers of the school has been very great. I remember once, some years ago, going to a physician's office in a place remote from this, and found that he was about to perform a surgical operation for a child. The child's mother was present, and the mother commenced to talk to me, and asked me where I was living. I told her in Chambersburg, and she spoke of the Sunday-school, and told me that one of the teachers here, a woman who passed away not long ago, was the means of bringing her to Christ. * *

So these influences go on; we are making history. The Sunday-school is not separated from the Church. One hundred per cent. has been added to this school within the last ten years. The membership of the church has more than sustained itself. The growth of Christianity always is quiet. The nursery of the Church has been the Sunday-school.

Proverbs for all Readers.

We learn something even by failure.

They must beg in harvest who will not sow in the spring.

Better go round than fall into the ditch.

Little sticks help better than large ones to kindle the fire.

The sluggard is brother to the beggar.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

Man doubles his evils by brooding upon them.

Deeds are fruits, words are leaves.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

MARCH 7. **LESSON X.** **1875.**

Fourth Sunday in Lent. John vi. 1–14.

1. After these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is *the sea* of Tiberias.
2. And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased.
3. And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples.
4. And the passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh.
5. When Jesus then lifted up *his* eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?
6. And this he said to prove him : for he himself knew what he would do.
7. Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.
8. One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him,
9. There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?
10. And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.
11. And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.
12. When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.
13. Therefore they gathered *them* together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.
14. Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world.

QUESTIONS.

1. Whither did Jesus go? Where is this sea? By what other name is it called in the New Testament? Luke v. 1.
2. Who followed Jesus? Why did they follow Him? Whence did this great multitude come? verse 4.
3. To what place did Jesus retire? Why did He go to this place? Luke ix. 7-10. Who were with Him?
5. Whom did Jesus see? What did He say to Philip? Who was Philip? How did it happen that this multitude was without food? Does Jesus care for our *bodily* wants?
6. Why did Jesus ask Philip this question? What is meant by to *prove him?* Did Philip's faith stand the test? Does Jesus sometimes try our faith?
7. What did Philip answer? How much do two hundred pennies amount to in our money?
8–9. What did Andrew say? Had Andrew stronger faith than Philip? How did that lad come to be there with such food in his possession? In what form did the Jews bake their bread?
10. What did Jesus say? Why does St. John mention that there was "much grass in the place?" How many men were there? Were women and children there also? Matt. xiv. 21.
11. What did Jesus do? What custom is referred to in the words: "When He had given thanks?" Should *all* persons do so? Why? How was the food distributed to the multitude?
12. Did all get enough to eat? How could five loaves of bread and two small fishes suffice for so great a multitude? Can you understand *how* this miracle was wrought? Can you understand how a grain of wheat, cast into the ground, grows and multiplies itself more than an hundred-fold? What was the *first* miracle Jesus wrought? Did He then change the substance of water into that of wine? Was the miracle in to-day's lesson a *change* or an *increase* of substance? After all were filled, what did Jesus say unto His disciples? What are *fragments?* Why did Jesus tell them to gather the fragments? What lesson does that teach us? To whom are *we* indebted for our daily bread? Was this feeding of the multitude with a few loaves of bread a greater miracle of God's providence than the daily supply of food to all creatures? What do you mean by the providence of God?
13. Did the disciples do what Jesus told them? Must we also always obey Him? How many baskets were filled with the fragments? Where did the disciples get the baskets?
14. What impression did this miracle make upon the multitude? What Prophet did they mean? Deut. xviii. 15. What made them think of that Prophet? John vi. 31 32. Is Jesus a Prophet?

CATECHISM.

X. Lord's Day.

27. What dost thou mean by the providence of God?

The Almighty and everywhere present power of God; whereby, as it were by His hand, He upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty, yea, all things come not by chance, but by His fatherly hand.

28. What advantage is it to us to know that God has created, and by His providence doth still uphold all things?

That we may be patient in adversity; thankful in prosperity; and that in all things which may hereafter befal us, we place our firm trust in our faithful God and Father, that nothing shall separate us from His love; since all creatures are so in His hand, that without His will they cannot so much as move.

COMMENTS.—1. This body of water received its several names from 1st) the province of *Galilee*, bounding its western border; 2d) the plain of *Gennesaret*, bordering its north-western angle; and 3d) the town of *Tiberias*, situated on its western shore.

2. The mention of the Passover in the fourth verse explains the gathering of so great a multitude. Numerous parties of Jews, dwelling in the northern portion of the Holy Land, would pass by the Sea of Galilee on their way to Jerusalem to keep the feast. Attracted by the fame of Jesus, desiring both to see and hear Him, they followed Him to His place of retirement, in the hill country across the sea.

3. The Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, agree in mentioning that Jesus crossed to the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee, immediately after hearing that Herod had put to death John the Baptist. Having heard of the works of Jesus, Herod desired to see Him. But Jesus had no desire to be seen of Herod, and this was one motive for His seeking a place of retirement. No doubt the disciples were deeply moved when they heard that the Baptist had been put to death. To restore them to a right state of feeling was probably another motive why Jesus retired. He said to them: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." Mark vi. 31.

5. It may be that the pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem were wont to purchase their food in the villages through which they passed. Matt. xiv. 15. They had traveled a considerable distance in going from the western to the eastern side of the sea, were in a desert place, and the time for the evening meal had come.

6. Philip had no thought of supplying food for this great multitude except by natural means. Jesus evidently designed to prepare the minds of His disciples for the miracle He was about to work, by the question He asked Philip. In this way he was educating the disciples for the work to which He had called them.

7. The piece of money denominated here, and elsewhere in the New Testament, a "penny," was a Roman silver coin, called a *denarius;* equal to fifteen cents of our money.

9. The lad was probably a sutler, going among the pilgrims to sell them food. The *loaves* of the Jews were small round flat cakes. *Barley* bread was used by the very poor only, or in times of scarcity.

11. The Jews were accustomed to say grace before eating their meals.

12. Fragments are *pieces*, not *crumbs*.

13. A small basket in which to carry his food was the ordinary furniture of a traveling Jew.

The Little Candle.

Cheerful a little work-girl sat,
And swiftly her needle flew,
While the dark shadows of the night
Their gloom around her threw.

A little light alone was hers,
As there she sat and wrought;
And well she knew how dear to prize
What her own toil had bought.

"I must be quiek," she musing said,
"My little eandle wanes,
And swiftly must my task go on,
While yet its light remains."

And then she plied with wondrous skill,
The little shining steel,
And every ray of that small life
Smiled on her patient zeal.

Ere the last glimmer died away
Her task was neatly done;
Sweet was her rest—and joy to her
Came with the morning sun.

Ah! is not *life* a little light
That soon will cease to burn?
And should not we from that dear girl
A solemn lesson learn?

While yet our little eandle shines
Be all our powers employed,
And while we strive to do our tasks
Life shall be best enjoyed.

But let us ne'er, in darkened hours,
Forget what Christ has done,
But patient in sweet hope await
The glorious Rising Sun.

A PAINTER was once employed to paint a picture of the great Macedonian monarch. In one of his battles he had been struck with a sabre upon the forehead, and a large scar had been left upon his right temple. The artist sketched him leaning upon his elbow, his finger covering the scar. The likeness of the king was taken, but without the scar. So when we hold up the characters of others before the world, let us lay the finger of Christ-like charity over the scars.

MARCH 14. LESSON XI. 1875.

Fifth Sunday in Lent. John viii. 46–59.

46. Which of you convinceth me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?
47. He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear *them* not, because ye are not of God.
48. Then answered the Jews, and said unto him, Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?
49. Jesus answered, I have not a devil; but I honor my Father, and ye do dishonor me.
50. And I seek not mine own glory; there is one that seeketh and judgeth.
51. Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.
52. Then said the Jews unto him, Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death.
53. Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead? and the prophets are dead: whom makest thou thyself?
54. Jesus answered, If I honor myself, my honor is nothing: it is my Father that honoreth me; of whom ye say, that he is your God:
55. Yet ye have not known him; but I know him: and if I should say, I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you: but I know him, and keep his saying.
56. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw *it*, and was glad.
57. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?
58. Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you. Before Abraham was, I am.
59. Then took they up stones to cast at him: but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by.

QUESTIONS.

46. Who asked this question? Where was He? verse 2. To whom did He speak? verse 22. Does Jesus here claim to be without sin? Is there any mere man that can truthfully make such a claim? What other question did He ask? What did He mean by that?

47. What else did Jesus say? What is meant by *He that is of God?* Were the Jews, to whom He was speaking, of God? Why not? Is this true of all who do not hear God's words? What is meant by *hear*, in this connection?

48. Were the Jews pleased with what Jesus said to them? Do people like to be told unpleasant truths? What did the Jews reply to Jesus? What did they mean by calling Him a Samaritan? What by saying He had a devil?

49-50. What answer did Jesus make to this accusation? Whom does He mean by "my Father?" Is Jesus the Son of God? Why is the Son of God called Jesus? How did Jesus honor the Father? How did the Jews *dishonor* Jesus? In what ways do men yet dishonor Him? *Who* is meant by "one who seeketh and judgeth?" *What* is meant?

51. What else did Jesus say? What does *verily* mean? Why does He use this word twice? What is it to *keep His saying?* Does He mean that those who keep His saying shall never die bodily? What kind of death does He mean? Does Jesus, by declaring that those who keep His saying shall never see death, claim to be the Saviour?

52–53. Did this saying yet more offend the Jews? What did they mean by this mention of Abraham and the prophets?

54. What did Jesus mean by this reply? In what ways do men glorify themselves?

55. Whom did Jesus say that the Jews did not know? Are we to understand that they had *no* knowledge of God? Does Jesus claim to know God in a sense that no mere man knows Him?

56. What is meant by *my day?* How can it be said that Abraham saw the day of Christ? Is Abraham now living?

57. What reply did the Jews make? Did they understand what Jesus meant? How old was Jesus?

58. What does Jesus here claim to be? How can it be said that He was before Abraham?

59. What did the Jews do? Why did they want to stone Him? What did Jesus do? Did He escape by a miracle?

CATECHISM.

XI. Lord's Day.

29. Why is the Son of God called Jesus, that is, a Saviour?

Because He saveth us, and delivereth us from our sins; and likewise, because we ought not to seek, neither can find salvation in any other.

30. Do such then believe in Jesus the only Saviour, who seek their salvation and happiness of saints, of themselves, or anywhere else?

They do not; for though they boast of Him in words, yet in deeds they deny Jesus, the only deliverer and Saviour: for one of these two things must be true, that either Jesus is not a complete Saviour, or that they, who by a true faith receive this Saviour, must find all things in Him necessary to their salvation.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

COMMENTS.—46. Jesus lays claim to absolute sinlessness in word and deed, and challenges the Jews to convict Him of sin. He mentions His sinless life as a pledge for the truthfulness of His word, and particularly of the assertion, contained in verse 42, that He "proceeded forth and came from God."

47. Our Lord gives the reason why the Jews do not believe Him, and contradicts their boast, recorded in verse 41, that God was their Father. *To be of God* denotes spiritual relationship with God, being born of the Spirit of God. To *hear* God's words means to receive and believe them.

48. The Jews make no attempt to reply to Christ's charge against them, but commence reviling Him. In calling Him a Samaritan they wish to assert that He does not belong to the people of God, that He is an apostate, a heretic. The Jews regarded it as a great reproach to be called a Samaritan. By "Thou hast a devil" they mean that He is possessed by an evil spirit.

49–50. Jesus does not condescend to notice the reproach that He was a Samaritan. He answers the malicious charge that He had a devil, by appealing to His life and teaching, which was not the work of one having a devil. He affirms that the Father will see to it that His Son will receive the honor that belongs to Him, and that He will judge between Him and His maligners.

51. The word translated verily is often rendered *amen*. It means: "it is true." It was employed to fix the stamp of truth upon any declaration which it accompanied. The repetition of the word, as in this verse, was intended to direct *special* attention to what Jesus was about to say. *To keep Christ's* saying means believing, obedience and continuance therein.

52–53. The Jews regarded Jesus as speaking of natural death. They reason that, in promising to others bodily immortality, Jesus must claim to possess it in a still higher degree. But, since Abraham and the prophets were mortal, the Jews regard it as the highest presumption for Jesus to claim exemption from death. By so doing He makes Himself greater than Abraham.

54. The question: "Whom makest Thou Thyself?" was a charge that Jesus was honoring or glorifying Himself. This verse contains a protest against the reproach of self-exaltation.

55. In verse 47 Jesus told those Jews that they were not *of God*. Now He tells them that they do not even *know* God. They did not know God aright.

56. By *my day* is meant the time of Christ's appearance in the flesh, and also the whole time of the New Testament dispensation. This day Abraham saw in part by faith while yet on earth, and fully in his heavenly state as an actual witness of God's wonders of grace.

58. Christ, as the eternal Son of God, was before all time. He here affirms His eternal pre-existence.

59. The Jews understood Jesus to affirm that He was God, and regarded Him for that reason as guilty of blasphemy. Hence their attempt to inflict summary punishment. We need not regard Christ's escape as miraculous.

"Everybody but Bob."

A very little boy, after giving everybody a good-night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., and continued, "God bless papa and mamma, and make them good Christians; God bless little Jimmie, and make him a good boy." His mamma added, "God bless everybody."

At this last sentence he was silent. His mother repeated it a second, and a third time; when he raised his head, opened his beautiful eyes, and said: "Everybody but Bob, mamma. Bob drowned my cat to-day." Are there not some older children who can pray for "everybody but Bob?" Remember that the Saviour has taught us to pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

ALL that is needed to render you acceptable with God is fully accomplished, and there is nothing for you to do but to accept what Christ has completed. Weave no more garments, there is the robe. Fill no more cisterns, there is the fountain! Lay no more foundations, there is the precious corner-stone! Come, ye despairing! The Lord help you to come and find peace at this hour, through Jesus Christ, your Lord.—*Spurgeon.*

MARCH 21. LESSON XII. 1875.

Palm Sunday. *John* xii. 1-16.

1. Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead.
2. There they made him a supper; and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.
3. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.
4. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's *son*, which should betray him,
5. Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?
6. This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.
7. Then said Jesus, Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this.
8. For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always.
9. Much people of the Jews therefore knew that he was there: and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom he had raised from the dead.
10. But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death;
11. Because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus.
12. On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem,
13. Took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed *is* the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.
14. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written,
15. Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.
16. These things understood not his disciples at the first: but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and *that* they had done these things unto him.

QUESTIONS.

1. From what place did Jesus come? John xi. 54. Why had He gone to that place? John xi. 53. What was his object in going to Jerusalem? Matt. xx. 17-19. How far was Bethany from Jerusalem? Who dwelt there?

2. How was Jesus entertained? In whose house was this supper given? Mark xiv. 3. Who were Martha and Mary? What did Martha do? What is meant by *served?*

3. What did Mary do? What induced her to do this? What was the value of the ointment? verse 5.

4-5. Who found fault with Mary? What did he say?

6. What is said about the motive of Judas? Did he act the hypocrite?

7-8. What did Jesus reply? Was this a reproof of Judas? What did Jesus mean by "against the day of my burying hath she kept this?" Did Mary fear that Jesus would be put to death? Does Jesus expect His people to help the poor?

9. Who came to Bethany? What brought them there?

10. What did the chief priests do?

11. Why did they propose to put Lazarus also to death?

12-13. Did Jesus leave Bethany for Jerusalem? Who went out to meet Him? What did they do? What did they say? Did these multitudes suppose that Jesus was the promised Messiah, the King of Israel? Did Jesus, by this royal entry into Jerusalem, design to proclaim Himself the Messiah? Is He King?

14. *How* did Jesus enter into Jerusalem?

15. Where is this prophecy recorded? Zechariah ix. 9.

16. Did the disciples understand what these things meant?

What name is given to this Sunday? Why?

GOOD FRIDAY.

On what day of the week was Jesus crucified? Why is it called "*Good Friday?*"

Who betrayed Jesus? Who denied Him? Before whom was He brought for trial? John xviii. 13 and 29. Who appeared as His accusers? Luke xxii. 66. What charges did they bring against Him? Luke xxiii. 2; John xix. 7. Did Pilate believe Him guilty? Luke xxiii. 14. Why, then, did he condemn Him? Mark xv. 15. To what indignities was Jesus subjected? At what place was He crucified? Who were crucified with Him? What words did Jesus utter from the cross? What strange things occurred while Jesus was crucified? What did the centurion say? Matt. xxvii. 54.

Why did Jesus die? Since He died for us how should we live? 2 Cor. v. 14 and 15.

EASTER EVE.

Who buried the body of Jesus? John xix. 38-40. How was the tomb guarded? Matt. xxvii. 62-66.

CATECHISM.

XII. Lord's Day.

31. Why is He called Christ, that is, anointed?

Because He is ordained of God the Father, and anointed with the Holy Ghost, to be our chief Prophet and teacher; who has fully revealed to us the secret counsel and will of God concerning our redemption, and to be our only High Priest, who, by the one sacrifice of His body, has redeemed us, and makes continual intercession with the Father for us; and also to be our eternal King, who governs us by His word and Spirit, and who defends and preserves us in the enjoyment of that salvation He has purchased for us.

32. But why art thou called a Christian?

Because I am a member of Christ by faith, and thus am partaker of His anointing, that so I may confess His name, and present myself a living sacrifice of thankfulness to Him; and also, that with a free and good conscience I may fight against sin and Satan in this life, and afterwards reign with Him eternally, over all creatures.

COMMENTS.—*Palm Sunday.* 1. The village of Bethany was on the eastern side of the Mount of Olives, about two miles from Jerusalem.

3. Mary's act was prompted by feelings of gratitude to Jesus. The value of the ointment was about $45.

7. Jesus says that Mary anointed for burial His body, as if it were already a corpse. Mary must have had a foreboding of what was about to happen.

12–13. Christ's royal entry into Jerusalem was a significant event in several aspects. By this act He proclaimed Himself to be the King of Israel, the promised Messiah. The joyful acclamations of the people manifested their great longing for the Messiah's advent.

Good Friday.—Jesus was subjected to the greatest indignities. By Pilate He was *scourged.* By the Roman soldiers, detailed to crucify Him, He was *mocked.* They put on Him a scarlet robe, the dress of kings; platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head; put a reed in His right hand, to represent the sceptre borne by kings; bowed the knee before Him and said: "Hail, King of the Jews." They also spit upon Him, and smote Him on the head while the crown of thorns was yet upon it. While on the cross He was mocked by the thieves that were crucified with Him, by the multitude, by the chief priests and scribes.

The Evangelists record *seven* utterances of Christ during His crucifixion. 1st. A prayer for His murderers: "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do." Luke xxiii. 34. 2d. To the petition of the penitent malefactor He replied: "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke xxiii. 43. 3d. Seeing His mother and the Apostle John standing near the cross, He said to the former: "Woman, behold thy Son," and to the latter: "Behold thy mother." John xix. 26-27. 4th. Then followed a cry of anguish: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Matt. xxvii. 46. 5th. The cry: "I thirst." John xix. 28. 6th. The triumphant exclamation: "It is finished." John xix. 30. 7th. The word of faith: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Luke xxiii. 46.

During the crucifixion and after the death of Jesus, strange things occurred. There was darkness over the land for three hours; there was an earthquake; rocks were rent; the vail of the Temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; graves were opened. In forms like these did nature give signs of the profoundest sympathy with Him who was suffering on the Cross.

ANECDOTE OF TILLOTSON.—Archbishop Tillotson, before his elevation to the post of Archbishop of Canterbury, which is the highest station in the Church of England, was dean of Canterbury. One day he had a large dinner party at the deanery. In the middle of the repast a servant came in and said that a plain countryman, talking very broadly, who had come all the way from Yorkshire, said he wanted to see one John Tillotson, and would not go away, though he tried to drive him from the door for being so disrespectful. The dean guessed in his own mind who it was that asked for him in this way, and might have gone out and brought him into a private room, if he had cared for his own dignity. Instead of this, he ran out eagerly, and in the presence of his astonished servants, embraced the old countryman, crying out, "It is my beloved father!" and falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Then he took him in and introduced him to his guests, who were charmed with this instance of the good man's love and respect for his old father.

CHANG LAIZUN, the Chinese Commissioner of Education, says: "Chinese women can read and write, and when a husband wishes to do anything, he consults with his wife, and when the son comes home, although he may be Prime Minister, he shows his respect to his mother by bending his knee. I claim that the Chinese institutions and system of education, both with regard to men and women, are far superior to those of any of the neighboring nations for a great many centuries, and that it is only within this century that China, after having been defeated by so many reverses in her arms, has very wisely turned to a foreign country—to the United States—for example and instruction."

MARCH 28. **LESSON XIII.** **1875.**

Easter Sunday. John xx. 1–10.

1. The first *day* of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.
2. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.
3. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.
4. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.
5. And he stooping down, *and looking in*, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.
6. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie,
7. And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.
8. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.
9. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.
10. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

QUESTIONS.

What does the word *Easter* mean? What great fact do we celebrate on Easter Day? On what day of the week does Easter always come? What day of the week was the Jewish Sabbath? Why do Christians keep the first instead of the seventh day?

1. Who was Mary Magdalene? Whither was she going? Why so early? What was her object in going to the sepulchre? Mark xvi. 1. What did she see? What stone is meant? Who had removed this stone? Matt. xxviii. 2. What had become of the guards? Matt. xxviii. 4.

2. Did Mary Magdalene remain at the sepulchre? To whom did she go? Who is meant by the disciple whom Jesus loved? What did she say unto them? Did she suppose that the body of Jesus had been stolen? Had she no thought that Jesus had risen? Had He foretold His Resurrection? Mark viii. 31; ix. 31; x. 34. Did Mary Magdalene know this?

3-4. What did Peter and John do? Were they in a hurry? Why? Which came first to the sepulchre? Was John younger than Peter?

5. What did John do? What did he see? What linen clothes were these? John xix. 40. Did John go in? Why not?

6-7. Did Peter go into the sepulchre? Was he bolder than John? What did Peter see? Were the linen clothes and the napkin scattered about in the tomb? What did that indicate?

8. What is said about John in this verse? Did he believe that Jesus had risen from the dead? Did Peter also believe?

9. Was it foretold in the Old Testament Scriptures that Christ would rise from the dead? Compare Psalm xvi. 10 with Acts ii. 24-27. Does this verse say that John and Peter did not know that there was such a prophecy, or that they did not understand it? Did Christ's disciples understand what He meant when He foretold His Resurrection? Is it difficult to comprehend the fact of the Resurrection? Was John's faith in Christ's Resurrection based upon what he saw? What does Jesus say about seeing and believing? John xx. 29.

10. Whither did the disciples go? May we suppose that they waited anxiously for further confirmation of the Lord's Resurrection?

Of what is Christ's Resurrection a proof? Romans i. 4. What would follow if Christ had not risen? 1 Cor. xv. 17 and 18. What does the Apostle Paul say to those who have been baptized? Romans vi. 3 5. What does the resurrection of Christ profit us? (See answer to the 45th question of the Catechism.)

CATECHISM.

XIII. Lord's Day.

33. Why is Christ called the only begotten Son of God, since we are also the children of God?

Because Christ alone is the eternal and natural Son of God; but we are children adopted of God, by grace, for His sake.

34. Wherefore callest thou Him our Lord?

Because He has redeemed us, both soul and body, from all our sins, not with gold or silver, but with His precious blood, and hath delivered us from all the power of the devil, and thus hath made us His own property.

Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealéd stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

COMMENTS.—The word Easter is derived from the Saxon word *Oster*, and means "to rise."

1. Mary Magdalene is described by St. Luke (viii. 2) as one of "certain women which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities." Both St. Mark and St. Luke mention that out of her Christ had cast "seven devils." Thenceforth she ministered unto Him of her substance, and remained a devoted believer. She stood by His cross, was present at His burial, and sat for some time over against His sepulchre.

In the children's *Jewish Advocate* (a London publication) it is said that a tomb has been discovered near Jerusalem which may help us to form an idea of the tomb in which Jesus was laid. It is hewn out of a rock, along a hill-side, and has several apartments. One apartment is described as having a square opening, with a door turning inward. Before the door there stands a large *circular* stone, like a mill-stone, very heavy. St. Mark says: (xvi. 3 and 4,) "And they (Mary Magdalene and others) said among themselves, Who shall *roll us away* the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was *rolled away*, for it was very great."

2. The Apostle John never names himself in his Gospel. He designates himself as "the other disciple," "another disciple," and "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

6–7. The grave clothes remaining in the tomb, and the orderly manner in which the different parts were kept separate and laid away, were signs that the body of Christ had not been stolen

8. John says nothing about Peter. His silence implies that Peter was not yet satisfied that the Lord had risen. The resurrection signs that convinced John did not fully convince Peter.

9. The disciples did not interpret Christ's sayings concerning His resurrection in a *literal* sense. "A figurative interpretation readily suggested itself to their little faith; recollecting, as they did, the figurative language in which Jesus was wont to express Himself." "Their understanding of the Old Testament was not sufficiently advanced to induce them, on the strength of its predictions, to expect a literal resurrection of the Messiah." The faith of the Apostles, like that of all Christians, was not complete at once. It was a *growing* faith. On one occasion they came to Jesus, saying: "Lord, *increase* our faith;" a prayer all of us ought frequently to offer. St. Paul says to the Christians at Thessalonica: "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, because that *your faith groweth exceedingly.*" (2 Ep. i. 3.) Not until the Day of Pentecost, when they were filled with the Holy Ghost, did the Apostles fully realize the glorious fact that Christ had risen indeed.

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing-office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go this road.

In true womanhood are combined all the best attributes of humanity—tenderness without weaknesses; trust without credulity; modesty without prudery; dignity without haughtiness; self-respect without conceit; confidence without boldness; courage without coarseness; goodness without pietism; and reverent worship without superstition.—*Celia Burleigh.*

A large mass of error is easily embalmed and perpetuated by a little truth.—*Mackay.*

How a Good Action was Repaid. Nearly half a century ago, long before railroads were invented, a stage coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenock, in Scotland. One day a lady who was traveling in this coach, noticed a boy walking barefooted, and looking very tired as he struggled to get along. She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it.

When they arrived at the inn at Greenock, which is a seaport town, she asked the boy what he had come there for. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this, twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along that same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea captain. When they reached about the same spot, just above referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary. He asked the driver to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Shortly after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and the old lady.

As they were alone the lady thanked the captain for his kindness in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he had always felt a pity for poor, tired, foot-travelers, for twenty years ago, when he was a poor boy traveling on foot, near this place, some kind-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat.

"I remember that very well," said she, "for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed. Then I was very well off, but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son."

Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. "I have been very successful," said he, "and am now going home to live on my fortune; and now, my good friend, I will settle £25 (that is $125) upon you every year, as long as you live." God paid her back again more than a hundred-fold what she gave in pity to that poor boy.—*Dr. Newton's "Best Loan."*

Mark it.

BY S. B.

Sometimes you read a very good article, and among the many very *good* articles, it probably strikes you as one among the very *best*. It may be that it is not, after all, a very superior production, but it strikes *you* as such, because it is just what you want—it meets your case. You are profited by it more than by a dozen other articles that may be highly prized by your neighbor. That article, dear reader, is for *you* Mark it—mark it for yourself. It did you a great deal of good, but its effect will finally die out, and it may be a long time before you will come across anything that will be of equal benefit to you. Mark it then, I say, that you may read it often. The mind is in a certain sense, like an edged tool. It needs repeated sharpening. If you have found a good whetstone throw it not away after using it once or twice. Keep it, and know where you have it, that you may use it. If you read merely for information, and you are endowed with a good memory, a single reading might suffice, but not all articles are designed simply to instruct. It is the purpose of some to move—move to action,—and such articles most men read.

Lead Thou Me.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—*John Henry Newman.*

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVI. APRIL, 1875. NO. 4.

The Thorn-Crowned King.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine."

The experience of the rulers of the earth has always had in it more of vain pomp and glory than of real peace. From Saul of old to the Sultan of modern times, its kings and potentates have had to learn that in reality their coveted happiness is but vanity and vexation of spirit. Even Solomon, the greatest and wisest, drank the cup of royal disappointment to its dregs. The history of royalty proves that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." It was the weight and worry of his crown that led Charles V. to abdicate his throne, more than an unambitious preference for the austerities and seclusion of a religious life.

There was a time when the crown of Israel was the proudest diadem which decked the head of mortal. Many were the monarchs who wore it. Many gained it through seas of blood; some bought it with the blood of their nearest kin. In a delicate casket, in Edinburgh Castle, the costly crown of Scotland's bygone kings is exhibited. The dazzling jewels which deck it are worth millions of dollars. Yet compared with that worn by Israel's kings in the palmy days of the nation, it is a meagre insignia of royalty. For the East excels all other countries in precious pearls and jewels. Besides, the crown of Israel symbolized a dominion unrivalled. Its possessor ruled a chosen nation, a peculiar people, God's favorite realm. The man who had the castle of David on Zion's hill for his royal residence, and the Temple of Jerusalem, with the Holy of holies and the Shekinah for his royal Cathedral, wore a crown incomparably more glorious and precious than ever graced the head of any other monarch.

But the decay of principle in a nation blurs and dims the brightest jewels in its crown. Its worth is but the reflection of its moral integrity. When Israel forsook its God and its piety, its crown became as empty and valueless as the hood of a monk. When the nation lost its virtues, the crown lost its jewels. Hence when the true King of the Jews came, of whom their best kings had been but faint and imperfect types, His sacred head was wreathed with a crown of thorns. It was the symbol of Israel's degradation, the index of its moral and religious character. The kings of the earth pay millions to purchase a single jewel wherewith to adorn their royal coronet and gratify their vain and inordinate ambition; the King of Heaven—the maker and owner of the Universe, trembling with the anticipated agony of the Cross, has His tender temples pierced with a thorn-crown, pressed on His sacred head by unsympathizing murderous hands. The compassionate, merciful Saviour, under the crushing weight of His infinite passion for our redemption, is made the butt of a rude burlesque. "He whose right it is to reign," is taunted by His creatures for whom He came to die, with a silly and painful caricature of regal glory. He

who for a season laid aside the crown of divine glory, that He might become a servant to save us, has His head crowned with the symbol of deepest humiliation and sorrow.

Yet, there is true glory in this thorn-crown. The head that wore it laid aside the bright halo of infinite majesty and power for a season, to bear our sins and carry our sorrows; to be wounded for our transgression and bruised for our iniquity, and bear cruel stripes for our healing. The shame we merited was heaped upon His innocent head. The crown means more than His crucifiers intended. It suitably symbolizes the soul-anguish He was then enduring. "Those who suffer bravely save mankind." And the bravest of all sufferers is this Man of Sorrows. When Jesus consented to wear this cruel mock-crown put on His head, He was crowned King of Sorrows; the ruler of all innocent, penitent sufferers, the healer of wounded hearts. Through this Kingship of sorrow He re-ascended to His Kingship of the Universe; from His throne of thorns he ascended His throne of eternal glory.

When Godfrey of Bouillon, the first and only Christian King of Jerusalem, ascended the throne of the Holy City, he refused to accept and wear the golden crown of his office, saying: "How can I, a poor sinful mortal, wear a golden crown in the city where my adorable Saviour wore a crown of thorns!" "King of Jerusalem" was the proudest title a mortal could then covet. Rivers of Christian blood had been shed by the Crusaders to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel. Now, that they have at length gained the sacred prize for which Europe had shed its best blood, they look around for one worthy to sit on Solomon's throne. It was a tempting offer—the first and only offer of the kind ever made to a Christian. The crown of such an empire, gained at such a cost, offered by such brave hands and hearts! Flushed with victory after so many hard-fought battles, even a virtuous man might have forgotten the thorn-crowned King amid the coronation ceremonies of Jerusalem's King. Had not Mordecai been honored with "a great crown of gold," and had not David worn "a crown of pure gold on his head," in this same city? Why not godly Godfrey of Bouillon?

The brave soldier thought more of his suffering Saviour than of royal precedents. He had but a brief and sorrowful reign. They buried him close by the tomb of the divine Man of Sorrows, whose bitter passion he remembered in the day of his triumph. And not the least interesting and revered spot is the grave of the man who humbly rejected the offer of a golden crown where our Saviour was crowned with thorns. Thousands of Christians annually visit his tomb, and reverently examine his sword, still preserved here, and have their hearts made better by meditating upon his pious example.

A few years ago the Crown Prince of Prussia, "Unser Fritz," visited Jerusalem. He was received by the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem with royal honors. The military and civic parade given in his honor excited the inhabitants, and filled the narrow dirty streets with a curious, gaping crowd, some to see the heir of a great empire, others to do him honor. Speaking afterwards to a Christian friend of the impressions of this visit, he said that he had been disappointed. He had wished to be in full sympathy with the religious significance of the place, and had hoped from the time of his entry to receive incentives to piety. Instead of that the parade and pomp thrust upon him, and the din and uproar of the people, distracted his thoughts, and unfitted him for pious meditation. After that, one day he dressed himself in a plain garb, put a small pocket Bible in his pocket, and strolled out the St. Stephen's gate by himself, and unrecognized. He went to Gethsemane, and meditated under the venerable olives of Olivet. With uncovered head he read from his pocket Bible the story of our Saviour's agony, and devoutly prayed to Him for His divine blessing. Here, in these devout and solitary meditations, he said, he felt that he was on sacred ground, and in living communion and sympathy with the ever-present life of Him who agonized here. A touching scene was this, when the son of great Prussia's King, alone under the old olives, bowed before the King of kings, in Gethsemane, and prayed, not for the life of his enemies,

nor for riches and honor, but for the pardon of his sins and a pious heart.

"What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve Thy place,
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace."

Christ Among Little Children.—No. 2.

The Infant Martyrs of Bethlehem.

BY J. W. S.

All the surroundings of the Wonderful Child are wonderful. Wonderful is His conception by the Holy Ghost and His birth of the Virgin Mary. Angels from heaven visit men upon earth, indicating that God and man were being brought closer together in Him. The material universe, that had fallen under the power of sin with Adam, also contributed its joy and testimony to the Saviour's advent upon earth, by a wonderful star in the heavens. Angel messengers from the spiritual heavens, the mystic star in the natural heavens casting its rays toward Bethlehem, indigent shepherds from the fields, royal sages from the Orient, as well as the virgin mother and the aged Joseph, together with the devout Simeon, and the godly Anna serving God night and day in the temple, all, revolve around Him as their common centre.

The unconscious Infant is greater than angels, mother, shepherds, kings, and saints. Ordinarily the aged, and parents are greater, and more worthy of esteem than helpless babes; but here the order is for once reversed. We see all who truly knew Him, doing Him homage, as in Joseph's dream, the sun, and moon, and eleven stars, made obeisance unto Him. He is indeed the Royal Child, whose Father is the King of kings, and whose mother is queen among women, being made such through her greater Son.

At His Father's command angels announce, name and preach Him, and hover around Him, warding off danger by guiding the aged Joseph through dreams; Simeon and Anna worship Him as Saviour—shepherds and sages—each led in a special way, bow low before Him. Angels direct the shepherds, the Holy Ghost Simeon and Anna—while the mystic star, by the sweet influence of its light, drew the magi from the East to behold the Sun of Righteousness in the west.

Arrived in Jerusalem, the magi followed but the natural tendency of the mind when they sought for the King of the Jews in the house of King Herod. Their question, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him," unnerved him. The assembled council of chief priests and scribes read in prophecy that the Governor to rule the people of Israel was to come out of Bethlehem. After Herod had secretly inquired of the wise men what time the star had appeared, he dismissed them, by saying, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also." After leaving Jerusalem they saw the star again, and followed its light to Bethlehem. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child, with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshiped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." They were true worshipers, offering not *words only*, but also gifts. These rich kings of earth journeyed afar to bring (with other proper offerings) gold to the poor King of Heaven, that His indigent family might have means to take the toilsome journey into Egypt, to escape the danger threatening the new-born King.

Warned of God in a dream, the magi did not return to Herod, but went home another way.

Herod, when he saw "that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men."

As the Holy Ghost had led Simeon into the temple to behold and worship the Infant Saviour, and as the angels of light had directed the shepherds where to find Him, and as these same angels were hovering around to guard

and defend—so the Prince of Darkness and his evil angels were enlisted to destroy Him. As the Holy Spirit moved good men to love and worship Him, so did the evil spirit move wicked men to hate and plan His death. When the monster Herod could not learn anything more definite about Him than what the priests found in prophecy, and what the magi had told him about the star and the time of its appearance; he was enraged.

All the evil dispositions of his wicked heart were aroused. Envy that the wise men had paid him no homage—jealousy and cowardice—fearing in his trouble that his throne would pass away from him. For he knew that the Jews hated him, and that they would take the first favorable opportunity that offered to get rid of him. He was angry, and so allowed his habitual cruelty to urge him on to the most dastardly crime of his life.

Neander in his life of Christ, gives this graphic account of Herod's character: "It was *that* Herod, whose crimes, committed in violation of every natural feeling, ever urged him on to new deeds of cruelty; whose path to the throne, and whose throne itself, were stained with human blood; whose vengeance against conspirators, not satiated with their own destruction, demanded that of their whole families; whose rage was hot, up to the very hour of his death, against his kindred; whose wife Mariamne, and three sons, Alexander, Aristobulus, and Antipater fell victims to his suspicions, the last just before his death; who, in a word, certainly deserved that the Emperor Augustus should have said of him, 'I would rather be Herod's swine than his son.' It was that Herod, who, at the close of a blood-stained life of seventy years, goaded by the furies of an evil conscience, racked by a painful and incurable disease, waiting for death, but desiring life, raging against God and man, and maddened by the thought that the Jews, instead of bewailing his death, would rejoice over it as the greatest of blessings, commanded the worthies of the nation to be assembled in the circus, and issued a secret order that after his death they should all be slain together, so that at least their kindred might have cause to weep for his death." This last order was never executed.

Wicked and abandoned as Herod was, I have no doubt that Satan, whose works Christ had commenced to destroy, inflamed all his evil passions to such an extent of malignity that in fear and wrath he issued the monstrous order for the indiscriminate slaughter of the innocents the more certainly to reach Jesus.

In His innocence, Jesus drew the hatred of the wicked on Himself, as well as the love of the good. Not by what He had done, for He had done nothing as yet—but by reason of what He was and ever is, viz.: the God-Child, the God-man, and what lies involved in this, viz.: the revelation of God in the fullest sense, and the redemption and salvation of man. Herod, of course, did not understand Christ thus; he saw in Him only a rival, but Satan knew, and I have no doubt, urged him on to the infamous deed.

At all events, it was on account of Christ, or, for His sake, that the innocents were slain. Jesus had come among them without their choice or desire. Had come among them as a child—had come among them apparently by accident as His mother was on a journey. Bethlehem was not their residence. Still all this was according to the will of God. Had the mothers of Bethlehem at first really known who Jesus was, they would without doubt have affectionately welcomed Him and His mother. Had they known the Virgin by the dignity of her Son that was to be, He would not have been born in a stable—but in the best house in the village; and would have had the softest couch, the finest raiment and numerous servants. He would have been hailed and welcomed by every conscious heart in the village, and His birth among them would have been regarded as auspicious of the highest honor to the place, and the greatest blessing to the inhabitants thereof.

Amongst Bethlehem's children the Son of God became a babe. Became a babe in order to save babes. And one would naturally suppose that some special and signal favor would in some way attach itself from Him to those who were babes in the same place and time with Him. That the birth of

Him who came to save man would immediately and graciously affect in a perceptible way the infantile age so as at once to deliver it from the maladies that usually threaten and prove so dangerous to childhood—that then, as the Son of God had become a babe, all hearts would in some mysterious way become more tender towards infants—that God's omnipotent care and love would shield them from all danger and cruelty. But instead of this, we see the Son of God Himself a fugitive from the wrath and sword of Herod—and behold! the infants of Bethlehem lie weltering in their blood. Is this the beginning of His salvation? Is this the consequence of His incarnation? Must the birth of the Son of God be so speedily followed by the death of the children of men? Had the parents of Bethlehem foreseen this feature of Christ's nativity they would doubtless have driven Joseph and his espoused wife Mary out of the stable even. They would no doubt have regarded Him rather as the cause of destruction and sorrow, than the source of eternal salvation. But with all the apparent harm that came to the babes of Bethlehem contemporary with Him, they have ever been regarded not only as the first-fruits of His salvation, but are annually commemorated by the Church, as the first martyrs of Christianity.

The earthly birth of the Son of God is speedily followed by the heavenly birth of the children of men. The Son of God became the Son of man that the sons of men might become sons of God. Into the full enjoyment of this glorious blessing none can enter, except through the gateway of death. And the slaughtered babes, who stood in the Old Testament covenant, lost nothing by their early death. Their cruel death caused them only a momentary pang, ending all earthly sorrows, and through Jesus Christ, who by His incarnation, opened heaven which sin had closed, they entered the abode of the blessed departed, grew up in the Lord, and have long since learned why they died so early, and ever rejoice that they were permitted to die for Jesus who was born for them, and subsequently tasted death for every man. They were sealed by Jesus with their death. They have the pre-eminence of time among the noble army of martyrs, The wail of Rachel's daughters for their children has long since been hushed, while the Song of the Angels is of perennial duration and is unceasingly ascending from earth to heaven. And even the slaughtered children have learned, and love to sing with the angels, "Gloria in Excelsis."

Even in the Church on earth, these short-lived children dying for Christ, enjoy a certain immortality. They are affectionately remembered in connection with Christmas. They have passed into the collects of prayer, and into the hymns of the Church. One of the sweetest hymns was written by our own sainted Harbaugh, with which we close this imperfect sketch, introducing it with the Collect for "The Innocents' Day."

O God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and whose praise the slaughtered infants of Bethlehem proclaimed, not by speaking, but by dying; mortify and kill in us, we beseech Thee, all evil propensities and wrong desires, and so strengthen us by Thy grace, that the same holy faith, which we own with our tongues, we may confess also by the innocency of our lives: to the glory of Thy great name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE INFANT MARTYRS.

Jesus, Holy Child from Heaven,
Thou for children wast a child;
Infant Martyrs gathered round Thee,
And, unconscious, for Thee died.
Not by speaking, but by dying,
Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise.

Hail! sweet band of lovely infants,
Welcoming the Holy Child;
First-fruits of His martyr glory,
Innocent, and meek, and mild.
Not by willing, but by dying,
They gave up their all for Thee.

Though too young to know or choose Thee,
They were chosen, Lord, by Thee;
Saved and blest by grace brought near them,
Though that grace they could not see.
Not by choosing, but by dying,
They became forever Thine.

Prophets—yes, they preached by suffering:
Priests—themselves the sacrifice:
Kings—by bloody tyrants furthered,
They to crowns and glory rise.
Not by living, but by dying,
They the life eternal won.

Jesus, Holy Child from heaven,
Who for children wast a child;

Lambs upon Thine Altar lying,
Make us humble, meek, and mild,
That in living, and in dying,
We may evermore be Thine.

The Mechanic in Search of Ways and Means.

BY THE EDITOR.

Stilling had resolved never to leave his trade again. After praying earnestly for direction, he felt constrained to try the position of a family tutor once more. Spanier, his wealthy employer, was greatly pleased with his acceptance. "God be thanked!" he exclaimed, "now I have leveled this mountain too;" that is to say, he had overcome the scruples of Stilling. This was an excellent man, godly, and a true friend to the young tailor. He had discovered his fine talents, and was bent on improving them. Ere long he said to the new teacher:

"To teach in my family you must have a knowledge of French. This you are lacking. Try and find a good French teacher; live with him awhile and study the language thoroughly. I will cheerfully pay the bill." He followed the advice of his friend, and in two months he could read the language fluently and write a letter without a single grammatical error. It was not long until he could return to his post.

From this point dates the happier period of Stilling's life. He taught the children of the family reading, writing, arithmetic, Latin and French, and also gave them religious instruction. Besides these duties, he assisted his employer in his business during his leisure time. Stilling was now twenty-eight years old. Six happy years he had spent in the family of his wealthy friend. His thirst for knowledge grew with his years. One day he frankly told his friend that he had a great desire to study the Greek, indeed conscientiously felt it to be his duty.

"Very well, if you must study Greek, then set to work."

He soon found a teacher, got the necessary books, and began the new study with his accustomed diligence and determination. In a comparatively short time he could translate, without a single error, the first five chapters of Matthew into Latin. About this time he began the study of Hebrew. In it, too, he made rapid progress.

Spanier was not only a man of cultivation and refinement, but of great goodness of heart. He watched the marvellous progress which his family tutor made in his studies, left him as much time for his studies as possible—without uttering a word of censure or praise. Indeed he seemed puzzled to know what it all meant—whither this active, quick intellect was tending. Of one thing he was certain, that such a mind could not be kept on the tailor's bench. But for what else would he be suited? He consented to teach because this pursuit gave him the books and the time to study, and not because he wished to make it his permanent calling. He was not suited to become a merchant, as his employer was. He would soon be thirty years old. It was high time to select a calling for life. What should it be? After worrying over this question for years, Stilling concluded with child-like faith to entrust the whole matter into the hands of an overruling Providence. To His decision he would blindly and implicitly submit. Meanwhile he devoted his time to teaching. Some of his friends who noticed his piety and talents urged him to study Theology and prepare himself for the holy ministry. But to this he did not feel himself called. After waiting long and praying much God opened his eyes.

It was on a pleasant Summer morning. He had the children seated around the table teaching and hearing them recite their lessons. Now and then he would devote a few moments to the languages he was studying, the text books and dictionaries of which he kept constantly at hand. Spanier, meanwhile, paced the room, as was his habit when a weighty matter engaged his mind. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and startled the busy teacher with a new idea: "See here, preceptor, one moment if you please. Just now a thought occurred to me which you ought to heed. You must study medicine."

Never had the talented teacher been so singularly startled. He sprang to his feet, but could hardly stand without

help. Indeed Spanier, thinking that he would faint and fall over, was himself frightened at the effect of his remark, and quickly caught the pale student in his arms, and exclaimed: "Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Spanier, I scarcely know what to say. At length I clearly see the light of day. In my inmost soul I feel clearly convinced that I am called to the medical profession; it is this that I sought for so long and could not find. From my youth a merciful Heavenly Father has sought to prepare me for this through severe and sharp trials. Blessed be His holy name that He has at length shown me His will. Most cheerfully will I now follow His direction."

Thereupon Stilling withdrew to his private chamber, fell on his knees and thanked God for this discovery, and besought Him to guide him to the attainment of the object before him. He thought over his strange and varied experience, his many fond hopes and sad and seeming failures. Now he understood how God had often led him in ways he knew not of. He now saw why he early had to study Latin; why a strange feeling of interest, and an unsatisfied thirst for knowledge evermore impelled him to seek for intellectual light in every possible direction; why through much suffering he was taught and trained meekly to yield to and serve all classes of persons; why he had such a strong desire to study the Greek. Now he understood it all, and felt himself inexpressibly happy. He resolved to bide his time, patiently to study and teach, till God would open the way for him to fit himself for his profession at the University.

Stilling had not visited his father for many years. Now, when his heart overflowed with joy he thought of his home, and started to visit it. More than thirty miles he traveled afoot. On his journey he stopped with his uncle, who embraced and kissed the dear nephew, till the tears flowed freely. He beheld his relative with pride. For, when he last had seen him, he wore threadbare clothes, looked haggard and care-worn. Now he was nicely dressed. Had grown into a tall, graceful young man, with a fine intellectual face. He looked cheerful, hopeful and happy, and the good uncle gave him a most hearty welcome. At length the old vexed question was broached: what was he going to do with himself? Study medicine.

"Alas, poor youth!" exclaimed the uncle. "He is still experimenting. Now roaming after this, now after that. Full of notions. Never keeping long at anything. Ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. You must not study medicine," said the uncle with emphasis, and tried his utmost to dissuade him from his project.

"Where will you get money to study? This will be an expensive undertaking."

"It may be. I will let the Lord provide. It is enough that I clearly know what He wishes me to do. I will try and do my part. Surely we ought to trust Him for doing His."

The next morning he continued his journey home. When the hills around his native village hove in sight, his heart and eyes filled up. He had left here years ago, a poor, ragged, disappointed, depressed youth, not knowing whither to go, yet go somewhere he must. Now he returned comfortable, hopeful and happy, possessing everything he needed to supply his bodily wants. He paused by the wayside, and with cap in hand, thanked God for His goodness, and solemnly vowed that by divine grace he would try and live worthy of his high calling.

His aged father knew nothing of his coming. As he suddenly stepped into the room, the old man quickly rose to his feet, but sank again back into his chair. For a considerable time father and son wept aloud in each other's arms. Soon his arrival was made known in the village, and the house was crowded with old and young, eager to take their former village school-master by the hand.

His grandmother lived in a neighboring village. Her old house had been consecrated by his childhood, a shrine to which his heart fondly turned in all his wanderings. As he passed its threshold he felt like entering a temple. His grandmother was very old, helpless and blind. She was lying on a clean bed, behind the stove, by the wall. Her hands and feet were much

swollen. Tears flowed fast down his face as he took the hand which had often blessed and borne him when a child.

Trying to control his voice he said: "How do you do, dear grandmother? How very glad I am that I can see you once more."

"O, is it possible? Can I hear you once more before I die? Come near to me that I may put my hand on your face and feel how you look."

Stilling stooped down over her. She felt his forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin and cheeks.

"That will do," she at length said. "Now I can imagine how you look, just as if I could see you. Tell me how you have fared, and how you now are."

After telling her all, she continued; "Henry, hear me. Walk humbly and piously before God, and it shall be well with you. No matter how great you may become, never be ashamed of your humble origin and your poor friends. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; he that exalteth himself shall be abased. Once we come to die, it matters little what we have been in the world, only so we have lived a Christian life. Therefore, strive to be a good and pious man."

As he was about to leave she again grasped his hand, and blessed him:

"God be with you, my child! Before the throne of God we shall meet again. There I will *see* you. Weep not for me. I am well cared for and contented. With all my heart I commend you to God. May He bless and keep you from all evil! Now depart in peace."

Stilling's father vainly tried to dissuade his eccentric son from studying medicine, fearful that thereby he might get into new troubles. At length he cheerfully consented. And even his uncle, after thinking and praying over the matter, said when they met again: "Yes, dearest nephew, you must study medicine. Now know I that God so wills it."

It was not long till a kind providence opened the way for medical studies. A certain minister, who had also become noted as an oculist, had a valuable library bearing on his department of medicine. He had no natural heirs, and wished to impart to some one, possessing the needed talents, the secrets of his profession. Stilling paid him a visit, and received not only the use of his books, but valuable written instructions of his own. Besides this, the good man gave him his blessing, for when they parted he pressed the hand of the student, saying: "God, the holy and everywhere present one, make you, through His Holy Spirit, the best man, the best Christian and the best physician."

In 1769 the Lord made him acquainted with a Surgeon, who was about visiting the University of Strassburg, to perfect himself in his profession. That is the place for me, he thought. But where should he get the necessary money? He would need at least one thousand rix dollars to take a course in Medicine. He had only a small sum of money; the balance of his earnings he had spent for clothing and books. His faith remained steadfast. "God can and will carry out what He begins. Without my doings He ordered my present situation, He will know how to accomplish His purposes."

He packed his small wardrobe, and started for Strassburg with his new friend. Fortunately this man, Dr. Trost, was a man of good character and rare experience, Stilling had forty dollars to start with. At Frankford they were detained eleven days. Two days before resuming their journey, his forty dollars had diminished to one.

Grim want stared him in the face, and shame too. For he tried to conceal his trouble from Dr. Trost.

One of the principal business streets in Frankford is called the Römersberg. It was during the celebrated Frankford fair, when merchants from all parts of Europe meet and ply their business here. Stilling prayed as he roved sadly through the street, and elbowed his way through the crowds that thronged the Römersberg. Booths, bales and packages, and the fair people made it difficult to get through the street. Nowhere does a traveling stranger, far from home, feel more lonely and forsaken than in such a crowd. Stilling, in his dreary musings and praying, heard some one hail.

"Ho, my friend Stilling, how are you?" said the strange voice. Look-

ing up he recognized a merchant from the village of Schönthal, where he had once lived. "Very well," he replied.

"I am very glad to see you," continued the merchant. "Please come to my room this evening, and take tea with me."

After a hearty supper, both chatted about many things they had seen and felt. At length the kind merchant surprised the student with the abrupt question:

"Tell me frankly, my friend, where will you get money from to prosecute your studies?"

Stilling smiling said: "I have a wealthy Father in Heaven. He will provide for me."

"How much money have you left?"

"One rix dollar; that is all."

With that the merchant walked to his trunk, saying: "Your wealthy Father in heaven has different tenants, who are ordered to pay larger or smaller sums they owe Him to you. I happen to be one of them." Thereupon he counted thirty-three dollars on the table.

"This is all I can do just now. You will find help from others. If you can ever refund this money, good; if not, good also." Stilling tried to thank his friend, but broke down weeping.

"Now I am rich again, and need no more;" he sobbed in broken accents as he grasped the merchant's hand in parting.

Easter.

BY S. S. KEENE.

Hail, joyous Easter! Hail!
Thy dawning did prevail
  Over the darkness of the silent night.
Thus Christ, when He arose,
Prevailed o'er all His foes,
  And turned the gloom of Sheol into light.

Thy rising saw Him rise,
Nor bloody sacrifice,
  Nor bearer of our guilt through deadly strife,
But, oh, the glad surprise
That filled both earth and skies,
  He rose, *our Saviour*, by His precious life.

When Thy first beams of light
Dispelled the shades of night,
  Radiant from Heaven descended unto earth
Two angels clothed in white.
A wondrous, wondrous sight,
  Unequalled since the morning of His birth.

Then back the stone they roll,
No longer Death's control
  Restraineth Thee, Thou Saviour of the race!
But lo! in majesty,
While angels shout on high,
  Thou sunderest for aye his dread embrace.

O Jesu! May Thy power
Be felt in this same hour,
  And may Thy risen life be also mine.
Then will my Easter be
The seal of victory,
  Of heavenly joys which now alone are Thine.

American and German Women.

BY N. C. SCHAEFFER.

One of the advantages derived from a sojourn in foreign climes, arises from the fact that an opportunity is thus afforded of comparing our own people with those of other countries. Both have their faults as well as their good qualities. It is well to know what these are, so that we may correct the faults and hold fast to that which is good. As this is a very wide subject, I will confine myself to the better and more interesting half, and briefly institute a comparison between the fair sex of Germany and America.

No sooner does one set foot upon Europe than he is struck by the healthy, vigorous appearance of the women. They have no fashionable grave-yard coughs, none of that rosy color upon their cheeks, which is the result of nervous weakness, if not of painting, and none of that pale-complexioned fairness, which is apt to remind one of a corpse rather than of a human being. The German girl, in particular, is characterized by physical strength and powers of endurance. From her youth up she is taught to do house-work and to make herself useful. In her opinion the American girls, who declare that they "won't cook and wash dishes for any men," are worse than heretics. At the same time her intellectual education is by no means neglected. It is astonishing to find how many young ladies in the cities can read two or three languages. Some of them know more of Shakespeare than many an American college graduate. Nevertheless, they are free from everything like pride or vanity. Almost without exception they are characterized by

modesty, by a willingness to oblige others, and by a laudable simplicity of dress. This last is true, even of the nobility. The daughters of Prince Frederick Charles, whose beauty attracts considerable attention, are regular in their attendance at the Dom Church, in Berlin, and often they are dressed in clothes, which, though costly, are so devoid of extras, that many an American city damsel would hesitate to appear in them.

The American girl, on the other hand, is noted for her beauty of person, her tasteful extravagance in dress, and the independence of her ways. The freedom, which she enjoys at home, leaves a visible impress upon her manners and her character. She does not hesitate to employ everything which tends to improve her external appearance. She is graceful in her movements and not afraid to bestow winning glances upon the opposite sex. She expects and receives an amount of attention, which sometimes amazes foreigners. Her countrymen accord to her the best seat in the concert-hall, in the street-car and upon the railway; whereas a German would hardly think of incommoding himself to favor the daughters of Eve.

The bright side of this matter was well brought out by Dr. Thompson in the Thanksgiving address, which he delivered in the American Chapel at Berlin more than a year ago. "The position of Woman in the United States," said he, "marks the position of the nation in the scale of civilization. With a large practical equality of privilege, and a healthy measure of independence, Woman retains also her prerogative of sex in the homage accorded her by courtesy and honor. If, as Burke lamented, the age of chivalry died out in Europe with the decay of feudalism, it has revived with the new type of manhood in the new world. I am aware that the 'American girl' is a phenomenon, that puzzles and startles European society by her independent ways, quite as much as she dazzles it by her beauty of person, her grace of movement, her tasteful extravagance of dress. She has too much the reputation of being free, forward, 'fast;' and I have sometimes blushed to feel that this might be deserved. The native good sense of my country-women should teach them to restrain the charming freedom of their home life, in order not to shock the conventional usages of European society. But I look upon the American girl, taken all in all, as a proper subject for Thanksgiving. She can be trusted to go out alone by daylight, without the whole family guard turning out to protect her against innocent young men, for through the very freedom, which is allowed her, she is trained to self-reliance and self-respect, and should any young man presume upon that freedom to be familiar, she would not need the family guard to aid her in repelling him in a way that would forbid him ever to return. And the statistics of married life show that on the score of social virtue, we have reason to be thankful that in our country the relation of the sexes in youth is based not upon suspicion and fear, but upon confidence and honor."

There is evidently too much of the police system in the European mode of training the young. From childhood up, the parents watch the behaviour of their daughter with the most anxious solicitude. They are constantly afraid lest the daughter, who has just reached sweet sixteen, might begin a conversation or engage in a flirtation with some prepossessing young man. Hence they curtail her freedom in numberless ways. She is seldom allowed to appear in society, unless in the company of her mother. In the evening no gentleman dare escort her home, unless he is an intimate friend of the family. If she takes a walk in the afternoon, unaccompanied by any one else, she must carry a music book, otherwise people might think she was out to see the sights or to show herself. She will never acknowledge that she has gentleman friends; she only has gentleman acquaintances. If a young gentleman takes a lady to church or to a public entertainment, the universal supposition is that they are engaged, and that the engagement in accordance with the general custom, will in no long time be announced through the press or by printed cards, if it has not been done already. Under such circumstances it is no wonder, that the average German girl is stiff and

shy in the company of strangers, and that she, at times, appears to lack independence of character. At a Sunday-school entertainment, which it was the writer's privilege to attend, young ladies and gentlemen, who had taught for years in the same school, hardly ventured to interchange a dozen sentences during the course of the evening. It is said that on one occasion the wife of the Imperial Crown Prince moved her chair towards a gentleman with whom she wished to converse. Some one afterwards directed her attention to the impropriety of such an act. "Why, my mother, the Queen of England, would have done so," was her reply. This anecdote, even if untrue, points out a marked difference between English and German society.

Similar stiffness is characteristic of Berlin tea-parties. During the early part of the evening the gentlemen stand on one side of the room, sometimes with their hats or caps in their hand; the ladies sit around a table on the other side. A gentleman must never sit upon a sofa as long as there are any ladies in the parlor. After the plays are over and the time for eating is at hand, he must offer his right arm to the lady, whom he escorts to the table; for she will certainly refuse his left arm. This custom was perhaps adopted for convenience' sake. A large proportion of the young men are soldiers; and as the sword is worn on the left, the lady naturally takes the other side. Most of these stiff rules, however, are the result of the moral condition of the people taken as a whole. For in the large European cities social circles must be scrutinizingly rigid for the sake of self-protection. The conventional rules of the best society always furnish a sort of index to the character of those, who are thus excluded. The sad state of things, which travelers observe in some of the large continental cities, is, of course, also partly produced by this rigid separation of the sexes, until they reach the age of maturity. There is no surer way of ruining a boy than to suspect him of being a rascal; because if he is to have the name, he will also want the game of the thing. The same is true of human nature all the world over.

Nevertheless, when I think of the extremes to which the idea of freedom and independence are often carried in America, I cannot help wishing for the strict discipline of German family life. Like the Parisians, we have journals, parties, evening entertainments for children. A German mother never dreams of treating her boys and girls like men and women. The wilful darling of many an American home is coaxed into obedience by the promise of candy, regardless of future dyspepsia; the German mother uses less agreeable, but more efficient means. She never commits the folly of bedecking her five-year old daughter with flounces and sashes half as heavy as herself, and of then showing her off in a circle of admiring friends, nor would she send her to a children's ball, there to carry on flirtations with an equally young prodigy of the other sex. The lessons, which the rising generation learn in childhood, are seldom forgotten in after years; the habits then formed are apt to follow them throughout life; and it would be contrary to the natural order of things, if the many young men and women, who have been spoiled by such careless training, did not plunge headlong into the giddy circles of fashion and worldly pleasure, and, growing weary of life, wish themselves out of existence. How often is it the case, that the ideals, which the young ladies of America form of society and of life, do not harmonize with the true state of things in the world, and thus prove the bane of their happiness, dooming them to disappointment, robbing them of all peace and contentment by making them dissatisfied with their condition and the circumstances in which they are placed? How many of them there are, who are unwilling to join in forming a home of their own, unless they can live in all the style and splendor of the paternal home! And the young men, repulsed by this state of affairs, live on in the enjoyment of single blessedness, until they have crystalized into irretrievable bachelorhood. No wonder that so many American families who belong to the "upper ten thousand," are dying out and becoming extinct.

I can not close this article without clipping a paragraph from an English Review:

"Young America, male and female alike, manifests little or no respect for its mother, or indeed for its father either. In Europe cases are, by no means, unknown in which the children rule the house; but in the United States the rising generation is so wonderfully in the ascendent, that the juvenile *regime* has become a custom of the country—parents and grand-parents assuming towards their children and grand-children respectively quite a deferential attitude. In social gatherings of trans-Atlantic homes, European observers are often struck by the fact that young ladies and gentlemen are the most important figures, the parents seemingly conscious of their inferiority, occupying the background or the retired parts of the room. When, after a ball or an evening party, young gentlemen call the following morning to pay their respects to the young ladies, with whom they have danced on the previous evening, the visitors are entertained in the drawing-room bythe young ladies alone, it being considered, we believe, that the presence of the mother on such occasions would be felt an undue interference with the individuality and liberty of the daughter. In fact, elderly ladies are, or used to be, looked upon, to a great extent, as incumbrances. Some years ago we asked a very intelligent person of this class, who was then in London, but whose life had been passed chiefly in New York, which country she liked best, America or England. She expressed a preference for England: and on being asked the reason of her preference, said significantly: "Well, sir, in England an old woman hasn't to apologize for her existence."*

No doubt this is severe language, but in so far as it is deserved, we should try to do better. It is the glory of Americans, that they are always willing to learn and never afraid to imitate that which is good in other nationalities.

FLATTERY.—Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

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*Westminster Review for Oct., 1874. Page 487.

Beautiful Grandmamma.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair;
Never was lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow its own calm story tells
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is fair as the morning dew,
Cheeks of roses and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls and beads like mine,
And a new silk apron, with ribbon fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And, laying aside her knitting, she said:
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."

Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with throat like snow,
Lips just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh, who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything;
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be!"
"Darling," said grandma, "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and a kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added, with a smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like *you* best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her her history;
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow to a beautiful grandma for me."

—*Selected.*

The Old Emperor at Play with the Children.

BY THE EDITOR.

The German Emperor, William I., has for many years been in the habit of spending part of his summers at Ems, the celebrated watering-place in Europe. When there he demeans himself like one of his subjects, in a plain, unostentatious way. Ems is the most celebrated summer resort in Europe, and by reason of these royal visits, has great attractions for people of distinction and for the votaries of fashion. Among the old forest trees and along the shaded banks of a clear stream of water near the city, it is no unusual thing to see half the rulers of Europe grouped together, engaged in social or diplomatic conversation. Thus every year the venerable head of the German Empire makes his visit to Ems. After the harassing labors of the previous winter, he seeks recreation here. Usually he is dressed in a plain black suit. After spending certain hours of the day at hard work with his prominent advisors and ministers of state, whom he has brought with him, he strolls about like other people, now taking a drink of water at the springs out of the same cup other people use; then his tall erect form can be seen moving along some secluded walks, his large head adorned with gray hair and beard, towering high above the people whom he passes. Many a one passing him feels proud the balance of his life of having seen one of the crowned heads of Europe. Among the people of the village his arrival is always greeted with joy. Perhaps by some more on account of the crowds of visitors his presence will attract, and the consequent increase of business, than from actual love for their Emperor.

Although he often walks out unattended by his body-guard or servants, but few people feel free to approach him in conversation. In monarchical countries subjects are trained to treat their rulers with a distant respect. The children, however, who happen to fall in with the kind-hearted, fatherly monarch often treat him as they would their grandpapa. By many of these, his coming is welcomed with great glee. Some have never seen an Emperor. A thousand childish questions occur to their inquisitive minds. Does he wear a golden crown, and a purple robe, and hold a sceptre in his hand, and sit on a great, grand throne, as the kings do in their picture-books? How great their surprise when they see him for the first time, dressed precisely like their own papa or uncle—with a black hat, black coat, white vest, and instead of a royal sceptre, carelessly carrying a small cane in his hand. Or, if on rare occasions he appears in military uniform, with his grand soldier's clothes on, and a cluster of glittering stars fastened to the breast of his coat, still his face looks so amiable and kind that even the more timid children, in spite of mamma's warning not to go near or molest the great man, will shyly gather around him as he sits under some shade tree, and take hold of his hand. Most likely he will paternally pat their chubby faces, or possibly even kiss them.

Sometimes the little folks do not recognize the Emperor as he meekly sits on a bench engaged in conversation. Perhaps the ball with which they are playing happens to roll right between his feet. Some people around them shake their heads by way of rebuke. Not so William. He pauses a moment in his conversation, beckons kindly to the boy in pursuit of the ball, or throws it back to him.

One day a little Ginser boy thus approached him. Throwing his arms around the knees of the Emperor, as he doubtless used to do to his papa, he looked up into William's face, and asked him:

"Are you really King William?"

"Yes, I think so, my little man," was the kind reply. "And, pray, what is your name? And what do you wish to do when you get to be a man?"

"My name is *William*, too," said the bright-eyed boy, "and I wish to become a soldier. But let me tell you, King William, I wish to be one of those with red straps on their coats, and white bushy feathers in their caps, so that I can bravely use my uniform."

"God bless you, my child," said the king smiling. "And when you get to be a man, tell my son Fritz that you

wish to be a soldier with red straps and a bushy white feather; tell him that old King William said you should be such an one."

With that the little fellow bounded away to tell his mamma what the king had said. This kindly interest in the children of his subjects gives the Emperor a strong hold on the affections of his people. It is so in all cases. Win the confidence and love of the children, and you can win the parents.

The Hebrew Toilette of the Olden Time.

Great care was bestowed by the Hebrews, both men and women, on their hair. Young people wore their hair long and bushy, and only got it cut at long intervals; Absalom is an example. In "Canticles," locks bushy and black as a raven are spoken of. A certain repugnance was felt for bald heads, which were sometimes exposed to insults, as the case of Elisha illustrates. Men of serious temper, and especially the priests, went to no extreme, one way or another, but shortened their hair from time to time. To this there is an allusion in the 44th chapter of Ezekiel. But the law forbade the hair to be cut after the manner of the Arabs, who shaved the head all round, and left no hair except on the top. In the 19th chapter of Leviticus it is commanded that the corners of the hair and of the beard are not to be marred; that is to say, that part of the hair which covers the temples, and that part of the beard which is nearest the temples and covers the cheeks. The prohibition of the legislator is explained by the custom which the Arabs practised in this respect, in honor of a divinity similar to Bacchus, as Herodotus informs us. The prophet Jeremiah speaks several times of those Arabs whom he calls, by way of derision, men with the cut corners. As to the beard, it was considered the ornament of a man, and it was worn long. Any ignominious treatment of his beard was the greatest insult which a Hebrew could receive; and David took a terrible revenge for an outrage of this kind offered to his ambassadors The beard was anointed as well as the hair with odorous oils. The women understood the art of dressing their hair with a good deal of coquetry. Combs and curling-pins are not mentioned in the Bible; they are not described in the *Mischna*, but it is doubtful whether they can be traced back to the ancient Hebrews. The hair was confined by a bandeau, which went round the forehead, and which the rich women covered with a plate of gold or silver. At least the Talmud mentions these bandeaux under the name of *Totaphoth*, which is found in the Pentateuch, where it designates the phylacteries which the men were to put on their foreheads, and of which we shall hereafter speak.

We now have to say a word about the jewels, and of some other articles of toilet used by both sexes. Usually men did not carry any other ornaments than the signet and the staff. The ring was worn sometimes on a finger of the right hand; sometimes it was suspended on the breast by means of a cord, called *Pathil*. The staff, called *Matte*, was no doubt surmounted by an ornament of value. Herodotus informs us that the Babylonians had each a signet and staff, and that the staff was crowned by an ornament, such as an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle, or something else. Now Judah likewise had the signet and the staff, and the staff must have been valuable, seeing that Tamar asked to have it in pledge. We may remind the reader also of the staff of Moses and the staff of Aaron, each bearing the name of *Matte*, whereas the ordinary staff, of which common people and travelers made use, is called *Makkel* or *Misch'eneth*—support. Kings and other personages of distinction wore chains of gold on the neck, and bracelets. Youths wore ear-rings. The custom of carrying amulets generally prevailed in antiquity, and it still extensively prevails among the Orientals. This custom existed also among the ancient Hebrews; and it was no doubt in order to abolish this superstition that the legislator commanded them to wear on the arm and on the brow, in place of amulets, certain writings, containing the fundamental principles of the law. The two passages of Deuteronomy in which the commands are given, cannot be taken figuratively, as the Karaites, a Jewish sect, have thought. The context is much more favorable to the tradition of the Rabbins, according to which the Mosaic law

commands men to wear, on the left arm and forehead, pieces of parchment containing various passages of the Pentateuch. These are the Thephillin or Phylacteries mentioned in the New Testament, and which the Jews still wear during the morning prayer. The passages described on the phylacteries are taken from the 6th and 11th chapters of Deuteronomy, and the 13th chapter of Exodus. These details were probably not fixed till after the exile; but an analogous usage must have existed among the ancient Hebrews, and perhaps there is an allusion thereto in some of the passages of Proverbs.

The jewels of the women were numerous enough. In presenting to our imagination a Hebrew woman, adorned from head to foot with all the jewels mentioned in the Bible, we remark the following objects: First—ear-rings of different forms. They are called *Nezem*, probably pendants, for the nose-rings had the same name; or *Ayhil*, rounds, circles; or *Netiphoth*, drops, pearls. Perhaps the ear-rings were composed of many pieces, to which these different names were adapted. Secondly—nose-rings, called *Nezem*, and alluded to in reference to Rebecca, in the 24th chapter of Genesis. The Oriental women still wear this ornament suspended to one side of the nose, which for that purpose is pierced like the ears. The ring, made of ivory or rich metal, and sometimes adorned with precious stones, is two or three inches in diameter, and hangs over the mouth. Eliezer gave Rebecca a gold ring of this kind, which weighed half a shekel. In the 11th chapter of Proverbs, a fair woman without discretion is compared to a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. Thirdly—necklaces, or rather chains suspended round the neck, and descending on the breast. These chains, called *Rabid*, were sometimes double or triple, and were composed in part of gold thread, and in part of precious stones and pearls. To the different chains are attached various ornaments of gold, such as little suns or crescents, *Saharonim;* amulets of gold, or talismans, *Lehaschim*, having, perhaps, the form of a serpent, and on which are engraved magic formulas, or words from the Law of Moses. Both the crescents and the amulets are mentioned in the third chapter of Isaiah. Finally,—smelling-bottles, *Botte Nephesche*, which were concealed in the bosom, or descended to the girdle. Sometimes round the cheeks was seen a chain of gold, which was fastened to the head-dress. In the first chapter of Canticles, cheeks comely with rows of jewels are alluded to. Fourthly—bracelets called *Es'ada* or *Samid*. As we find these two words together in the 31st chapter of Numbers, they could not be completely synonymous. The first seems to have affinity with the Arabic word *Said* (arm), and designates, no doubt, a ring which surrounded the arm near the elbow, as we read expressly in the first chapter of Second Samuel, while the Samid was fixed near the hand, as may be seen from passages in the 24th chapter of Genesis. These two species of bracelets were, therefore, chains made of gold, or silver, or of ivory. The bracelets which the servant of Abraham gave to Rebecca weighed, according to Genesis, two shekels of gold. But besides the rings, we find also mentioned bracelets in the form of chains, *Scheroth* or made of thread of gold. These are alluded to in the third chapter of Isaiah. The word *Commaz*, which is only found in the Pentateuch, designates, probably, also a species of bracelets.—Fifthly—rings, *Tabbaath*, which were worn on both hands. Sixthly—anklets, *Periscellides*, such as are worn among the Greeks and Romans, and which are still seen among the Arab women, who call them *Khalkhal*. They correspond, I am convinced, to the *Ceadoth* mentioned in the third chapter of Isaiah. We have already said that many commentators regard the *Periscellides* as corresponding to the *Achasim* of Isaiah. They therefore consider the *Ceadoth* to have been little chains which connected with two ankles and which going from one foot to the other, served to give measure and a great regularity to the steps. We have further to mention the *Charitin*, bags or pockets, which Isaiah, third chapter, mentions as among the articles of female toilet, and which are equivalent to the purses spoken of in the fifth chapter of Second Kings. The bags which the ladies in full toilet wore at their girdles were probably of a fine stuff, and adorned with embroidery, if we may

judge from what the modern East offers us, which is analogous. The etymology of the word *Charit*, or *Kharit*, appears to indicate the conical form. We find no trace of handkerchiefs, and no doubt the Hebrew women managed to dispense with them in the same way as the Greek and Roman women; for Hartman, quoting a dissertation of Boettiger, demonstrates conclusively that handkerchiefs were unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Neither do we find any trace in the Old Testament of the *Sudariah* of the Romans, and the Talmud does not mention them except under their Latin name.—*Solomon Munk.*

The Boyhood of Jesus.

His outward life was the life of all those of his age and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in a great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little, native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet and abundant fountain—may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child. And the traveler who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the center hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs around the wall within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the center of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice or meat, or *libban*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—*Farrar's Life of Christ.*

The Garden-Tomb of Golgotha.

Silent Eve.

BY. C. H. E. SIEGEL.

St. John 19: 41, 42.

In the
Twilight
Lonely,
Looms an
Empty Cross to-night.
Weeping angels flew
From the dreary height;
Shrinking Mary's view
From far
The sight,
Night-dews
Weep the
Scene in
Silence;
Sad and
Low the
Night-wind
Whispers:
"It is finished,
It is finished."

Amen!—"It is finished,"—gently
Lay Him in the rocky berth;
Breathe, O heavens, your benedictions
O'er the slumber-lidded earth!
Peace of God, with angel pinions,
Hov'ring o'er the rugged crest,—
Peace of God, enfold the Sleeper,
In the Sabbath of His rest!

Bring the linens,—myrrh and aloes,
Richest offerings for the dead;
Where the God-Man strove and conquered,
Lay His weary limbs and head.
Hard beside the crimsoned altar,
Princely tomb, unfold thy breast;—
Cherubim of God's Shechinah,
Guard the Sabbath of His rest!

Hear ye not, in trembling echoes,
Hallelujahs, sweet and low?—
Sweet and low, the Easter-prelude,
Blending with your chants of woe?
Now begins Thy triumph, Victor!
Grave, thou canst not Him molest!
Faintly dawns the Resurrection
Through the Sabbath of His rest.

Easter Morn.

BY C. H. E. SIEGEL.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

"He is not here," the glorious Prince of life,
Come, see the couch, where late the Conqueror lay,
In peaceful rest, from bitter toil and strife,
Till herald-streaks of dawn proclaimed the day.

O night of anguish, sad sepulchral shade!
How bright a day was born from out your gloom.
How flash the gurgling rills through mead and glade,
That burst the bands of winter's icy tomb.

All nature wakes to beauteous life with Thee,
Thou Sun and Lord of each created sphere;
Hail, happy beams! that make the shadows flee,
And brush away the valley-mists of care.

Hail, happy beams! that leap the eastern hills,
And clear the clouded peaks of faith, or slope,
Swift-footed courier-gleams, whose message fills
In many a soul, the empty void of hope.

He needs them not, your spices sweet and rare:
He lives,—go, swell the angels' jubilee!—
Go, meet Him, as triumphant palms ye bear,
Beside the ripple-crested Galilee.

Before the early rose of dawn had bloomed,
There came an earthward rush of wings today;
The stone was rolled, earth shook, and hell was doomed:
Come, see the empty tomb, where Jesus lay.

Lancaster, Pa., March, 1875.

Expensive Prizes.

A woman resolved to take a prize of ten dollars, offered at a fair for the finest braided hat. She won the prize, got the ten dollars, but ruined her sight, losing one eye altogether. What did it profit her?

A student aspired to the highest literary honors. Filled with this ambition, he sacrificed friendships, social communion, good fellowship. He gained honor, but lost affection. Admired for a moment, he then passed away, unloving, unloved. It was a costly prize. What did it profit?

A man determined to be rich. To this he made everything bend. He neglected his wife, and found no time to caress or instruct his children. He buried the husband and father in the money-vault. In the end, he was possessed of a fat purse and a lean soul. What did it profit?

A lady rose from poverty to wealth and high social position, Before her was the choice between true and tried friends and the affectations and conventionalities of fashionable life. She chose the latter, was flattered, and flattered in turn, but slighted and estranged the really attached and true-hearted. It was a dear exchange. What did it profit her?

It is but little of the world that the most successful can gain. But "what would it profit a man to gain the *whole* world, and lose his soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his *soul?*" —*Christian Banner.*

The Little Graves.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead."
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
"'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I know her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
And the empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh! have care!
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!

—*Mothers' Journal*

The Sunday-School Department.

Editorial Notes.

In order to see and enjoy a great painting to the fullest extent, you must occupy the right point of view. And every such master-work has only *one* point from which it can be thus seen. To take a good likeness of a person, he must sit in a certain relation to the light; it must fall on his face at a certain angle. And among thousands of relations or positions, there is only *one* in which a good and true picture can be taken. Thus, too, there is only one point of view from which we can see and understand the works and ways of God—the great and grand future which divine Providence is continually sketching with His Master-hand—that point is *Calvary*. Superstition has marked a spot, less than a hundred paces from the traditional Calvary in Jerusalem, as the geographical centre of the earth. There is, however, more truth than superstitious fiction in the theory. There is a sense in which Calvary is the centre—not only the moral and spiritual centre of the earth, but of the Universe.

Do you know where your scholars live? Do you know their parents and home surroundings? Visit them. Try and gain the affection and confidence of their parents. Ascertain all you can about the vicious or virtuous traits of their characters; whether they have any sorrow, or any dark cloud hanging over them; whether their children have perhaps inherited any sinful inclinations from them, or been trained to wrong habits. Whether the home spirit and influence are good or bad. Knowing this you will learn to know your scholars better, and be the better able to instruct and guide them. And by kindly attentions to their parents you can get their co-operation in the religious instruction of their children. Besides, it will make your work more pleasant. They will most likely cheer and encourage you, and bless you in various ways.

Visit absentees. They may be sick. If not bodily, perhaps spiritually, perhaps both. That is the way to bring them back, if they have wandered; to bind them to you, if they have become estranged.

"There is, perhaps, no part of the teacher's duty so full of cheering prospects as the visitation of his scholars. Children will withhold their confidence even from the punctual and zealous instructor, but they cannot resist the love and sympathy that seek them at their homes during the week. The instructions of the Sabbath may fail to soften their little rebellious hearts, but the kindness of a social ministering to their wants, or soothing the hour of pain, is irresistible.

"A faithful teacher will record with anxiety, in her memorandum book, the absence of a scholar. If one is absent her heart inquires, is the little one sick, or is he weary of the school? If poor, she will be troubled lest lack of comfortable clothing caused the detention. We say, she will anxiously inquire in this way, if she is faithful. What is duty? The answer is evident, visit the scholar on the first opportunity.

"Children love those who love them. They readily distinguish between affected and real love. They cannot be deceived by profession of love and interest in the classes, followed by indifference and neglect the coming week. The little ones cling to the kind teacher who learns their peculiarities, inquires into their little trials, ministers to their wants, and at their own firesides waters with her prayers and counsels the instructions of the Sabbath.

"Absentees should be hunted during the week; the sick ones visited and prayed with; poor children provided with necessary apparel, and new scholars drawn into the school. The teachers who neglect to visit their classes omit a large portion of their duty."

It is far easier to advise patience than to practice it. To be "patient in tribulation," is a trait difficult to acquire. For months the teacher has perhaps been annoyed by a few unruly boys.

The rest are attentive and respectful, but these worry and almost wear out her patience. The crowded school-room is perhaps poorly ventilated. The impure air unfits her nerves to bear any special strain. Nervous and disheartened, she labors through the lesson, and seriously meditates about withdrawing from her little flock. Poor, weak human nature, even Christian human nature, has many a dreary conflict of this sort. What is to be done?

If you have more than one unruly scholar, separate them. Do not allow the mischief-makers to sit aside of each other. If possible, never allow more than one such to be in the same class. Try to find some redeeming trait in the bad scholar. All have something to commend. Find that, however trifling, and praise it. Say as little as possible about bad habits. But applaud the good. This will help to give the weak scholar confidence in himself. Always remind a culprit of his excessive wickedness, and he will most likely become more wicked than he actually is. "I am an outcast, forsaken and condemned by all the good. There is no use trying to become good myself." So reason they. Recognize and encourage the good you can find in troublesome scholars. Help them to gain a proper self-respect, and it will be easier for them to show proper respect and obedience to others.

The good government of a Sunday-school requires that you should do but one thing at a time. Let not the study of the Lesson be disturbed by the distribution of books, nor the singing of hymns, by handing out the papers. How irreverent and undevout to give out books during prayer: yet most hymns are prayers. H. W. Beecher says:

"We must take incidents as they come to illustrate truth. I suppose any one brought up as I was, and as most New England people were, without much thought of the meaning of the hymns or music, would not be surprised at certain neglects or carelessness of behaviour during singing. I remember seeing my dear old father in the pulpit, when the people were singing, take out his pencil and work away at his sermon; and I've seen him do the same in prayer-time. Boy as I was, it shocked me. I see the same thing in the congregation. In the midst of the hymn, which is a prayer, 'Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord; in Thee I fix my trust,' somebody came and handed Mr. Halliday a note, and he, thinking it was a good time, came and handed it to me. I laid it down on the table.

"If I had been praying, and Mr. Halliday had come up and twitched my coat, handed me the note, and I had stopped and laid it on the table, you would have been shocked; the matter would have been inquired into by the deacons. Yet we were singing:

"'When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail.

"'From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.'

"In the midst of these words I got the note. The thing was devoutly meant, but it shows the manner in which we slight our singing. Many hymns are better than prayers. Some of us are never so near to God as in hymns. There are certain hymns that contain the Christian's vital blood. I will not blame you. I know how you have been brought up. Singing is devotion; through it we can offer up the heart to God. Hymns are not always solemn, but cheerful and gleeful sometimes. In our singing we should be earnest and sincere, the same as in prayer."

"A little child shall lead them." To an observing mind children can teach useful lessons. They are good teachers to those who take pains to think. Their little words and awkward sentences and pronunciation often strike the kernel of the matter; they go right to the heart of things. Take the following as an instance:

A very old man was taken to the house of his son to be cared for, but his son's wife, his proud daughter-in-law, did not like the old gentleman's manners at the table. His fists shook as though they were knocking at death's door for admittance, and he often spilled his tea and coffee upon the clean white table-cloth. Finally, the proud wife of his

son put the poor old man in the corner of the dining-room, and placed his food in a wooden bowl upon a stand, where he had to eat alone. The bowl which held his bread and meat was wide enough to catch the slops from his cup. One day his little four-year-old grandson was sitting under the table whittling away upon a block of pine.

"Come to dinner, Tom," said his father. Tom slashed into the pine with his Jack-knife, and made no answer.

"Why don't you come to dinner?" asked the impatient mother.

"I am busy," said the little mechanic.

"What are you making?" inquired the mother.

"I am making a trough for father and mother to eat out of when they grow old like grandpa," said the boy.

Was not that a good rebuke? There was a sermon in a sentence. Did he not teach a lesson to his parents? If they had had their considering caps on, they must have mentally asked themselves these questions: "If we live to be old will our only son copy the example we have set before him? If our hands tremble with age, will he push us into a corner to feed like pigs from a wooden bowl?"

The Invalid Child;

Or

GRACE ILLUSTRATED.

BY HUMPHREYS.

Ten years ago while performing the arduous duties of a large and laborious pastorate in Southern Pennsylvania, my visits brought me in contact with an interesting little girl of eight summers. She was an invalid. Her name was *Mary*. This name she received at her baptism, and for her it had a peculiar significance. "Every time I hear any one call me," she would say, "I am reminded of my *new birth* of water and of the Spirit."

From the day of her birth till the day of her death, one year later, her pathway through life led along a rough and weary road. Her *invalid-life* was a picture of human weakness and misery, complemented by heavenly mercy and might. It was a *little life*, crowded full of helplessness—a dreary waste, full of aches and unrest on the one side, and on the other full of cheer and sunshine. She was uncomplaining in her *lonesomeness;* for pious and affectionate hearts had early taught her to be patient in adversity. Her trust was in her faithful Saviour Jesus Christ. "My frail bark is on the sea of life," she would say; "all around me is darkest night and tempest—no star twinkles above my sick and weary head, but the Star of Hope." Tossed about upon the boisterous sea of life's trials, the soul instinctively turns to Jesus for help. This is His time to stretch forth His helping hand, for He only can say to the raging elements: "Peace, be still," and they obey Him. Under her baptism of suffering, Mary's only comfort was, that one of the common days she would lay down her body of pain, and be at rest.

How inspiriting to her soul was the happy consciousness that the redemptive work of Christ had reached her *poor, deformed body*, and that, in the fulness of time, He would *undo* sin's destructive work! (1 Cor. xv. 20–58). Mary was taught her relation to Christ, was made to feel that she was a *tender plant* in His kingdom—a member of His mystical body, one with Christ. This happy reflection filled her child-heart with rapturous delight. "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—that He could not be "holden of death"—that He rose from the dead on the world's first Easter Morning, and is "alive forevermore." It was this happy state of mind which took away the terror of dying. "It must be," she would say, "that I shall *live after death*, because I am joined to Christ's life." The hope she enjoyed was no mere fancy. Sacramental union for her was something infinitely more than a figure of speech. She had been taught that, in her case, it was a real grafting into Christ, the Vine- a vital union begun at her baptism when she was joined to Him in the New Creation. If she was strong under her pain, it was because Christ was sustaining her; if she was happy in the prospect of death, it was because her faith inclined her to lean upon Christ's strong arm as she walked through the valley of the shadow thereof. Her faith centred not in a *dead*, but in a *living Christ*. She believed

that He who had risen on the third day from the dead, was in *person* the very Jesus who was crucified, dead and buried—was He who came down from heaven, was Incarnate, and made Man.

Mary had memorized many passages of Holy Writ, and nearly all of the questions of the Catechism. Her memory was retentive, and her perception quick. There was an absorption of her physical strength by her mental activity. While her mental powers were growing stronger day by day, her physical powers were growing feebler and more inactive, reminding her, in language too plain to be misunderstood, of her approaching end.

When her attention was called to this fact, she said: "God's will be done." "I have no fear of death," she said on another occasion; "'For to me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'" She looked upon *death* as the only way by which "earth's millions of sinning, sorrowing and suffering saints" may have their perfect consummation and bliss of body and soul in that other and better world. "I am one with Christ in His humiliation, and I shall be one with Him in glory." O happy thought! Yes, Mary, you will be above the Angels, the unfallen sons of God—"nearest the throne, and first in song."

As the day of her death came apace, the remaining infirmities and weaknesses of her sinful nature were promptly met by conquering *grace* and subdued. God "will keep the feet of His saints." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." It was, indeed, cleansing this invalid-child.

One day, as I was sitting by her side reading an article from the GUARDIAN, Vol. IV., No. 4, "On Early Death," by H., she whispered: "When I rise from the dead, I shall have a beautiful body like Cora." At another time she was reclining in her easy chair, watching the little girls at their innocent play. I observed tears sparkling in her mild blue eyes. I asked: Have you pain? She answered: "No, sir." Then, as if roused from a day-dream, she said: "I cannot romp. I cannot walk. But my dear mamma says: 'In the beautiful life everlasting I will not be lame.'"

Mary was, indeed, a "miracle of grace." She enjoyed as much of the light and comfort of religion as many Christians do who have arrived at old age. Hers was the patience of a Job, and the triumphs of a Paul. In all my visits to her, I was made to feel and acknowledge that *Christianity is a life*, and not a system of doctrine, or a code of laws. Education, culture, development, all commendable and absolutely necessary in their place, come short, however, in meeting the deepest wants of man's fallen nature. There is in the soul of man no *germ* of holiness—"no good angel with folded wings waiting some magic touch to come forth and display its inherent loveliness." Man is dead "in trespasses and sins." He cannot therefore be *taught to live*. "I am the life," said Christ. "Because I live, ye shall live also." To this *life* Mary was joined, and in this *life* she sank to rest.

One stormy night in March, when the Easter-flowers were in full bloom, "and the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard" in her rural home, Mary, after her usual evening devotions, was put into her little bed to sleep for the night. After sleeping an hour or two, she called her mamma to her side. With quivering lips she said: "I am so very cold." The Angel of Death had long since marked her as his own, and now she felt the icy touch of his finger; now he had come to do his fearful work. Before the gray streaks of morning had melted into the golden sun-light of day, the *invalid-child* had "fallen sleep,"—the silver cord was loosed, and Mary's soul had winged its flight into the Paradise of God.

On a sloping hill-side, in a lovely *God's Acre*, we laid her little body down to rest. "She is not dead, but sleepeth."—"God giveth His beloved sleep." On her little mound, we lay this wreath:

"There came a little child with sunny hair,
All fearless, to the brink of death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the Joy and Giver;
And as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say: 'My Saviour makes them bright.'"

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

"How Shall I Become a Reader?"

BY J. O. J.

This is a question which the young often ask, and almost as often the inquiry is left unanswered. Perhaps it might be considered sufficient to reply: Go to work and read. But the advice, good enough in itself, fails to set the inquirer to work. The importance of reading cannot well be over-estimated, provided the reading be of the right kind, for it has been truly said, "*Reading makes a wise man,* conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man." In this age of printing and publishing one would think it an easy matter for all to become readers, and yet many of our young men and women read very little. They ask in great perplexity: How shall we become readers?

We will endeavor to assist those who are in perplexity on this subject by relating the following conversation which took place about thirteen years ago between a young editor, himself an untiring reader, (now a prominent lawyer), and a young man who read but little besides the Bible and the newspaper.

"John, do you read?"

"No, sir, not much."

"Why not?"

John was at a loss for an answer, as most persons are under similar circumstances.

"Well, you ought to read. This will never do. Did you ever read Robinson Crusoe?"

"No, sir."

"The Arabian Nights?"

"No, sir."

"I will get you those two books; and if you read them, you will not need to be urged hereafter to read. Many great readers have confessed that they began with those works, and that they owe their love for this profitable way of improving their minds and turning to good account their spare hours to the stimulus received in perusing those delightful and entertaining books."

In a few days John found himself lost to all but the little world in which Robinson Crusoe lived, and when the spell of that story could be sufficiently broken to begin the Arabian Nights, he was soon lost in that wider world of wonder. And then Sir Walter Scott's historical romances charmed his fancy and awakened his mind to the love of history. He has ever since found reading a most delightful as well as most profitable occupation.

Might not parents take the hint and place such standard literary works into the hands of their boys and girls, and thus also let them cultivate from the start a love for good reading and at the same time prevent their ever conceiving a taste for "dime novels" and newspaper novels and such like trash?

Successful Teaching.

Many Sunday-school teachers are often discouraged, and sometimes to such an extent as to be ready to give up the work altogether, because they see no good resulting from their efforts. That there is much unprofitable teaching in Sunday-schools, is certainly a fact. The reason of it, no doubt, lies as much in the lack of definite aim as in the want of proper method or qualification on the part of teachers.

The true aim of all teaching in the Sunday-school should be *to win the scholars to Christ.* When this is held steadily in view, and pursued with the proper spirit and in the use of the right means, teachers will meet with success, as the following true story, which we take from the American Messenger, proves and illustrates. J. B.

"Who was that young man who bowed to you so pleasantly, Miss P——?" I said to a friend with whom I was walking one bright afternoon.

"Oh, that is Charles Stanley, one of my Sunday-school scholars—he is a noble fellow. I have six of them; they are all noble fellows."

"Your Sunday-school scholars?" I exclaimed; "why, what do you mean? He is a man grown, he smiled as cheerily to you as if you were his mother or dear friend. You do not mean that you have a class of young gentlemen like him?"

"Yes, I have six young men, and Charles is the youngest of the whole class. These six have been with me for nearly ten years. I suppose I cannot keep them much longer. May God's blessing go with them wherever they go, mine surely will. I always say

'God bless them,' whenever I meet one of my six young men."

I looked at my gentle friend, fair and lovely and frail. I did not wonder that the six boys loved her, and I gradually drew from her a little account of her class.

"I have always been in the Sunday-school, and have taught quite a variety of classes. Sometimes very little children, then again young ladies, sometimes poor children, who knew nothing at all, and appreciated very little the interest shown towards them, but finally the Superintendent said to me one day, 'Miss P——., you have wonderful success in keeping up an interest in your class. Your scholars are seldom absent when the roll is called. Would you be willing to undertake a very refractory class of boys? Five different teachers have tried them, but have given up in despair, and say they can do nothing with them.' I looked across the school and discovered six very active little fellows full of spirits and life, and wide-awake to the last degree. 'Oh, yes, I'll try them,' I replied, 'they are very bright, active boys, but none of them look vicious. I think I know the parents of several of them.'

"So the next Sunday I took my seat beside the six restless little fellows and began talking to them pleasantly of their homes,—their parents, and their school; so as to fix their attention. I then told them I intended teaching their class and hoped they would give me no trouble. They all looked pleased and one of them was excited enough to hold out his hand to me and say, boy-fashion, 'That is bully, ma'am, we will all sit still as mice.' But pretty lively mice I found them sometimes.

"So Sunday after Sunday I was at my post, and Sunday after Sunday the six boys were in their places. I did not preach much to them, but interested them in their lessons and in all the exercises of the school, sang with them in the little choir, and read with them some portion of Scripture every Sunday, and had them help me explain it; and a wonderful interest sprang up between me and my six boys. I kept on with the class for eight years, the youngest was sixteen years old, and I said to them, 'You are no longer boys, my friends, you are young men, some of you are ready for college and others will soon be finding places of business. If you feel too old to remain my scholars take classes of your own, but do not leave the school.' But all asked if they might remain just as they were, my Sunday-school scholars, as long as I would keep them. Two of them are now in college, noble fellows! but when vacation comes around they always come to me and remain in my class until they are obliged to go back. Two are preparing themselves for the ministry, and two have good situations in stores in the town—all active, earnest, working young men, and by God's help will make valuable citizens and Christian gentlemen, in whatever society they may be placed. I feel the tenderest love and care for them. They have always come to me in all their perplexities at school or in the family, and many times have I knelt with them to ask God's forgiveness for their shortcomings, and His blessing upon their future. My heart will be with them wherever I go, and my prayers for their welfare will daily go up to the throne of grace."

When my friend had finished her recital I thanked her kindly and left her, thinking to myself, what an invaluable friend and teacher has this lady been to these six young men; patiently, gently, and most lovingly she has borne with those wild, irrepressible boys, leading them on and on, until they have all come forward in the church to renew their baptismal vows in confirmation, and have all knelt with her to commemorate the holy feast in memory of their dying Lord.

Six young men! trained, taught, watched over, and tenderly cared for by one frail, gentle woman; what a noble band to send forth into the world to take their places as Christians in the highest sense, among their fellow-men! What jewels in her crown when the Master cometh and calleth for her!

"TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."—All the "trees of righteousness" are transplanted; but it is a solemn thought how very few old trees are transplanted; the greatest number of transplants are among the young.

THE BEST ART—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

APRIL 4. LESSON XIV. 1875.

First Sunday after Easter—Quasimodogeniti, or Dominica in Albis.

St. John xx. 19–31.

19. Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

20. And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

21. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father has sent me, even so send I you.

22. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

23. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

24. But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came

25. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26. And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.

28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

30. And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book:

31. But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this day called *Quasimodogeniti?* Why *Dominica in Albis?*

19. What is meant by *the same day at evening?* What by *the first day of the week?* What is this day called in the Catechism? Why? Why, probably, were the disciples together? Why with *shut doors?* Who came? Did they expect Him? Did they open the doors for Him to come in? What did He say? Was this simply a greeting? How had His disciples acted when He was taken and crucified? Did they merit such a greeting from Him now?

20. What did He show them? Why? Why were they *glad?* How did they know it was the Lord?

21. What did Jesus then say? Why does He repeat these words,—see verse 19? Did power go with them? What does He add? In what respect did He send His disciples as His Father had sent Him?

22. What did Jesus then do? What are we to understand by *breathed on them?* And what did He say? Did they now receive the Holy Ghost? May we suppose different degrees in which the gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred at different times?

23. What more did He say? Had His disciples this power henceforth? In what sense?

24. Which of the disciples was not with them? Why, probably, was he absent?

25. What did the other disciples say to him? When? What did he answer? Why did he want such clear proof? Should he be blamed for this?

26. When were the disciples together again? What day of the week was that? Why now always together on that day? Who was now with them? Who came in? In what respect was His entrance now like that eight days before? How could He enter, *the doors being shut?* What did Jesus say? Was there likely any special reference in this sentence this time to Thomas?

27. Whom did He address? What did He say? Why? What does *faithless* mean?

28. What did Thomas say? What effect had been produced upon him? Why does he call Jesus, *his Lord and his God?* Had he ever before looked upon his Master as possessed of this divine character?

29. What does Jesus say? Whom does He call *blessed?* What do you understand by the word *blessed?* Which is the greater, to believe when seeing the Lord personally as Thomas did, or to believe in Him though we see Him not? In which case are we?

30. What is meant by *signs?* Were the signs here referred to done before His resurrection or after it? In whose *presence* were they done? To what book does the Evangelist refer here?

31. *These*—what? Why written? That *who* might believe? Believe what? What does the expression *the Christ* mean? What life is here meant? What does *His name* signify?

CATECHISM.

XIV. Lord's Day.

35. What is the meaning of these words, "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary?"

That God's eternal Son, who is, and continueth true and eternal God, took upon Him the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, that He might also be the true seed of David, like unto His brethren in all things, sin excepted.

36. What profit dost thou receive by Christ's holy conception and nativity?

That He is our mediator, and with His innocence and perfect holiness covers, in the sight of God, my sins, wherein I was conceived and brought forth.

COMMENTS.—*Quasimodogeniti*, or the day of the *new-born*, from 1 Peter, 2: 2, the opening words of the Epistle read in the ancient Church on this day, and very fitting in its relation to Easter. *Dominica in Albis*, or the *white Sunday*, so called from the custom of the primitive Church to present on this day, dressed in white, to the assembled congregation, the catechumens who had been baptized on Easter night. The beautiful custom, still lingering among us, of catechumens appearing in white, on confirmation day, connects itself with this early Christian habit.

19. *The same day at evening.*—The evening of that day on which Christ had risen from the dead. *The first day of the week.* Of the Sabbatical or Easter week of the Jews. This *first day* became henceforth among Christians, the *Lord's Day*, in consequence of its being the day of the Lord's resurrection. *The doors being shut.* Mentioned with special stress, and repeated, verse 26. Jesus entered by virtue of His resurrection body (1 Cor. 15: 44), which is not bound by the limits of matter. *Peace be unto you.* A greeting, carrying with it, in this case, the assurance of His triumph for them, as His infant Church, and of pardon for having deserted Him in the hour of His trial.

20. *His hands and His side.*—Also His *feet*, Luke 24: 40.

21. *As my Father hath sent me.*—Probably to be taken in the restricted sense of the resurrection-life in which, by the power of the Father, He now appears before them, and confirms to them His peace. *Even so send I you.* Namely in the order and power of this resurrection-life, as this has place henceforth in His kingdom.

22. *Breathed on them.*—Significant in its relation to the words which follow. When man was first created, God breathed into him the breath of life (Gen. 2: 7). *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.* They needed the gift of the Holy Ghost 1) To sustain them until the founding of the Church on the day of Pentecost; 2) To keep them from falling, meanwhile, into the surrounding Jewish life; 3) To work in them the necessary preparation for carrying out the mission the Lord is about entrusting to them, and which they were to enter upon, when on the day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost would be given in larger measure.

23. *Ye remit.*—By preaching the Gospel and administering the sacraments; the two great means for bringing men into Christ's kingdom, where is remission of sins. *Ye retain.* By Christian discipline or excommunication. See Heidelberg Catechism, Ques. 83.

24. *Was not with them.*—The apprehension and crucifixion of his Master, it would seem, had wrought greater wreck with the faith and hopes of Thomas, than was the case with the other disciples. Hence he failed to assemble with them.

25. *Said unto Him.*—When they met Him later during the week. *Except I shall see.* Like his absence at the first meeting of the disciples after the Lord's resurrection, an evidence of the state of doubt into which Thomas had fallen.

26. *After eight days.*—Sunday again. They may have been looking for the appearance of the Lord, as it was this day one week before, when He did appear unto them. *Peace be unto you.* This time to include Thomas also.

27. *Then saith he to Thomas.*—Jesus knew the feelings of his doubting disciple, for he knew what was in man. Hence he invites him to the test which was to remove his lingering doubt.

28. *My Lord and my God.*—By the first term Thomas expresses his conviction that He is indeed his risen Master: and by the second, apprehension of the Divine character of Christ, manifest in His resurrection from the dead.

29. *Because thou hast seen me.*—Had seen the print of the nails in his hands, and of the spear in his side. *Blessed.*—Means more than the word *Happy*, as it also carries with it the idea of being *right*.

30. *Other signs.*—Other than those of His sudden appearing when the doors were shut, and His reading the thoughts of Thomas. Some of these other signs are mentioned in the next chapter; some in the other Gospels. *This book.* This Gospel by John.

31. *Ye might believe.*—Those persons to whom John wrote his Gospel. Indirectly it means also us and all others who come to read it. *The Son of God.* Not simply *a* son of God, in the sense in which all men are God's children; but as he speaks of Him in the first chapter of this Gospel, where he calls Him also God. See chap. 1: 1 and 14. *His Name.* His revelation.

APRIL 11. LESSON XV. 1875.

Second Sunday after Easter—Misericordias Domini. St. John x. 11–16.

11. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.
12. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.
13. The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.
14. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.
15. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.
16. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this day called *Misericordias Domini?* What parable have we in this lesson? What is a parable? Does the parable properly begin with this lesson?—See verse 1.

11. *I*—who? Why does He compare himself to a good shepherd? What will a good shepherd do in case of need? Whom do the sheep here represent? And what did Christ do for them?

12. What is *a hireling?* Are the sheep his? What doth he do when he *seeth the wolf coming?* What does the wolf do? What is the wolf the figure of?

13. Why does the hireling flee? Whom does the hireling here represent? How flee?

14. How does Christ *know* His sheep? (Ezekiel 34: 11–15). How is He known of them?

15. Who is meant by the *Father?* Is there any difference in the degree of the knowledge of the Father and of Christ respecting each other? Does this imply equality of character? When did Christ lay down His life for the sheep?

16. What is meant by fold? What here by *this fold?* Other sheep than which? Who are meant by the *other sheep?* In what sense are they His? How *bring* them? What shall they do? Are those of His sheep who do not hear His voice? Of whom shall the *one fold* consist? Who shall be the one shepherd?

CATECHISM.

XV. Lord's Day.

37. What dost thou understand by the words "He suffered?"

That He, all the time He lived on earth, but especially at the end of His life, sustained in body and soul, the wrath of God against the sins of mankind; that so by His passion, as the only propitiatory sacrifice, He might redeem our body and soul from everlasting damnation; and obtain for us the favor of God, righteousness and eternal life.

38. Why did He suffer under Pontius Pilate, as His judge?

That He, being innocent, and yet condemned by a temporal judge, might thereby free us from the severe judgment of God, to which we were exposed.

39. Is there any thing more in His being crucified, than if He had died some other death?

Yes, (there is;) for thereby I am assured that He took on Him the curse which lay upon me; for the death of the cross was accursed of God.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy Name.

While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

COMMENTS.—*Misericordias Domini.* "I will sing of the *mercies of the Lord* forever;" opening words of Psalm 89. We have here the parable of the Good Shepherd, one of the most beautiful and touching figurative representations of the relation of the Lord to His people, conceivable. The preceding paragraph, in which Christ represents Himself as the door to the sheep-fold, is considered by some as part of this parable; though it carries its own distinct view in itself. A very close relation holds between the two.

11. *The Good Shepherd.*—Christ Himself. *The sheep.* In the widest sense, men generally: in a more definite sense, those who become His followers. Even as a good shepherd will watch over his sheep, and yield his life in defense of them, so has Christ intervened in behalf of men, and given Himself for their salvation. He is the one and only absolute shepherd of souls. Ministers and other officers in the Church are only shepherds in a subordinate sense, namely, as they obtain their authority from Him, and discharge their duty in His spirit.

12. *Hireling.*—One acting as a shepherd, but not being a true shepherd of the sheep, who cares only for his own interest, his pay. *The wolf.*—Figure here for Satan, and every thing ungodly. The description given of the conduct, selfish and cowardly, of the hireling, was a life-like picture of the course pursued by the leaders of the Jews at the time. See John 12: 42—3.

13. *Fleeth.*—It lies in his character as a mere hireling, with no concern for the sheep, that with the appearance of actual danger, he should run away. There is no strong inner bond binding him to his flock, and its welfare, or harm.

14. Having given the characteristics of the hireling, the Lord now, by way of emphatic contrast, repeats the opening words of the parable. *Know my sheep.* Confirms the declaration just made concerning Himself. Christ knows His own. *Am known of Mine.* True disciples know their Lord and Saviour. He knows His, by their disposition toward Him: they know Him, by His love toward them.

15. *As the Father knoweth Me.*—The knowledge of the Father is complete, for He is God. Then Christ affirms that complete. And here seems to lie the deepest reason of His power to know His own. *I lay down My life.* Allusion to His death upon the cross. The relation in which Christ stands to men, by virtue of His incarnation, is, moreover, throughout an interposition and a sacrifice in their behalf.

16. *This fold.*—His Jewish disciples; His Church, as composed of believers of Jewish origin. *Other sheep.* Gentiles, such as are not Jews: Heathen, as we now would say. *Them also I must bring.* He here announces the universal, Catholic character of His kingdom as for people of all nations. In His relation to men national and other incidental distinctions disappear. The declaration of Jesus has now already its fulfillment to a very large extent. *One fold.* The Church of Christ is in its very nature one, though it may appear in different outward forms. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, people from the East, and people from the West, stand all alike in it. *One shepherd.* Namely, Jesus Christ Himself. For all time He continues actively the watchful tender shepherd of His people; and delegates His office to no Pope or Czar.

The twenty-third Psalm gives us a very beautiful picture of the relation of the Lord, as shepherd, to His people.

The Power of Reading.

Benjamin Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good, by Cotton Mather." It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book."

Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet —"The greatest good of the greatest number."

There are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dor-

APRIL 18. LESSON XVI. 1875.

Third Sunday after Easter—Jubilate. St. John xvi. 16–22.

16. A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, A little while and ye shall see me; because I go to the Father.
17. Then said some of his disciples among themselves, What is this that he saith unto us, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, A little while, and ye shall see me: and, Because I go to the Father?
18. They said, therefore, What is this that he saith, A little while? We can not tell what he saith.
19. Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, A little while, and ye shall see me?
20. Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.
21. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.
22. And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this Sunday called *Jubilate?* In what relation does this Gospel stand to the Easter season of the church year in which it has its place?

16. Who is here speaking? *Ye*—who? At what period in the Saviour's life did He utter the words of this Gospel? What does He mean by the first *a little while?* Why should they not see Him then? What is meant by the second *a little while?* What by *I go to the Father?*

17. What did the disciples say? Did they understand Him? Why did they fail to understand Him? Had He ever intimated to them before His death and resurrection? Did they now ask *Him* for an explanation?

18. *They said therefore*, to whom? What conclusion did they come to?

19. What did Jesus know? How did He come to know it? He said—what? Why, probably, did He not at the first tell them in plain words what He referred to?

20. What is the force of *Verily, verily?* What should they do? Why? The expression *the world* signifies what, as used in this connection? How would it be affected? Why? *Ye shall be sorrowful*—why? What should become of their sorrow? When?

21. To whom does the Saviour compare His disciples while their sorrow should last? Like what should their joy be?

22. When did their sorrow begin? Why? What words of comfort does Jesus speak? When see them again? What effect would this have? Would their joy abide?

CATECHISM.

XVI. Lord's Day.

40. Why was it necessary for Christ to humble Himself even unto death?

Because with respect to the justice and truth of God, satisfaction for our sins could be made no otherwise than by the death of the Son of God.

41. Why was He also "buried"?

Thereby to prove that He was really dead.

42. Since then Christ died for us, why must we also die?

Our death is not a satisfaction for our sins, but only an abolishing of sin, and a passage into eternal life.

43. What further benefit do we receive from the sacrifice and death of Christ on the Cross?

That by virtue thereof our old man is crucified, dead, and buried with Him: that so the corrupt inclinations of the flesh may no more reign in us, but that we may offer ourselves unto Him a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

44. Why is there added, "He descended into hell?"

That in my greatest temptations, I may be assured, and wholly comfort myself in this, that my Lord Jesus Christ, by His inexpressible anguish, pains, terrors, and hellish agonies, in which He was plunged during all His sufferings, but especially on the cross, hath delivered me from all the anguish and torments of hell.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest:
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold:
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treach'rous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove:
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

COMMENTS.—*Jubilate.*—Opening Latin word of Psalm 66, read on this day in the Ancient Church. This Gospel properly belongs to the Easter season which celebrates the accomplished resurrection of the Lord, foretold by Him in it.

16. *A little while.*—About one day; from Thursday evening, when the Lord was speaking, till Friday, when He would be crucified. *Not see me.* Because of His death. His body would be in the grave; His spirit, in the words of the Apostles' Creed, "descended into hades," or as He Himself says, gone *to the Father. And again, A little while* — From His death to His resurrection. *Ye shall see me.* After "He rose from the dead." *I go to the Father.* Not to the realm of the dead simply; but to the Father's own world of life and glory. Hence His power to return as in the resurrection.

17. Of late the Lord had repeatedly spoken of His approaching departure to His disciples. They were slow to understand it. What, however, now seems to have been darkest in His saying was the declaration that they should see Him again a little while after His departure in death, and connecting this with His going to the Father. His resurrection lay as yet beyond their conception.

18. *We cannot tell.* Their interest was wrought up; but the saying was at that time yet too mysterious for them.

19. *Jesus knew.* He may have noticed their inquiring among themselves, and their solicitous disposition. Then here, as often elsewhere, we must not overlook His divine insight into the thoughts of His disciples, and of men generally. To this point of attentive thinking about the matter the Lord had, doubtless, sought to bring them, so that His further statements might find lodgement in their minds, and prepare them, to some extent, for the events referred to, when they should come. *I said.* He repeats, no doubt with emphatic tone and mien. The terms were to be firmly riveted upon their attention.

20. *Verily, verily.* Most solemn affirmation, common in Jewish speech. *Weep and lament.* When His apprehension, trial, crucifixion and death should take place, and they should see Him no more. *The world.* In the widest sense the elements of evil and unbelief; but, in its immediate sense, the rulers of the Jews, the Scribes and Pharisees, and the wicked rabble generally. He had called them out of the world, represented by these, and which now hated Him and them. *Shall rejoice.* Though also only for *a little while,* when the Lord, triumphing over it, would return. So always in this life, the disciples of Christ and the men of the world do not rejoice at the same time. *Your sorrow.* Also only for *a little while. Turned into joy.* At His resurrection.

21. The sorrow of the disciples was like that of a woman, not only great, but also full of doubt and fear. In the resurrection of Christ lay, in a sense, a new birth for man, and thus for the disciples.

22. *Now.* His conduct for several days past, and His explanatory addresses brought about this state of mind. Their hopes of an earthly kingdom, to be founded by their Master, were cut off, and darkness seemed to enshroud the immediate future, their finely wrought pictures of temporal power and glory had been shattered, and they could not yet lay firm hold of the eternal forces which were drawing nigh in their stead. *I will see you again.* Tender words of comfort. *Your joy no man taketh from you.* It will base itself upon my resurrection, and partake of its immortal character, with God and man at peace.

Personal Influences.

Upon the higher Alps, the snow is sometimes piled so high, and so evenly balanced, that a crack of a whip, or the shout of a voice, may give sufficient vibration to the air to bring down the whole mass upon the travelers below.

So, in our moral world, there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin; a word, or even a look from us, may cause them to plunge down into the depths from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in the moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, sure paths of virtue and peace.

Knowing that we have such power, shall we not humbly pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil?"

APRIL 25. **LESSON XVII.** **1875.**

Fourth Sunday after Easter—Cantate. St. John xvi. 5–15.

5. But now I go my way to him that sent me, and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou?
6. But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.
7. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.
8. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.
9. Of sin, because they believe not on me:
10. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more:
11. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.
12. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.
13. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.
14. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.
15. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this Sunday called *Cantate?*

5. Who is here speaking? To whom? What does He say? Who sent Him? Where would He go? Why did they not ask Him?

6. In what state of feeling were the disciples at this time? Why? *Said these things*—which?

7. What does He tell them? Was this what they had all along expected? What reason does He give? Who is the Comforter? Why called Comforter in this connection?

8. What will the Comforter do? Reprove whom? In what sense? In a general way what do we understand by sin? What by righteousness? What by judgment?

9. What sin is here specified? Why this sin particularly?

10. What going to the Father is meant? How many days would this be yet? Why see Him no more? How would this reprove the world of righteousness?

11. Who is *the prince of this world?* How is He judged? In what way does this fact reprove the world of judgment?

12. Had the Lord anything else to say? Why did He refrain? Why not bear them now?

13. Who is *the Spirit of Truth?* When did He actually come? Did He then come to abide always in the Church? What was He to do? How? *Hear*—from whom? What *things to come?* What is the Spirit of Truth called in verse 7? Is He still the Comforter to men?

14. *Glorify* means what? How shall He glorify Christ?

15. What things does Christ say are His? Does He in this expression claim equal character with the Father.

CATECHISM.

XVII. Lord's Day.

45. What does the resurrection of Christ profit us?

First: by His resurrection He hath overcome death, that He might make us partakers of that righteousness, which He had purchased for us by His death. Secondly: we are also by His power raised up to a new life. And lastly: the resurrection of Christ is a sure pledge of our blessed resurrection.

Jesus, who hath gone before us
  Heavenly mansions to prepare,—
See Him, who is ever pleading
  For us with prevailing prayer;
See Him, who with sound of trumpet
  And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
  On the clouds will come again.

Raise us up from earth to heaven,
  Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
  Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
  We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
  In His heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth,
  We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
  Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,—
  And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
  And may reign for ever there.

COMMENTS.—*Cantate.*—First word in Latin of Psalm 98, read in the morning service on this day in the Ancient Church.

This Gospel foretells the coming of the Comforter or the Holy Spirit, and initiates properly the *Pentecostal period* of the Church Year.

5. *But now I go*—The reason why He tells them so many things pertaining to Himself and His people. *None of you asketh me.* Which He would have preferred. The present was gloomy, the future dark to them. Had they asked Him, *Whither goest thou?* they would have found reason for joy. They lacked heart; which in this case means faith.

6. *These things*—His going away, and the persecutions which would follow. See chap. 15 : 18—27 : and 16 : 1—5.

7. This verse is essentially consoling in its character. Though they had not asked Him why He was going, He gives them the great reason for it, and one which should have cheered their hearts. *The truth.* By a sort of emphasis, to show the comprehensive character of the fact He mentions. *Comforter.* The Holy Ghost. The sorrowful circumstances likely led to the use of this name. In the New Testament economy God in Christ works and reigns through the Spirit.

8. *Reprove*—In the sense of *convicting* it. *The world.*—The very same elements of whom He speaks in the paragraphs immediately preceding this Gospel. The world, which is there represented as so persecuting and defiant toward Christ and His followers, will be arraigned and convicted by the unerring and invincible Spirit of God. The reproof of the Comforter will lead those, who turn to God, to repentance unto life: those who turn away from God, to condemnation. *Sin.* Wrong: Conflict with God's order and laws. *Righteousness.* The direct opposite of *Sin. Judgment.* Decision of the conflict between sin and righteousness, final, complete, and that in favor of the latter.

9. The root of sin is disbelief in God and His revelation. It was so at the first in the garden of Eden. The fullest and completest revelation of God to man possible is made in the person of Jesus Christ, and disbelief in Him comes now to be the greatest sin, and makes room for all the sins. The Spirit will make this clear.

10. *I go to my Father.* Has reference to His *ascension*, forty-three days afterward. His ascension was His final bodily removal from His earthly disciples, whereas, His descent into the grave or hades was only a temporary one. This removal, however, was at the same time, Christ's ascent to the throne of the universe.

11. *The prince of this world.*—Satan, the personal embodiment of the principles of evil. He is judged, *i. e. condemned.* His fate will be shared by all evil and and all evil doers. With their prince must His subjects go. Christ borne down, as it appeared at the Cross, *Sin*, with universal disorder, would have become the hopeless lot of men: Christ triumphing, as in His resurrection and ascension, *righteousness* became supreme, and possible to men, while working *judgment* upon whatever opposes it. The Spirit, in the new dispensation would manifest this.

12. *Many things.* Refers principally to things which He afterward told them during the time between His resurrection and His ascension. *Cannot bear them now.* Amid the present sorrow their hearts were too heavy, their minds too confused.

13. *The Spirit of truth.* The Comforter before promised. *He will guide you.* To learn the truth we must make an effort, and then the Spirit will guide us step by step. Such was the case with the apostles. Men who do not care and make no exertion will not come to the truth. *All truth.* Having reference, especially to whatsoever relates to the character and fortunes of Christ's Church and to their own salvation. *Hear.* From Christ and the Father. *Things to come.* Such as the prophecies found in the Epistles of the Apostles, and in the Book of Revelation.

14. *He shall glorify me.* By making my words, deeds, and missions, so poorly understood by you now, all intelligible to you. *Receive of mine—show it unto you.* The Spirit will be to you the interpreter of Me.

15. *Are mine.* These last few verses can only be understood in the light of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. In them we have brought before us in the intimate relations of a common Being the personal activity or distinction of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Hence in this verse Christ says, *all things that the Father hath are mine.*

BEGIN, betimes, to teach your child the Holy Scriptures. There is nothing like it for the tender, simple heart of childhood. Daniel Webster said: "From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. Great credit is due my parents for instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures." It is wonderful how the Word of God has been preserved and its circulation and teaching prospered. But three hundred years ago a body of Romish priests made a great fire in Earl street London, and burned every copy of the Bible that could be found, and then congratulated themselves that the last Bible was destroyed. To-day, on the very spot where this fire was built, stand the great buildings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where the Bible is printed in one hundred and seventy-eight different languages; and it may almost be said that an additional copy comes from the press at every tick of the clock.

THE times are hard, and work and money scarce. Many people must curtail expenses somewhere. Strange to say, some very good people begin retrenchment at the wrong end. Instead of dropping some of their luxuries, extra sumptuous feasts, needless eating and drinking, and wearing all kinds of fineries and jewelry, instead of plain and cheaper clothing, just as serviceable as the more expensive, and wearing it three or six months longer than usual, which by a little mending and brushing can easily be done, using their limbs instead of street cars and expensive livery vehicles, they stint the blessed cause of Christ. Many a dollar could be saved in a year without inconvenience or discomfort. They fare sumptuously every day as before, but try to make up losses and the falling off of incomes by withholding what belongs to Christ and His Church. They stop giving to the poor and to benevolent objects generally, on the plea that they must curtail expenses. One perhaps excuses himself on the ground that he has lately met with losses. Like the Sunday-school boy to whom his mother had given two pennies, one for the poor heathen and one for sugar plums. Happening to lose one of these he used the other for sugar plums, on the plea that the one he had intended for the heathen had been lost.

As the result of this wrong reasoning the different objects of charity and religion are left to languish for want of support. Religious papers are stopped, whilst the secular and often trashy journals are retained. Money is too scarce to buy good religious books, but not too scarce to buy bad literature. Curtail expenses, but see well to it that you begin at the right end.

Our Book Table.

TREASURY PICTURES; or, Readings for the Young in the Sunday-school and Family. Compiled by J. David Miller.

SEEKING AND FINDING. From the German, by Lewis Henry Steiner.

Both these works have been issued by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The first is a neatly-bound volume of 144 pages, compiled from the pages of the "Child's Treasury," designed more particularly for the smaller children of the Church.

The second is another of Dr. Steiner's happy translations from the German, a volume of 346 pages The funds for its publication were contributed by Mrs. Barbara Kuhns, of Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa. We regard this work as a valuable accession to our Sunday-school literature. The late Dr. Hoffman, of Berlin, commends it highly in a short preface. The young daughter of a wealthy, fashionable family is introduced into "*good company, elegant life, high-bred society.*" She plunges into social gaieties. "Party followed party, ball followed ball." She soon feels a painful sense of the emptiness and vanity of fashionable life. Her soul thirsts for something better. With a friend she visits the Bethany Institute, near Berlin. She sees how cultivated ladies, after sacrificing home and fortune, here devote their life to the nursing of the sick and dying. She seems to breathe a heavenly air, and after a severe conflict with her parents, joins the happy band. The place is quiet, but her unrest she brings with her. One of the sisters nurses her during a severe illness, and gently guides her nearer to Christ. Again she returns to her friends, to a wealthy aunt, but takes her Saviour with her. A merciful Providence teaches her much in the school of sorrow, and subdues her into a meek and gentle handmaiden of the Lord. We took up this book with a view of skimming over a few pages here and there, and read half of the volume before we laid it aside.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. MAY, 1875. NO. 5.

Stilling and Gœthe at the University of Strasburg.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I am fond of people, and that every one feels directly, young and old. I never demoralize any one – always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable."—*Gœthe's Mother.*

The venerable city of Strasburg has played a prominent part in European history—in European literature, too. Its location near the Rhine has made it a bone of contention between Germany and France for centuries past. Although strongly fortified, the Alsatian plain around it affords no mountain protection. Within a few miles of the Rhine, its tall spires can be seen from the deck of the passing steamers. Its long and painful siege during the late Franco-German war, the destruction of many of its historic structures, was but one of many instances in its checkered history, where its unfortunate location entailed ruin upon its inhabitants.

Its founding dates back to the Romans. For almost two thousand years has it been the metropolis of this charming Alsatian country. Its merchant princes, and men distinguished in letters and the fine arts have helped to give it a European fame. In the sixth century its renowned Cathedral or Münster was founded, now one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Europe. Its spire, 468 feet high, is the highest in the world. It is 24 feet higher than the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt, and 140 feet higher than St. Paul's, in London. Erwin of Steinbach was its architect. He died in 1318, when it was only about half finished. It was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter, Sabina. This whole family of architects are buried within the Cathedral.

The spire is open stone fret-work, an unroofed skeleton of a structure. The winding stairway coils around the open outside. Surely we must ascend this famous spire. A laborious up-hill work it is. On a platform, two-thirds of the way up, is a station for the watchmen, who are to look out for foxes. From here the people in the squares below around the church look like little children, and large horses scarcely as large as donkeys.

We press upward a little higher. The view is vast and grand, but trying to the nerves. Should your foot slip, might you not fall through the open fret-work, and make your last long leap on the hard pavement below? And the whole thing is so delicately built, you can hardly see how it could avoid being blown over by every sweeping storm. And a fatal sweep might just happen to come when you are at the top. In short, your mind runs in search of horrid possibilities, and you shudder at the bare thought of them, and hasten down to the more stable earth.

Strasburg is the seat of a celebrated University. This is more than three hundred years old, and has been the nursery of not a few men of genius. The medical department of the University has for more than a century been celebrated throughout Europe.

A hundred years ago, one afternoon, toward evening, two weary travelers

entered one of the principal gates of Strasburg. After wandering through some of its narrow winding streets, they found lodging for the night. It was Stilling and his friend, Trost. They had come here to study medicine. As the custom then was, and still is with students at these Universities, they rented a room; got their breakfast and supper as best they could; their dinner they engaged regularly at a students' restaurant. Here some twenty students took their dinners. After the two had entered their names as students of the University, they began to take the bearings of their associates.

Having reached the dining-room the first day before the rest, they scanned curiously each student as he entered. One especially attracted their attention. He entered the room with a bold and stately step, with an air of dignity and conscious superiority. He was tall, erect, beautifully framed, had bright piercing eyes, a finely formed face, high intellectual forehead;—in short, *a grand man*, as Napoleon called him years later, when he saw him the first time in Weimar.

The two new students took him to be haughty and overbearing. Surely he is one of your reckless fellows, thought they, who delights to make new-comers the butt of his wit and sarcasm. He was the leading spirit at table, the soul of the company, without unduly trying to be it. The rest seemed to desire him to be so.

Stilling dreaded the brilliant young man, whom the students called Herr Gœthe; for he sat right opposite to him at table. He could not endure the piercing glance of his large bright eyes, which now and then darted upon him. At first he tried to evade it by dropping his eyes right before him on the table. Indeed, poor Stilling felt ill-at-ease all around. He was considerably older than the other students. As often happens in such cases, the older student felt out of place among the young bloods, and could not sympathize with their wild pranks. Besides, he was dressed much more plainly than they. Wigs were then in fashion, even among people who had hair of their own. Stilling's happened to be a little round one, of an odd and unfashionable shape. This wig brought him the first grief at the University, and the first great friend.

Among his messmates was a young fellow by the name of Waldberg; a man of brilliant talents, licentious habits and of a disposition that made sport of all that was sacred. He had noticed the plain unfashionable exterior of Stilling, and had heard of his simple faith and child-like piety. One day the rowdy gave vent to a sally of coarse wit, by asking the new student, with a derisive look at his round wig, whether Adam wore such a wig in Paradise. All joined in loud laughter, except Gœthe, Trost, and a student named Saltzman.

Gœthe says this Dr. Saltzman presided at the table. "A bachelor, already a sexagenarian (sixty years old), he had attended this dinner table for many years, and maintained its good order and respectability. He possessed a handsome property, kept himself economical and neat in his exterior, and even belonged to those who always go in shoes and stockings, and with their hat under their arm. It was something extraordinary for him to put his hat on. He commonly carried an umbrella, wisely reflecting that the fairest summer days often bring thunder storms and passing showers over the country."

Stilling retorted sharply: "Shame on you for such scoffing at sacred things! Such a vulgar expression does not deserve our laughter."

The grand Gœthe replied to Waldberg: "First try a man, whether he deserves to be derided. To make sport of an upright worthy man, who has wronged no one, is a satanic act."

This was the beginning of Gœthe's attachment to Stilling. He soon learned to know and love him, and became his best friend. He says of him:

"Among the new-comers there was one man who interested me particularly; his name was Jung, the same who afterwards became known under the name of Stilling. In spite of an antiquated dress, his form had something delicate about it, though with a certain stoutness. A bag-wig did not disfigure his striking and pleasing countenance. His voice was soft, without being effeminate and weak; it was even harmonious and powerful, as soon as his

ardor was roused, which was very easily done. A closer acquaintance found in him a sound common sense, which reposed in feeling, and therefore took its tone from the affections and passions, and from this very feeling sprang an enthusiasm for the good, the true and the just, in the greatest possible purity. The element of his energy was an indestructible faith in God, and in an assistance flowing immediately from Him, which evidently manifested itself in an uninterrupted Providence, and in an unfailing deliverance out of all troubles and from every evil. Jung had experienced many such things in his life, and they had often been repeated of late even in Strasburg, so that with the greatest cheerfulness, he led a frugal life indeed, but yet one free from solicitude; and he devoted himself most earnestly to his studies, although he could not reckon upon any certain subsistence from one quarter or another. In his youth, when on a fair way to become a charcoal-burner, he took up the tailoring trade, and after he had instructed himself, while at this, in higher matters, his knowledge-loving mind drove him to the occupation of schoolmaster. For his most sacred and peculiar training he had to thank that widespread class of men who sought out their salvation on their own responsibility, who strove to edify themselves by reading the Scriptures and good books, by mutual exhortation and confession, and thereby attained a degree of cultivation which must excite surprise. * * * For this reason, too, these persons were truly eloquent in their own circle, and capable of expressing themselves appropriately and pleasantly on all the tenderest and best concerns of the heart.

Now the good Jung was in this very case. Among a few persons, if not exactly like-minded with himself, yet such as did not declare themselves averse to his mode of thought, we found him not only talkative but eloquent; in particular he related the history of his life in the most delightful manner, and knew how to make all the circumstances plain and vividly present to his listeners. I persuaded him to write them down, and he promised it. But in his way of expressing himself he was like a somnambulist (a sleep-walker), to whom you dare not call out lest he fall down from his elevation; or like a gentle stream to which you dare oppose nothing, lest it begin to foam. So he could not but feel himself ill-at-ease often in more numerous company. His faith tolerated no doubt, his convictions no jest. And if in his friendly communications he was inexhaustible, so everything curdled within him when he met with contradiction. I usually helped him through on such occasions, for which he repaid with honest affection.

This mood of mind was nothing strange to me, as I had already become accurately acquainted with it in my very best friends of both sexes, and because it generally interested me, too, with its naturalness and naïvetē; he found himself altogether most at home with me. The bent of his mind was pleasing to me, and his wondrous faith, which was so useful to him, I left unmolested."

How would a gay young genius like Gœthe spend his first student days at Strasburg? Very differently from the poor, praying tailor. He had a full purse, a light heart, refined attractive manners, and felt at home in all kinds of society.

Upon his arrival he stopped at the Ghost tavern, and at once hastened to the Cathedral, at which his wonder-loving eyes had gazed through many miles of his approach to the city. He ascended the spire, and from the top enjoyed a view, as he says, "at once of this wide rich land, the handsome city, the wide-spreading meadows around it, thickly set and interwoven with magnificent trees, and that striking richness of vegetation which follows the windings of the Rhine, and points out its banks, islands, and lowlands;—fancy a great unmeasurable plain, prepared like a new paradise for the use of man, and will you conceive the rapture with which I blessed my fate for having appointed me, for a season, so beautiful a place of residence?"

"I took small, but well situated lodgings, on the south side of the Fish-market, a fine long street, where the everlasting motion came to the assistance of every unoccupied moment. I then delivered my letters of introduc-

tion, and found among my friends a merchant who, with his family, was devoted to those pious opinions with which I was sufficiently acquainted. He was a man of intelligence, withal, and not at all hypocritical in his actions. The company of boarders which they recommended to me, and me to it, was very agreeable and entertaining. A couple of old maids had now kept up this boarding-house for a long time with regularity and good success; there might have been about ten persons, old and young."

Stilling soon found a small circle of congenial companions. He applied himself closely to his studies. With his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, he hurried from one lecture-room to another, and eagerly drank all he could get. His talents and earnest studious habits soon attracted the favorable attention of the Professors, who afforded him all the help they could in order to fit him thoroughly for his profession.

At the end of three months the thirty-three rix dollars received from a friend in Frankford were exhausted. Want again stared him in the face, in this great city, where living was expensive, and thus far friends were few. Again his faith was tried, again it prevailed. He thought of the passage:

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psalm 50: 15.) "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5: 16.)

Without money or any means either to stay in or leave the city, he wrestled in prayer, and waited with trembling faith for an answer. Just when his prospects seemed the darkest, his friend Trost one day grasped his hand saying: "Stilling, I believe you brought no money with you; I will lend you six Carolius (a Carolius is worth about $4.50), until you get money of your own again."

Although Stilling knew that he had no money of his own to expect, he gratefully accepted of the loan, trusting his heavenly Father for the means wherewith to refund it.

Ere long another trouble came. A certain course of lectures, bearing on his profession, was to be delivered. He would either have to hear these or interrupt his studies. Indeed could not graduate without hearing them. When he reported his name as one of the attendants, he was told that the fee had to be paid in advance. It was Monday evening. Whoever would not pay the fee by Thursday evening, could not attend the lectures. Again the poor student was in great distress. His purse was empty. He had not the boldness to ask his friend Trost for another loan. Yet he would have to hear these lectures. He hastened back to his room, locked the door, knelt down in a corner and cried to God for help and mercy. His way seemed dark and blocked up. Day after day he kept on praying. Thursday came. It was five in the evening. At six the fee had to be paid. His faith began to waver. Cold drops gathered on his brow, and his face was wet with tears. The minutes of the remaining hour fled apace. In sad despondency he paced his room, when lo! some one knocks at the door. "Herein!" come in, cried the agonizing student. It was his landlord. After a kindly greeting he said:

"I have come to see how you are getting along, and to inquire whether you and Herr Trost are satisfied with your room."

Stilling thanked the considerate landlord, and assured him that they were both well satisfied.

"I am very glad to hear it; the more so since I notice that you are both respectable, wide-awake gentlemen. Permit me to ask you another question: Have you brought money with you, or do you expect to receive some?"

Stilling replied: "I have brought no money with me."

"But, pray, how can you possibly get along?"

"Herr Trost has loaned me some."

"You must not burden him any longer; he needs his money himself. I will advance you as much money as you need. Do you need any now?"

Stilling felt as if he must cry aloud for joy. With difficulty he restrained his feelings. "Yes," he replied, "I need six Carolius this evening yet, and have been much distressed as to where I should get them."

The kind-hearted landlord was greatly moved as he looked into the tear-

bathed face of the student. "I believe it; your distress makes you weep; God has sent me to help you."

With that the landlord hastened out of the room, but soon returned, and counted eight Carolius on the table, saying: "Here, you will have a little more than you need. When this is spent tell me, and I will give you more."

No sooner had the landlord withdrawn than Stilling locked the door, knelt down, thanked God with tears, and by faith cast himself into His paternal arms. A little before six o'clock he reached the treasurer of the University, and paid his fee as honorably as the richest student there.

Would not such an amount of debts harass the mind of an honest student? Does Stilling ever expect to refund this money? This struggling student, battling with want, is none of your reckless spendthrift students, who spend the money which the Church or charitable friends give them in extravagant living —for jewelry, carriage-rides, and foppish, frivolous luxuries. He lived on scanty fare, dressed plainly, studied hard, and prayed much, and sincerely believed that God would in His own way and time enable him to pay all these so-called loans.

While Stilling wrestled in his locked chamber in Strasburg, a pious thought occurred to Liebman, the merchant of Schönthal, who had befriended him on his journey through Frankfort. Seated among a little group of friends in his cozy home, the conversation turned on the poor tailor-student abroad. Had any one heard of him lately? How was he faring? For the life of them they could not conceive where the poor straggling genius got the means to study at a University. Surely he must have a hard life of it. Perhaps not half enough to eat, his garments threadbare and even ragged. And the dear soul enduring all this to get an education, bravely battling with pinching poverty for the sake of science, and to fit himself for usefulness among his fellow-men.

"See here," said Liebman, "I wish you would join me to prepare him a pleasant surprise. Let us send him a right good, plump purse of money."

"We accept the challenge," exclaimed all with cheerful voices.

"Very well. You pay one hundred and fifty rix dollars, and I will add an equal amount. The whole we will forward to him at Strasburg."

Just two weeks after the kind landlord had counted down eight Carolius on Stilling's study table, he received a letter from Liebman, enclosing three hundred rix dollars. With folded hands and streaming eyes he stepped to his study window and prayed: "This is Thy doing, and Thine only, O Thou Almighty, All-merciful Father!"

Now he could refund what he had loaned from Trost and the landlord, and had enough left to support him six months longer. He led a frugal temperate life. Often he knew not where his support the next three months should come from. But it always came. He studied hard. Toward the end of his course he delivered lectures on philosophy, from five to six, of an evening, which were listened to by a delighted circle of hearers.

In the spring of 1772 he stood a brilliant examination. As he delivered the usual test address from the tribune of the University, tears of gratitude rolled down his face. Not a few among his hearers knew what those tears meant. After receiving the title of Doctor of Medicine from the Faculty, he bade a cordial adieu to his many Strasburg friends, and once more visited his native home

Plants of Scripture.

BY GEORGE D. PHIPPEN.

So marked is the quality of Hebrew poetry, as seen in the Bible, that it was declared, by a learned man of the last century, to be botanical poetry, and who states that upwards of two hundred and fifty botanical terms can be found.

The glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Sharon, and the waving forests of Carmel have lent their aid to illustrate sacred themes.

The Lord is described as riding upon the wind, but His more gentle going is heard in the tops of the mulberry trees. The righteous shall cast his roots as Lebanon—they shall flourish like the palm tree—they shall sit under their own vine and fig tree. The thorn shall

give place to the fir tree, and the myrtle grow instead of the briar—and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

The New Testament is not so rich in metaphor. The lily of the field, the grain of mustard seed, the wild and good olive tree, the seed sown in weakness but raised in power, are familiar examples.

The remarkable range of temperature of the land of Palestine, from the snow-clad summits of Lebanon and Hermon, to the coast plains and to the deep and almost tropical valley of Jordan, is productive of a more varied vegetation than can be found anywhere within the same territory upon the surface of the earth. On her heights are to be found natives of the colder zones, while in the Jordan valley grow plants not to be found nearer than India.

The mountains abound in oaks, cedars and pines; while the palm, the fig and citron find a congenial home in the plains or lower declivities.

Our familiar garden bulbs flourish along the water courses, and numerous species of Legumes and Labiates render the sandy regions less desolate.

Its anciently terraced and artificially watered hills were capable of a luxurious cultivation, and though now comparatively desolate, once supported a numerous population.

The region of ancient Jericho with its palms—the enchanting valley of Sichem—the gardens of Engedi—fig and olive groves and vineyards in great numbers, altogether impress us with its former wonderful fertility.

Immense grain fields and gardens of cucumbers and melons, each with its hut or lodge for the abode of a watchman, who remained during the ripening season to guard the fruit, were numerous and in some parts are still to be seen. Isaiah compares Zion "as desolate as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

The plants represented might be divided into plants ornamental; plants used for perfume or incense; fruits, grains, woods, &c.

Of ornamental plants, the Rose, strange as it may appear, is not found in the Scriptures. The two solitary cases, in Isaiah and the Song of Solomon, where our version has the word Rose are thought to indicate a bulbous plant —an Amaryllis or Narcissus. The Rose of Sharon is, therefore, supposed to be the *Narcissus Tazzeta*, a plant that freely abounds in the wilds of Sharon. The Rose of the Apocrypha is supposed to refer to a shrub, extremely common around the Sea of Galilee and the water courses of that country generally, that is the *Nerium Oleander*, well known and cultivated among us.

Our native Apocyneæ are of the same order with it, and all of them, though so beautiful, are more or less poisonous; indeed most milky-sapped plants should be regarded with suspicion. The sap of the Oleander is most virulently poisonous, and has even caused death. The powdered wood is sometimes used as a rat exterminator.

The Lily is the ornamental plant of Scripture; its flowers adorned, in relief, the brim of the molten sea; and furnished Solomon in his wonderful song with one of its choicest images. The Lily of the Old Testament differs from that of the New. The Hebrew word "Shusan" (hence our name Susan) is thought to mean the *Nelumbium speciosum*, a species of the Lotus, sacred and venerated by the Egyptian, Hindoo and Chinese. It is a water plant, and once common in the rivers of Egypt and Syria. It is the most beautiful of all the Nymphæa, examples of which we have in our native water lilies and the famous Victoria Regia. The Lily of the New Testament, the Greek "Krina," is now understood to be the *Lilium Chalcedonicum*, a scarlet martagon, and not the Crown Imperial, as formerly supposed, which latter is a Persian plant, and never common in Palestine. The imported bulbs of this Lily [once compared to the scarlet robes of Solomon], can occasionally be purchased at the seed stores in Boston.

> "Camphire with Spikenard."
> "My beloved, is unto me a cluster of Camphire in the vineyards of Engedi."

The plant thus rendered *Camphire*, is believed to be the Henna plant of Egypt and Palestine, the *Lawsonia inermis;* a most beautiful and deliciously fragrant shrub, whose flowers have been used both in ancient and modern times as an article of luxury and adornment It belongs to the

Loosestrife family, types of which we have in our cultivated and native Lythrums.

The BALM OF GILEAD and that rendered MYRRH, are the exuded sap from two species of *Balsamodendron*, i. e., the *B. Gileadense* and *B. myrrha*, belonging to the order Amyridacæ, the plants of which abound in balsamic juices and yield frankincense, olibanum, balsam copaiba and other fragrant resins and gums. This order belongs exclusively to tropical India, Africa and America. It has some alliance to the Orange tribe, but differing greatly in its dry nut-like fruits. The Balm of Gilead is believed to be one of the earliest articles of commerce known, even as far back as the time of the patriarch Jacob, as the Midianite merchantmen, to whom Joseph was sold, were then on their way to Gilead to complete their camel loads with a choice supply of that costly balsam for the Egyptian market. It often sold for twice its weight in silver. It was cultivated only in the King's garden in Judea, the revenue from which belonged exclusively to the Crown.

Strabo speaks of it. Titus carried some of it to Rome. Pompey exhibited one of the trees in a triumphal entry. When Alexander visited Judea, one teaspoonful per day and seven gallons per year was the entire product.

FRANKINCENSE, so often mentioned in Scripture, is a gum from a tree of this same order with the last. It has been used from the remotest times by the Hebrews and Egyptians in their sacrifices. It exudes from the straight trunk of the *Boswellia-serrata*, a lofty tree, native of the mountains of Central India. Frankincense is still used as incense in Catholic churches, and somewhat as a medicine.

The LIGN ALOE, *Aquilaria Agallochum*, or Eagle-wood, is found only in Asia. It grows sometimes to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The heart wood is loaded with aromatic properties, and is one of the most grateful of perfumes. It has been held more precious than gold. "All thy garments shall smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia."

This was one of the drugs, one hundred pounds of which Nicodemus brought after the Crucifixion, in which, with the linen clothes, was wrapped the body of our Lord; it was therefore a very costly preparation. We have no plant of more approximate affinity than our hedge buckthorn. The aloe of the apothecaries is an entirely different article, and obtained from a plant of the lily tribe.

SPIKENARD, of the Valerian family, has a most rare and agreeable perfume. Our garden Heliotrope and the Centranthus are of this order. Several of them yield a fragrance which intoxicates the cat tribe, and that from one of them is said to be sufficiently powerful to throw even man into convulsions.

The *Nardostachys Jatamansi*, of the mountains of upper India, seems conclusively proved by Sir William Jones and Dr. Royle, to be the plant which furnished the "Alabaster box of Spikenard very precious," with which Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, and which Judas declared might have been sold for three hundred pieces of silver; which price, among other unguents, is given by Pliny, who remarking on the extravagance of such preparations, says, "We have known the very soles of the feet sprinkled therewith." He also intimates the form of the alabaster ointment box.

"Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinnamon."—S. of S.

SAFFRON is the yellow stigma of the *Crocus sativus*, or fall Crocus, belonging to the well known Iris family, very common in cultivation among us. Saffron was and still is used as a perfume, spice, confection, dye and medicine. Its collection required great patience, four thousand flowers yielding but one ounce, and the entire product of an acre for the season averaged but about ten or twelve pounds. It was formerly extensively cultivated at Welden in Essex, England, which hence has borne the name of Saffron-Welden.

A totally different plant, the *Carthamus tinctoria*, once familiar under the name of Saffron in our gardens, has been successfully used to adulterate the true Saffron.

Calamus aromaticus, "the Sweet cane, from a far country," is allied to our sweet vernal grass.

[In fragrance.—ED.]

Cassia and *Cinnamon*, well known

spices, were in the time of Ezekiel common articles of trade with the merchants of Tyre. They belong to a family of which our *Sassafras* and *Laurus benzoin* are examples. *Camphor* of commerce is from a tree of the same tribe.

The *Hyssop* and *Mustard* of Scripture, around which many inquiries cluster, are not so satisfactorily identified by modern investigation as would seem reasonable to expect. The former is declared by the best authorities to be the *Capparis Egyptica*, or Caper plant, and not the officinal herb, Hyssop; the latter, the *Salvadora Persica*, a tree-like plant, sufficiently large for birds generally to lodge in its branches. Some still adhere to the common Mustard as that alluded to on two occasions by our Saviour. The uses of Mustard were well understood and described by Pliny, who was nearly contemporary.

The FRUITS were identified and described. Among them the PALM tribe, a family acknowledged by botanists to be the princes of the vegetable kingdom, and to which, in Scripture, the righteous are most fitly compared. "They shall flourish like the Palm tree, they shall bring forth fruit in old age." The whole Palm tribe are of immense importance to the countries in which they grow. The *Date Palm* yields year by year, an even crop of perhaps three or four hundred pounds, and that for a century together, scarcely ever materially failing.

The APPLE of Scripture is, without doubt, the Citron, *Citrus medica*. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," might be rendered, "like golden citrons in silver baskets," in allusion to a custom of the Jews of presenting that fruit in this manner at their sacred feasts.

The FIG, SYCAMORE-FIG and MULBERRY, of the *Morads*, a family peculiar for the manner in which their fruits are formed, being an aggregation of calices consolidated into round, succulent heads. The manner of the flowering of the fig, inside of the fruit, but having all the requisite organs of true flowers, was satisfactorily explained.

The OLIVE and VINE are among the most signal of the bountiful gifts of Providence, and would in their history and economy exhaust volumes, yielding as they do such indispensable products, as fruits, wine, oil, molasses, &c.

The ALMOND and POMEGRANATE, with the numerous texts in which they are mentioned, received a share of attention, and were found full of interest and instruction.

The CRAB-TREE, *Ceratonia siliqua*, with its sweet pods or husks, furnished food for the poor; but the copious crops of the tree were generally fed out to mules, asses and swine. No doubt this fruit is referred to in the parable of the Prodigal Son, upon which he was obliged to feed, "the husks that the swine did eat."

CUCUMBERS and MELONS are invested with great historical interest on account of the extent of their ancient cultivation, and the great place they filled in the diet of the ancient Hebrews and Egyptians.

The LINTEL of Jacob and Esau; the PAPYRUS, from which paper was made, and which is alluded to in the Epistles of John; the *Zysyphus*, the plant from which the "Crown of Thorns" was probably made, have each an interest peculiarly their own.

The TIMBER TREES of the country, and such as were used in the building of Solomon's Temple, received a passing notice.

JONAH'S GOURD, ELIJAH'S JUNIPER, the mythical APPLES of SODOM, and the ROSE of JERICHO, received severally their share of explanation.

The foregoing plants were illustrated by colored representations, which served to fix their identification in the mind, and added greatly to the interest of the subject.

TAKE care that nothing comes between you and the hours devoted to God. Think of Daniel, Prime Minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and thirty-seven provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go into his chamber three times a day, that he might pray and give thanks to God. Think of Alfred, with the cares of a monarchy; Luther, buffeted by the storms of Papal wrath; of Thornton, encompassed with a thousand mercantile engagements, yet never allowing the hurry of business to intrude on his regular hours of devotion.

Christ Among Little Children.—No. 3.

Blessing Little Children.

BY REV. J. W. STEINMETZ.

None of the evangelists state definitely who brought the infants to the Saviour: but it is most likely that their mothers presented them. We infer this, not only from the fact, that mothers in the Orient have the almost exclusive care of children, but also that scarcely any but mothers would press through the multitudes that thronged Him to bring infants to His notice, when He was so unremittingly engaged with adults. Neither can we suppose that these were ordinary or indifferent mothers. Their station in life may have been lowly, and yet, they most likely were distinguished for their faith and piety. We infer this from the fact, that there is only one case recorded, of such a presentation of infants to the Saviour. We cannot conceive, that He would have so graciously received the mothers and their children, if only a superficial or momentary impulse had prompted the action, or if some blind superstitious notion had actuated them to make the singular request. The step taken was in itself certainly bold: yet the manner in which the request was made, is tender, touching and modest, in the highest degree. They request but the touching of His hand, and prayer over their children.

Such a request could only come from pious hearts. Hearts that had themselves come under the benign influence of the Son of Man. Hearts that had felt themselves powerless to improve their own spiritual condition, and had from Christ received what they had felt the want of before. And they earnestly desired, that their children should receive something more and higher than they had inherited from them, or than they were able to confer upon them. They, themselves, have received a blessing from the Saviour, by yielding obedience to His teaching and cherishing Him in faith and love; and so it became also their hearts' desire, that their infants who could not understand His teaching, should in some way become partakers of the same blessing. They felt that their infants needed it equally with themselves, and so desired earnestly that they should stand in the same relation to Christ. They no doubt realized the difficulty in the way of accomplishing the desired object, as their children were unable to understand Christ's teaching, and to exercise a conscious faith. But earnest souls full of faith and love think fast, so they must have noticed that Jesus healed the sick by His touch and word, and inferred that He was equally able to bless their infants. Trusting in His goodness, their loving mother hearts impelled them forward with their precious burdens to seek a blessing from the Blessed One. They came, carrying their babes, expecting virtue to pass from Christ upon them, if they could but bring them into contact with Him.

But the disciples rebuked them, perhaps saying, "Why trouble ye the Master with children? Is He not wearied enough with adults who come flocking in upon Him, with their sick, or to hear Him speak? Our communion with Him is almost continually interrupted by them, and if you come with the children also, so that He must fondle and pet each one, we will soon have no time with Him ourselves. Besides, what do you foolish mothers wish for your children from Him? They are entirely too young to derive any benefit from His teaching, as they cannot understand or remember a word He speaks, neither are they sick that they require healing." In some such way may they have addressed those pious women, while their countenances were knit with the furrows of their displeasure. They wished to decide the question of their approach themselves, without allowing the modest request to come to the Master's ears, and so crush this new movement and application for favor, at once and permanently.

No doubt the pious mothers keenly felt the rebuke, which the chosen and permanent followers of the Lord administered unto them. They may already have turned to depart, their hearts chiding them for their presumption. Deeply humbled, they, with burning cheeks and hearts, may have sadly repented of their forwardness in approaching the thronged Master, saying

to themselves, "Alas! that our mother's love misled us so far, and made us so adventurous for our children. But how could we help it? We only desired Him to breathe the sweetness of His love and truth into their tender hearts. and placing His hand upon their little heads, give them His favor and benediction. We but followed the faith of our hearts in Him, and the instincts of our love for our babes, and this is the sad end!"

The disciples followed the natural understanding in rejecting their application and dismissing them. Here we have a case where simple love and faith were right, as over against instructed reason. Alas! this has not been the last case of the kind, in the history of our Saviour's followers.

Jesus was much displeased when He noticed what the disciples were doing. So He is ever displeased with those who in various ways hinder children from coming unto Him. What a contrast between the disciples who with frowns rebuke the mothers for bringing their children, and the smiling Saviour who so tenderly invited the little ones to Himself!

The already retreating mothers were recalled with the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." What encouragement this must have given to the mothers; but what a rebuke to the disciples, who had forbidden their approach. And how readily must they have shrunk back to make room for the mothers. who came eagerly forward to accept the invitation extended to their infants, bringing the lovely babes to the loving Saviour.

It appears that the disciples had almost forgotten, that they had been infants themselves, that infants needed the Saviour as much as adults, and that He had come into the world as an infant to save our entire humanity. The disciples failed to manifest true sympathy with humanity as such, in depreciating the children. Jesus' act shows that He stood in deepest sympathy with humanity as a whole, by fully appreciating childhood no less than age. His sympathy extended to all—fathers and mothers, youth and maidens, old men and infants. This is, moreover, what a proper consideration would lead us to expect of Him who was born in a stable, and for whom so many children had unconsciously and innocently died.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," He would say, For I came as an infant into the world in order to save humanity in all states of life. I became an infant to ameliorate their temporal condition, to elevate the degree of regard due to them—to cultivate love in the hearts of adults for them, to show the importance of infants—to show how highly men ought to esteem them, and how tenderly women ought to love them, by showing how supremely they are regarded by my Father, and by the holy angels who hover as guardian spirits around them. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." They need not wait until they have become as old as you are. Nay, you who think you have the preference, and superior capacities to receive my instruction, my grace and my blessing, let me tell you, *you* must rather become little children in trust and humility, if you would enter the kingdom of God at all. To the extent that you have lost the childlike, you are unfitted for entering the kingdom of God—that you must regain if you would be admitted to its joy, and life, and blessing.

Let them come to me and obtain the grace and the life that shall admit them into the presence of my Father, and into heaven, my home. The greater number of the human citizens of heaven enter it as children, so let children come. Do not forbid them, or hinder them in any way; but help them to come to me—carry and bring them unto me, for heaven is full of little children, and childlike men and women.

"And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." St. Mark 10: 16.

In this entire transaction of the Saviour was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah 40: 11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Behold the great tenderness of the Saviour. He took them up in His arms—into His embrace, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. This was much more than the mothers

had asked, or even hoped for. They had only asked the touch of His hand, whereas He embraced and pressed them to His loving heart, where, of all the disciples, only John, the beloved, was privileged to lie. In all this Jesus manifested the heartiness with which He loved children. Our spiritual consciousness shrinks with horror from the thought, that He did this simply to satisfy the mothers. Jesus was incapable of any such deception. His embrace was the token of His unutterable love for them. It speaks more loudly and clearly than any words.

So also in laying His hands upon them and blessing them, He did it not as a simple matter of form. He was far too noble and true to be guilty of such hypocrisy. And His blessing was more than a simple worldly wish of "good luck" in temporal things. The blessing of Jesus is more than an ordinary vain wish. Men wish for that which they have not, and cannot obtain. Jesus wished nothing. He had the power to obtain and confer what was worth wishing for. So also here, if He wished anything for the children, He had the power to confer it upon them. And this is just what St. Mark says He did, viz., He *blessed* them. And while earthly prosperity was not necessarily excluded from the blessing, we have no doubt but that the main feature of the blessing was of a spiritual character. He blessed the children—*their persons*, and not only their surroundings. And this blessing, as already intimated, was more positive and grace bearing than a pious wish, nay even more so than a prayer in their behalf. As the embracing of their bodies was a gracious act, so also, and much more was His blessing them something real and effectual.

When He blessed the loaves and fishes in the desert, there was an immediate effect in the increase of the quantity, and the intensification of the properties. The infants were not less capable to receive His spiritual blessing, inasmuch as sin lay as yet dormant in their natures, and had not broken out into acts of rebellion against Him, and did not then offer any opposition of will rejecting the proffered blessing. With His blessing virtue passed out of His own person upon their persons. They received something in that blessing which they had not beforehand. This we believe to have been of a gracious and benign spiritual character.

When He embraced them, He took them into His kingdom; and when He placed His hands on them, He gave them the protection of His kingdom; and so when He blessed them, He imparted unto them in an incipient way, His own divine-human life—which is the grace and blessing of the kingdom.

This He could impart unto them only in an intuitive way, as He was Himself not yet glorified—the full blessing of the kingdom could only come with its full establishment, and that only with the coronation of the King, viz., Christ's ascension into Heaven and sitting on the right hand of God.

This incipient blessing He could however communicate unto them. We all receive life unconsciously. He taught His disciples and the Church of all ages, that children need not wait until they can understand the sermon of the minister in the church, or even the simplest word in the sanctuary of home. Nay, infants can be brought into living contact with the Saviour before their minds can understand the Word. Even the most intelligent Christian receives more than he can understand. Regeneration is one of the profoundest acts of the Spirit; and does not depend upon our thorough comprehension of it; for if it did, none would ever be regenerated. Conversion follows the change of life—change of life, union with Christ, is a deeper fact than change of mind. And the former is never in Scripture made to depend on the latter, but the latter on the former. It is only when we conceive the contents of Christ's blessing to have been the communication of His life and grace, that His blessing of them is real and substantial. Without this there was no blessing imparted unto them from Christ as *Saviour*. The blessing of Peter, James or John would, without Christ's official benediction, have been equally good. In a word, we hold that *Jesus really blessed* the children—*blessed them as* SAVIOUR.

Lange on Mark says: "The older Church rightly appealed to this passage as over against the Anabaptists: For

Jesus declares here definitely, 1), That little children can receive a blessing from His hand. 2), A blessing that relates to the kingdom of heaven, and the entrance into the same. 3), A blessing that is accomplished in a symbolical act. The Baptistic theory *ignores faith in its childlike* (germinal) *form*—even as it *ignores* the *Christian family* and the Christian hereditary blessing. Christ has here shown the children to be conjointly called to His heavenly kingdom in the blessed communion of the Christian family."

How comforting is this subject for Christian parents.

How comforting to those who have mourned for baptized children, whom Jesus called away young, taking them into His arms, to hold them close to His heart forever.

What incentive to bring children to the Saviour in holy baptism. He says, suffer them to come.

What an inducement to teach such "Christed" children as they grow, the fact of their acceptance with Christ.

How solemn the Saviour's charge to Peter—and all pastors, and teachers in Sunday-schools—"*Feed* My *Lambs.*"

Well Regulated Family.

I have sweet recollections of a family I once knew. In thinking of them now a feeling of sadness crosses my mind, because of being separated from them; but the day is at hand when the separated friends of Jesus shall meet, and then I hope to meet this whole family—father, mother, and ten or eleven children.

Ten years, perhaps, have passed since I lived near them, was intimate with them, and often in their dwelling. The Word of God was valued in that house, and Christians assembled there to read it and pray.

One thing which struck me at the time, and still remains vividly impressed upon my mind, was the implicit submission of the children to their parents. It was not that they were easily subjected, but that they did not appear to think of having a will in opposition to that of their parents. Yet they were not in slavish fear or dispirited. They were not ruled with an iron rod.

I said once to the father, "How is it that your children are in such submission?" This was his remarkable answer: "We have made it a rule—a law—in this house that no children shall act in opposition to the will of the parent. The will is expressed, the child must not disobey; that is an understood thing with our children. When there is a new comer—when another child is given us—we have some trouble at first with it; there is a disposition to willfulness until we get our rule understood by it and established. Then we have no more trouble with it; it acts like the others."—*Mothers' Treasury.*

Dead, Yet Living.

The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterward. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Melville and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are quickened by the "Saint's Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phœnix-like, have started from the funeral-pile? Howard is dead, and modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath-schools go on.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

The Strong Hand.

We were on a pic-nic. It was in a grove on a bluff overlooking the ocean, —a fine, cool, shady spot in a hot summer's day. Roger and I strayed away from the party to a small beach below the bluff to pick up shells. While we were skipping on the rocks and filling our pockets, the tide came in and flooded the strip of land by which we came. What should we do? There was no boat to take us off, and no way of escape but to climb the steep side of the bluff fronting the sea. Oh, it looked so steep, so high. Could we climb it? We shouted to our friends above. They caught sight of us, yet what could they do? They had no ropes to hold out to us. The tide came nearer and nearer. How bitterly we repented coming! Why did we not stay in safety on the bluff? The tide began to curl round our very feet, and scale the hill we must. At the first step the sand gave way beneath our tread. I caught hold of the bushes growing among the rocks. The twigs broke, and the rock came tumbling down.

I began to cry with fright, when suddenly a man crept round a rock. "Here, child," he said to me kindly, "put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." I put my hand in his strong kind hand, and the very touch of it gave me courage. Up he went over the rocks, drawing me after him—up, up, up. If the sand gave way, I had him to cling to. Up, up, until he landed me safely on the top: then he went down and drew up Roger. How happy we were, how thankful were our friends, especially when we looked down and saw the tide covering the spot where we stood. The kind man was a fisherman, who saw our danger and ran to save us.

How sweet to take hold of mother's hand, and walk by her side. How good to have father's hand through dark, strange, and dangerous places. There is another Hand still stretched out to you, and a voice which says, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." Do you know who? It is the Lord Jesus. You are trying to climb to heaven. It is hard climbing alone. Your feet keep slipping back. The things you hope will help you, don't answer. They are not strong enough to hold you. What can you do? If you stay where you are, you will be lost. Then that sweet voice whispers, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." It is the precious Saviour. He sees your danger, and hastens to save you. Put your hand in His. Do not let it go. Keep fast hold of Him. By His side you can go up the hill of difficulty, overcome all the hindrances of the narrow way, and reach heaven, that happy land.

My children, put your hand in Jesus', and *don't let go.—Winning Words.*

Moths in the Candle.

Every moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it. The light is beautiful, and warm, and attractive; and, unscared by the dead, the foolish creatures rush into the flames, and drop, hopelessly singed, their little lives despoiled.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience. Indeed, they have been in the habit of looking down upon the animal world as a group of inferior beings, and as subjects of commiseration on account of their defencelessness, yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation or experience. They draw no conclusions, save those which are fatal to themselves. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather, night after night, and with singed wings or lifeless bodies they strew the ground around them. No instruction, no expostulations, no observation of ruin, no sense of duty, no remonstrances of conscience, have any effect upon them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse. They are, indeed, so far under the domination of their animal natures that they act like animals, and sacrifice themselves in flames that the world's experience has shown to be fatal.

If We Knew.

If we knew the woe and heartache,
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track.
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips, from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

A PRISONER who had been in prison again and again had always given a false name, saying he could not bear the thought of his father's honored name being on the prison books in the person of his unworthy son.

Queen Victoria at the Paper Mill.

The Queen of England is a plain, practical lady, who seems to feel a personal interest in her subjects. She is known to have visited the poor and the sick in person, and even to have read the Scriptures and prayed with them. Since the death of her husband, Prince Albert, she has withdrawn from fashionable life, to the great displeasure of many of her gay and giddy subjects, who held that she ought, in court circles, to keep up and encourage the fashionable social gatherings of her earlier years. Some even denounce her as being avaricious, secluding herself from secret motives of an unqueenly frugality. But in spite of the clamors of some newspapers and shopkeepers, she persists in her plain life. Now and then, as she rides or walks out, she visits, in disguise, some hut of poverty, or place of toil, where poor laborers earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. The following, from the Sunday-School Times, narrates an instance of this kind.—ED. GUARDIAN.

The queen was riding out in her grand carriage, the horses tossing their plumes as if they felt themselves a little better than common horses, and the footmen all decked out in red, feeling that they had something royal about them. The queen had always had everything she wanted, and so was quite miserable because she could not think of a visit.

At last she bethought her that they had just been building a new paper mill a few miles out of the city. Now she had never seen a paper mill, and she determined to stop a little way off, where lay her carriage, and walk in, not as a queen, but as an unknown common lady. She went in alone, and told the owner she would like to see his mill. He was in a great hurry, and did not know that she was the queen. But he said to himself, "I can gratify the curiosity of this lady and add to her knowledge; and though I am terribly hurried, yet I will do this kindness." He then showed her all the machinery; how they bleach the rags and make them white; how they grind them into pulp; how they make sheets and smooth them, and dry them, and make them beautiful. The queen was astonished and delighted. She would now have something new to think about and talk about.

Just as she was about leaving the mill she came to a room filled with old worn-out, dirty rags. At the door of

this room was a great multitude of poor, dirty men and women, and children, bringing old bags on their backs filled with bits of rags, paper, parts of old newspapers and the like, all exceedingly filthy. These were rag-pickers, who had picked these old things out of the streets and gutters of this great city.

"What do you do with all these vile things?" said the queen.

"Why, madam, I make paper out of them. To be sure, they are not very profitable stock, but I can use them, and it keeps these poor creatures in bread."

"But these rags! Why, sir, they are of all colors, and how do you make them white?"

"Oh, I have a great power of taking out all the dirt and the old colors. You see that 'scarlet' and 'crimson,' yet I can make even scarlet and crimson, the hardest colors to remove, become as white as snow."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" said the queen.

She then took her leave, but the polite owner of the mill insisted on walking and seeing her safe in her carriage. When she got in and bowed to him, with a smile, and he saw all the grand establishment, he knew it was the queen.

"Well, well!" said he, "she has learned something at any rate. I hope it may be a lesson of true religion."

A few days after, the queen found lying upon her writing desk a pile of the most beautiful polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her own name, and her own likeness. How she did admire it. She found, also a note within, which she read. It ran thus:

"Will my queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the contents of those dirty bags which she saw on the backs of the poor rag-pickers? All the filth and the colors are washed out, and I trust the result is such as even a queen may admire. Will the queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill? I can understand how our Lord Jesus Christ can take the poor heathen, the low, sinful creatures everywhere, viler than the rags, and wash them and make them clean; and how, 'though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them as wool.' And I can see that He can write His own name upon their foreheads, as the queen will find her name on each sheet of paper; and I can see how, as these filthy rags may go into the palace and be ever admired, some poor, vile sinners may be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and be received into the palace of the King of heaven."

Rules for promoting Brotherly Love.

1. To remember that we are *all* subject to failings of some kind or other.

2. To bear with and not magnify other's infirmities.

3. To pray one for another in our social meetings, and especially in private.

4. To avoid going from house to house for the purpose of hearing news, and meddling with other people's business.

5. Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report of a brother, and pay no attention to any charge brought against such except it be well founded.

6. If a brother be in fault to tell him of it first privately before it be mentioned to others. (Matt. xviii. 15.)

7. To watch against a shyness of each other, and to put the best construction on any action that has the appearance of opposition or resentment.

8. To observe that excellent rule of Solomon's, "Leave off contention before it is meddled with."

9. If a brother has offended, to consider how glorious, how godlike it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian it is to revenge.

10. To remember it is always the grand artifice of the Evil One to promote distance and contention among Christians, and that therefore we should watch against everything that would further his end.

11. To consider how much more good we might do in the world at large, and in the Church in particular, when we are all united in love, than what we could when acting alone and indulging in a contrary spirit.

12. Lastly, to consider the express commands of Scripture and the example of our Lord and Saviour. John xiii. 34–55. Eph. iv. 31, 32. Luke xvii. 3, 4. 1 Peter ii. 21.

Martin Luther's Letter to his Little Son.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums and wheat-plums: they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were? And he said, They are the children that love to pray, and to learn, and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too, his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears and ride these fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray, and learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten, therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: Ah dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my son, Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and learn well, and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little Johnny, learn and pray away, and tell Lippus and Jost too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the Garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

Thy dear father,

MARTINUS LUTHER.

Anno, 1530.

Where Ministers Come From.

It affords us pleasure to notice the following bit of Sunday-school history from the pen of Dr. G. B. Russell, in the "Reformed Era." We should be happy to receive similar reports from other old and successful Sunday schools of the Church. —ED. OF GUARDIAN.

Dr. Bausman in the *Guardian* for March, speaking of the Sunday-school of Zion's congregation, Chambersburg, says: "We question whether there is another school in our denomination which has given so large a number of ministers to the Church as this. It is now in its forty-fifth year."

The ministers are thereafter named:

Rev. Ephraim Keiffer, Rev. Dr. Moses Keiffer, Rev. Henry Heckerman, Rev. Peter Sweigert, Rev. Dr. G. W. Aughinbaugh, Rev. David Hefflefinger, Rev. N. E. Gilds, and Rev. W. R. H. Deatrick; in all eight. That is a good showing.

We know of another that counts quite as many, if not more.

The Sunday-school at Waynesboro, Pa., now in its forty-first year, has had connected with it the following ministers: Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh, Rev. Dr. D. Gans, Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Russell, Rev. C. C. Russell, Rev. Jos. H. Johnston, Rev. A. Carl Whitmer, Rev. S. S. Miller, Rev. Josiah D. Deatrick; and the cry is still they come. More are on the way.

Besides the above, Rev. Jeremiah Heller was also in this Sunday-school, as teacher, before he became a minister. Also, Rev. Andrew P. Freeze, and Rev. Jonathan Wolfersberger, and several others could be named who are now or were, in the Lutheran and Methodist ministry. We are not sure but that Rev. G. H. Johnston might be also counted in, as he comes from a place in the country only a few miles distant.

The old superintendent of that school used to claim some fourteen ministers as having belonged to it. We have not access to the records, but as he generally spoke by the book, Waynesboro may be put down at a few figures above the other old school in the number of ministers who were boys formerly belonging to it.

The Sunday-School Department.

Editorial Notes.

The Lord has given our Reformed congregations an abundant ingathering of souls during the late Easter season. The large majority of the persons confirmed were young people, taught and trained in the Sunday-schools of the churches From these nurseries of souls the Church of Christ receives her most active members. Or perhaps we should not say *receives;* for she can not receive them from herself. They belong to her from their baptism. Under her nurture and tuition they have grown up, and been fitted for confirmation. The Sunday-school is to her what a nursery is to a fruit-grower; the place where she tenderly cares for the young plants of grace, and prepares them for transplanting. This is implied in the word *Seminary*—a seed plot, where plants are raised for transplanting. Pastors and Sunday-school teachers ought to keep this design of their work steadily in view. Their instruction lays the foundation of the future instruction in the catechetical class. Their early training straightens crooked habits, corrects faults, bends, prunes, and blesses the tender plant, and helps to turn its growth forever in a right direction. Our experience has taught us that the best and most efficient help to build up a congregation is a godly, skilful set of Sunday-school teachers.

What shall be done with the Sunday-school scholars recently confirmed? Some hold that at their confirmation they step out of the Sunday-school. This is an erroneous view. Now, more than ever, they need the kind care, counsel and sympathy of their teacher. They have renewed their baptismal vows and assumed new duties. The relation of a teacher to the scholar is in some respects more familiarly intimate than that of the pastor. It is more difficult for the latter to have an eye and vigilant care on each one of the many souls of his flock than it is for the teacher to have the same on the smaller class-flock. Keep the catechumens in the class. Speak to them about their religious duties. Get them to confide to you their temptations and troubles. Inquire about the regularity of their church-attendance; of their communing at the Lord's Supper; of their habits of devout prayer at church and in the closet; of the character of their associates. Get them regularly to give something to the cause of Christ. The kind, familiar conversation of the teacher in the class reaches and touches the heart of a scholar more directly and impressively in the class than the sermon of the pastor from the pulpit. The faithfulness of the catechumens will, in a great measure, depend upon the fostering, prayerful care which their Sunday-school teachers will continue to exercise over them.

The expenses incurred by punishing criminals and protecting the public against wicked acts, and for the support of paupers, are rapidly increasing. Our prison statistics show that perhaps more than four-fifths of the inmates have had no early religious training, neither in the family nor Sunday-school. And the great bulk and burden of pauperism is entailed upon society by vice. Many persons are poor if not from their own sins, at least from the sins of their parents. To whatever door the curse may be traced, its door posts will certainly not be sprinkled with the sacrificial blood of the Atonement. We are now speaking of the vagrant paupers, not God's poor, whose lowly condition providentially schools them in the attainment of eminent piety. Such do not become a burden, but a blessing to society. Had the communities where our present criminals and paupers were born and reared, properly cared for them by early religious training, in the family, Sunday-school and church, our prisons and pauper institutions would be comparatively empty. The murderer, whom bars and bolts can scarcely keep from killing his fellow-beings was once a gentle, prattling little boy, whom an occasional friendly pat on the shoulder, and kind words could easily have

wooed and won to a pure and useful life. We hold that active Christian congregations with live, pious members, and efficient Sunday-schools, are not only the best preventives of crime and promoters of good morals, but the best system of political and social economy for the protection of society against crime, and the reduction of tax-rates

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It is said that Gen. Harrison, one day toward the end of his life, stood by his gardener as he was pruning his grape vines. The old gardener complained to his employer of the bad boys in the neighborhood, who always stole their nice grapes of a Sunday, while the family were at church. Would not the General be so kind as to get him a good, large watch-dog, to keep the boys from stealing their fruit? Else all his labor would be in vain. After a short pause the old soldier replied: "Better still that I employ a good Sunday-school teacher. For a good watch-dog might save the grapes for us, whilst a good Sunday-school teacher might save both the grapes and the boys."

Prepare your Sunday-school Lesson. Do not teach at random. It is too solemn a work. Do not trust to your natural intelligence or the inspiration of the hour. Attend the Teachers' Bible Class. And if you have none, urge the pastor, Superintendent and teachers to start one. Try and get one or more books to assist you. Try the experiment. After thus studying a number of lessons, you will become greatly interested, and, what is more, you will be able to interest your scholars. Any other text-book but the Bible might give us a plausible excuse for dullness. But the Holy Scriptures are so simple and plain, yet so rich in goodness and truth, that a lack of interest in teaching leaves us without excuse. Do not lug in side matters, unless you wish to point a moral or clinch the nail of an argument by them. Do not forget to apply the lesson to the hearts and lives of the scholars. Whatever it commends or condemns try and bring home to their own consciences and conduct. The following incident has two points, which apply no less to the Sunday-school teacher than to the pastor.

Old Selden, the most learned man of his age, and one of the wittiest, gives this sensible counsel to preachers: "First, in your sermons, use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms but no root. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in the old blunt commander at Cadiz, the Duke of Wellington, who showed himself a good orator. Having to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame it will be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewers, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons!" And so put more spirit in his men than he could have done with the most learned oration. Rhetoric is either very good or stark naught. There is no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator."

The Sunday-school furnishes a powerful vantage ground for successful religious work. In early life the heart is more easily impressed, the conscience most tender, the memory most retentive, wrong habits most easily corrected, prayer most easily taught and practiced, and a trustful faith most easily exercised. Above all other periods of life,

> "Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
> The time t' insure the great reward."

Dr. Spencer, in a sermon upon delay of conversion, says—"Make up a congregation of a thousand Christians. Divide them into five classes according to the ages at which they became Christians. Place in the first class all those converted under 20 years of age; * * * and in the fifth class all those converted between 50 and 60 * * *. Of your thousand Christians there were hopefully converted under 20 years of age 548 * * *. Between 50 and 60 years of age 3. Here are your five classes! But you complain of me; you ask, Why stop at 60 years old? Ah! well, then, if you will have a sixth class, and can call it a class—converted between 60 and 70 years of age—*one*. Just ONE out of a thousand Christians converted over sixty years old! What a

lesson on delay! What an awful lesson!"

Christ is the source and centre of all abiding religious life. Everything that tends to exclude Him from our hearts or minds, that makes us think less fervently and frequently of Him, must be shunned and gotten rid of. "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of our faith," is the advice of Holy Writ. Hold Him up in your pious life to the view of others. Let Him live, love, speak and meekly suffer in and through you.

A Spanish artist was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and the countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer." And he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding Him, in all the glory of His person and work, should be removed out of the way. "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Let the sentiment and language of Paul be ours,—

"Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of His love I'll speak,
Who freely died for me.
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

Arago, in his Autobiography, tells us that his "master in mathematics" was a word or two of advice which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste-leaf, used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book, caught his eye, and interested him.

"Impelled," he says, "by an indefinite curiosity, I dampened the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf, to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel. 'Go on, sir, go on!' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him; 'the difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increased clearness on your path.' That maxim," continues Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics."

We have a number of anonymous articles on hand for the Guardian, some of which deserve a place in its columns. We are, however, compelled to reject them. In order to insure insertion, the editor must be put in possession of the author's name, although, if the author so chooses, it may appear in print under an assumed name.

The Children in the Sanctuary.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE Sunday-school is not the Church. The longest lesson cannot make up for the shortest prayer. Lesson-giving and receiving is only a part of the child's religious education. Worship is a most important part. It cannot be neglected and the soul prosper. We have seen children refuse to enter church because they have been to school. Is this right?"

—*Sunday-School Times.*

Certainly not. Just here is a weakness in our present Sunday-school spirit and system that needs correction. Prominent Sunday-school men, lecturers, superintendents, and even some pastors, magnify the mission of the Sunday-school so immoderately and in such a one-sided way, as to leave the impression upon the minds of the people that the Church is a secondary matter—that the congregation is to be an auxiliary to the Sunday-school, instead of the reverse. In a well-ordered family there is a room called the nursery. Here the little folks roll about on the floor, romp

and play, and learn their first lessons in life. It is an important room; still it is not the head of this home department, but only a part of it, which helps to train and educate the children for their duties as older members of the family and the Church.

A Sunday-school is the nursery of a congregation. In it the children are trained and taught to become full, active communicant members of the fold. In order to do and become this, they must early be taught to meet and worship with the congregation. They may not understand an entire sentence of the sermon. Yet withal they will be solemnly impressed. The example of parents here becomes impressive and salutary. The father, with hat in hand, leading his little family, mother and children, to his pew; all helping to sing, all devoutly joining in prayer—all this is a schooling which the Christian child imperatively needs. Any Sunday-school that makes a child dislike or disrelish the regular church service, is a curse instead of a blessing to its congregation and its children. Last summer certain churches held their Sunday-school services in the morning. Usually they closed their sessions about the time when the regular church services began. We often noticed crowds of children and youth going away from the church when other people, the parents of the scholars, were coming to the house of God. Their conduct seemed to say: "What do we care about church! The *Sunday-school* is *our* church."

We regard this growing alienation of the children from the regular worship of the sanctuary as a great evil. The Sunday-school must have its place, has its holy mission; but every successful effort to make it a substitute for the Church, must result in the most serious damage to the cause of Christ. As well might the arm say to the head, "I have no need of thee." Old people tell us that in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, and likewise in the Presbyterian Church, of fifty years ago, it was the universal custom for parents to take their children with them to church. Within our memory, even, this good custom prevailed much more than now. We never enjoyed the benefits of a Sunday-school, for the reason that there was none sufficiently near our country home. At least, so it was thought then; now perhaps we would not consider the distance too great. Besides, people did not feel the same zealous interest in the cause then as now.

But our now sainted parents, from early boyhood, always took us with them to church. Often of a pleasant Sunday morning we walked a distance of two miles to the old stone church in Lancaster. We can still remember how we sat with them in their pew, and with what a solemn pleasure we first watched father and mother bowing their heads and whispering their short prayer as they sat down in their pew. And then how earnestly they sang. And how tired we sometimes got because our feet could not reach the floor, and our child-mind could not feel the same interest in the sermon as older people. And yet the whole service seemed a heaven on earth to us. The kneeling place around the outside of the chancel railing sat full of little children, who looked like angels, circling around good old parson Hoffmeier, waiting to carry forth and impress his message upon the hearts "of those who are heirs of salvation." The organ loft and one side of the gallery were crowded with boys and girls. True, some of the more restless ones gave stern sexton Hubert a world of trouble. And many watched him working the long mysterious levers of the large organ-bellows. In short the congregation assembled for public worship was composed of parents *and their children.*

One pleasant Sunday morning our dear father, with two of his boys with him, walked leisurely up West King street, on his way to church. In passing Cooper's hotel he was accosted by an acquaintance. He was not a member of the Church, a man of wealth and wild reckless habits; indeed was known by the soubriquet of "wild John S——." His sons were as wild as their father, whom they treated with disobedience and disrespect. He had evidently been drinking too much the day and night previous. As he sat on the board bench in front of the hotel, listening to the solemn ringing of the church-going bell, our father passed along.

After the usual greeting, his acquaintance pressed him to take a seat beside him. He replied that he could not.

"Why not? Where are you going?"

"I am going to church," said father.

"To church? Do you go to church every Sunday?"

"Yes, if I possibly can."

"And do you always take both your boys with you?"

"Yes."

"Why, how can you get them to go with you? Mine would not do that."

"I have no trouble with mine. I take them with me when they are small, and as they grow older they wish to do it without being urged. I have an old book at home, which I read a great deal. It says:

"'Train up a child in the way he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!' I have tried to do that, and thus far have found it true with my children."

After a short pause wild John S—— sadly replied:

"B., I wish I had done the same. You are a happy man, far happier than I am. My children give me no comfort. They are leading an unchristian, reckless life. And what is worse, they have learned it of me. B., you are a happy man; I am very unhappy."

"S——, it is your own fault. Come, begin a Christian life. Come with me to church. Make a beginning."

"Alas, it is too late now. Too late to train my children in the way they should go, after they have grown up and been hardened in sin. And I set them the example. B., you are a happy man; but I am very unhappy."

They parted, the one, with a little boy at each hand, thankfully went to the sanctuary. The other pondered long and sadly as he sat on the bench. The one took his children with him to church, and sought to train them in the right way, and so far as human eye can see and tell, they have not departed from it. The other, with his offspring, have made shipwreck of life, have been ruined in body, reputation and soul.

"The Old Pictorial History."

BY J. O. J.

Most people do not, perhaps, fully appreciate the advantage of having pictorial histories about the house. A young boy or girl would not think of trying to read such a "dry book" as a history; but every boy and girl will search out all the pictures that are to be found in its pages, and gaze upon them, greatly wondering what they mean. Their curiosity will be aroused by the pictures and will incite them to look over the chapter merely to understand the picture. In this way they become well informed by degrees on historical subjects.

In my father's house was a pictorial "History of the American Wars," well bound and profusely illustrated with pictures of all the leading characters of both armies, and of all the important battle-fields, forts and ships.

The book was always lying on the table, and not kept carefully away from the children of the household. I grew up with it in my hands and before my eyes. When nothing else interested me I found a real pleasure in looking over the pictures of generals and war scenes. It was my companion during the long winter evenings in our country home. Even now it lies before my mind's eye, and many of the pictures come out clearly to my view. Old friend of my boyhood, how familiar is thy look! How much I owe to thee! How great a part of my knowledge of American history I derived from looking over thy illustrated pages!

I was often puzzled to know what the wars were about, and on which side I ought to be. The pictures could not tell me that. But I gradually learned to know the meaning of it all, and, happily, chose the right side.

To the children of the household a good pictorial book is an inestimable blessing. It is a silent tutor in the family, imparting useful knowledge to the children in the most pleasing manner. Both the eye and the mind are feasted by it. Parents, you cannot spend a few dollars to better advantage than by buying good books, especially such as are illustrated with good pictures, and allowing the children to have free access to them.

THE mind is to the heart, as the door to the house: what comes into the heart, comes in through the understanding, and truths sometimes go no farther than the entry, and never penetrate the heart.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

MAY 2. **LESSON XVIII.** 1875.

Fifth Sunday after Easter. St. John xvi. 23–33.

23. And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give *it* you.

24. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

25. These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs: but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall shew you plainly of the Father.

26. At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you:

27. For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God.

28. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father.

29. His disciples said unto him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb.

30. Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest forth from God.

31. Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe?

32. Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

33. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

QUESTIONS.

23. What does Jesus say to His disciples in this verse? To *what* day does He refer? What is the meaning of *ask*, here? What is the meaning of *verily?* Why is it here repeated? What promise does He give to them? Does *whatsoever* mean anything or everything that they might ask for? What then does it mean? What is it to pray to the Father *in the name of Christ?*

24. Had the disciples hitherto prayed in His name? Was this, then, a new way of praying? What would be the result of such asking? What does that mean?

25. How does Jesus say that he had hitherto spoken to them? What is meant by *these things?* What by *proverbs?* Did Jesus generally teach them by parables? Matt. xiii. 34. To what time does He here refer?

26. How does He direct them to ask at that day? What else does He say? Does He mean by these words that He will not pray for them? Does He not always pray for His true disciples? Rom. viii. 34; Heb. vii. 25. What does He then mean, when He says, *I say not unto you, etc.?*

27. Why would the Father also hear them? Does the Father love all who love the Son and believe in Him? Will He also hear and answer their prayers?

28. From whom did Jesus say He came forth? When did He come into the world? When did He leave the world again, and go to the Father?

29. What answer did the disciples make to these things?

30. What further did they say? What is the meaning of *sure?* What did they mean by saying that Jesus *knew all things?* What by *needest not that any man should ask thee?* What effect had their conviction of the Omniscience of Christ upon them?

31, 32. What did Jesus answer? To *what hour* does He refer? Matt. xxvi. 30, 31. What prophet predicted this? Zech. xiii. 7. Did it really take place? Matt. xxvi. 56; Mark xiv. 50. But, though the disciples would be thus scattered, would Jesus be alone? Who would be with Him?

33. For what purpose does Jesus say that He spoke these things to them? What would they have in the world? What is meant by *tribulation?* What is the meaning of *good cheer?* How had Christ overcome the world? How could this fact be a source of peace and courage to the disciples?

In what light does this lesson place Jesus before us? Living, as we do, in this world of darkness, sin and tribulation, do not *we* need the light, and comfort and peace which He alone can bestow? What way does this lesson point out to us in which we may obtain these blessings?

CATECHISM.

XVIII. Lord's Day.

46. How dost thou understand these words, "He ascended into heaven?"

That Christ, in sight of His disciples, was taken up from the earth into heaven; and that He continues there for our interest, until He come again to judge the quick and the dead.

47. Is not Christ then with us, even to the end of the world, as He hath promised?

Christ is very man and very God: with respect to His human nature, He is no more on earth; but with respect to His Godhead, majesty, grace and Spirit, He is at no time absent from us.

48. But if His human nature is not present wherever His Godhead is, are then these two natures in Christ separated from one another?

Not at all; for since the Godhead is incomprehensible and omnipresent, it must necessarily follow that the same is not limited with the human nature He assumed, and yet remains personally united to it.

49. Of what advantage to us is Christ's ascension into heaven?

First, that He is our advocate in the presence of His Father in heaven: secondly, that we have our flesh in heaven, as a sure pledge that He, as the Head, will also take us up to Himself, as His members: thirdly, that He sends us His Spirit, as an earnest, by whose power we "seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and not things on earth."

COMMENTS.—*That day.*—The period of time which began with the resurrection of our Lord, particularly with His ascension, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and extends through the whole dispensation of the Spirit on to the second coming of Christ. *Ask.*—Means here both to inquire and to pray—to inquire for clearer knowledge, and to pray for more abundant grace. *Verily.* The word in the Greek is *Amen,* and means most truly and really. Its repetition gives the word almost the solemnity of an oath. *Whatsoever.*—This word, though very comprehensive in its general meaning, does not here signify anything or everything that the disciples might ask for, but only those things which were in accordance with the will of God, for the glory of God, and for their own good. *In My name.* To ask in the name of Jesus means 1) to plead His merits and mediation as the only reason for being heard and answered, 2) to ask in union with His person, He praying in and with us by His Spirit (Rom. 8 : 26; Eph. 6 : 18), 3) to ask according to His mind, and in the interests of His Kingdom.

24. Hitherto the disciples had not been accustomed to pray to the Father in and through Christ. They had prayed to God, after the manner of the Old Testament, as the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, but not as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and for His sake our God and Father. Such prayer was not possible before Jesus was glorified. Therefore, it was also something altogether new. *Your joy may be full.* Happiness resulting from as full and complete divine knowledge, and spiritual experience as was possible in this world.

25. *These things.* Not only all the things that He had spoken to them during this last conversation (from Chap. xiii.), but all that He had spoken to them during the whole time of their connection with Him as His disciples. *Proverbs.* Parables or figurative discourses. *The time cometh.* The day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost should be given to teach them. John 14 : 26.

26. *I say not unto you, etc.* He had told them (Chap. 14 : 16), that He would pray for them; He does not here recall that promise, but, inasmuch as it was still fresh in their minds, He says simply, that "He would not repeat what He had already promised for their encouragement, that He *would pray* to the Father for them." As if He had said: Having already promised, I need not say again, that I will pray, etc.

28. *I came forth from the Father*, etc. When Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, He came from the Father and came into the world. When He ascended to heaven, He left the world again, so far as His visible presence was concerned, and returned to the Father.

29. *Plainly.* Not in dark parables, but in language so simple and plain, that they thought they understood Him.

30. *Sure.* Fully convinced—without any the least doubt. *Thou knowest all things.* In v. 19, it is said, that Jesus *knew* that they were desirous to ask Him, etc., that is, He knew what thoughts were in their minds—could read their thoughts. This ability He showed in what He had just spoken to them, which was an answer to the unspoken questions which had arisen in their minds. That Jesus was thus able to read their thoughts, convinced them, that He knew all things—was omniscient. Therefore, it was not necessary, as is the case generally with teachers, that they should first ask Him questions, in order to get answers. He knew what they wished to know without being questioned.

33. *Tribulation.*—This word means literally, the state of being thrashed or bruised, as wheat is thrashed, in order to separate it from the chaff. Here it means persecutions, trials, temptations and sorrows. *Good cheer.*—Comfort and courage. Jesus overcame the world by meekly bearing its trials, by patiently enduring its sufferings even unto death, and by resisting its temptations. This victory of Christ over the world, should inspire His disciples with comfort and courage, for, if they were truly *in Him* by faith, He would impart unto them power in like manner to overcome the world. 1 John 5 : 4, 5.—This lesson presents Jesus to us as the source of light, comfort and peace, in this world of sin, darkness, temptation and suffering; and points out to us the only way in which we may be delivered from these evils and may obtain those blessing, viz., believing prayer in the name of Christ.

MAY 9. **LESSON XIX.** **1875.**

Ascension Day. Mark xvi., 14–20.

Sunday after Ascension Day. St. John xv., 26, 27—xvi., 1.

14. Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

15. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world. and preach the gospel to every creature.

16. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

17. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

18. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

19. So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

20. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with *them*, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

John xv., 26, 27.

26. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, *even* the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

27. And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

John xvi., 1.

1. These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended.

QUESTIONS.

Mark xvi., 14. How many days after His resurrection, did Jesus remain on earth? During this time, how often did He appear to His disciples? Which one of these appearances is mentioned in this verse? How many disciples were present at this time? Who were these eleven? Acts i. 12. What were they doing? In what manner did Jesus speak to them? What is the meaning of *upbraided?* Why did He upbraid them? Who were these persons who had seen Him after He had risen? verses 9-12.

15. What did Jesus say to the eleven? What does *all the world mean?* What is the meaning of *preach the gospel?* What is meant by *every creature?*

16. What promise does He make in this verse? What things must be believed? What is baptism? If one believes and is baptized, what will be the result? What is the meaning of *shall be saved?* Are both faith and baptism, then, necessary in order to be saved? If one will not believe, what will be the result? What is the meaning of *damned?* Matt. xxv. 41.

17, 18. What does Christ further promise? What is the meaning of *signs?* Who would be able to do these things? What is meant here by *in my name?*

19. What took place after the Lord had spoken these things? Who saw Him ascend? Acts i. 9-14. From what place did He ascend? Acts i. 12. What is meant by *sat down at the right hand of God?*

20. What did the Apostles do after the ascension of Christ? Does this mean that they went forth immediately after that event? How long were they to tarry at Jerusalem before they went forth? Luke xxiv. 49.

John xv. 26. What promise does Christ make in this verse? From whom does the Comforter proceed? What would He do? What is the meaning of *testify?* How would the Comforter testify of Christ?

27. What does Christ say that the Apostles also should do? Why should they do this? What is meant by *from the beginning?*

John xvi. 1. For what purpose does Christ say He spoke these things to the Apostles? What is meant by their not being *offended?*

—We have learned from the lesson of to-day, that Christ ascended into heaven. Of what advantage to us is His ascension into heaven? (See the 49th question of the Catechism.)

CATECHISM.

XIX. Lord's Day.

50. Why is it added, "and sitteth at the right hand of God?"

Because Christ is ascended into heaven for this end, that He might there appear as Head of His Church, by whom the Father governs all things.

51. What profit is this glory of Christ, our Head, unto us?

First, that by His Holy Spirit He poureth out heavenly graces upon us, His members; and then, that by His power He defends and preserves us against all His enemies.

52. What comfort is it to thee, that "Christ shall come again to judge the quick and the dead?"

That in all my sorrows and persecutions, with uplifted head, I look for the very same person who before offered Himself, for my sake to the tribunal of God, and hath removed all curse from me, to come as Judge from heaven; who shall cast all His and my enemies into everlasting condemnation, but shall translate me, with all His chosen ones, to Himself, into heavenly joys and glory.

COMMENTS. 14. Jesus remained on earth forty days after His resurrection. During this time, He appeared ten times to one or more of His disciples. John 20: 1, 2; Matt. 28: 9; Luke 24: 12, 34; Luke 24: 13, 18, 31; John 20: 19; John 20: 26; John 21; 1, 2; 1 Cor. 15: 6; Matt. 28: 16; Luke 24: 50. The appearance spoken of in this verse was probably the sixth, which is mentioned John 20: 26. *Upbraided.* He reproved and rebuked them. Their refusal to believe the report of His resurrection, showed that their minds were not as open as they ought to have been to the reception of truth.

15. *All the world.* All parts of the habitable earth. *To preach the Gospel* means to publish and declare glad-tidings, that is, the chief facts and events in the life of Christ—His incarnation, miracles, death, resurrection and ascension, by which the salvation of the world was accomplished. *Every creature.* Every human being—not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles—to every man, woman and child to the end of time.

16. The things necessary to be believed in order to salvation are expressed in the Apostles' Creed. Baptism is not only being washed with water in the name of the Trinity, but also being washed by the blood and Spirit of Christ. See the Twenty-sixth Lord's day of the Catechism. *Shall be saved.* That is, he shall obtain the forgiveness of sins and the new birth from heaven, and so be placed in a state of salvation, and at last be saved in heaven, if he continues in this state to the end of life. The way in which Christ here connects faith and baptism together clearly shows, that both are necessary, in ordinary circumstances, to salvation.

17, 18. *Signs.* Miracles regarded as extraordinary works which could be seen, and thus be visible proofs of divine power. *In My name.* By trusting in my help and power.

19. *Sat down at the right hand of God.* These words indicate the exaltation of Christ—His elevation to honor, power and authority equal to the Father, in heaven. This forms a striking contrast with His life of humiliation on earth.

John 15: 26. *Testify.*—This word means here to reveal or show forth in a fuller and clearer light. The Comforter would testify in this way of Christ—of His divine person and works, by opening the Old Testament Scriptures more clearly, by inspiring the apostles, and by so working upon the hearts and minds of men as to convince them that Christ is truly the Son of God, and the Saviour of men.

27. *From the beginning.* From the beginning of His public ministry, from which time the apostles had seen His acts and heard His words.

Having been thus eye and ear witness of what Christ had done and spoken, they would also be able to bear witness concerning Him, from their own knowledge.

16: 1. *Not be offended.* Not be led, or in any way influenced, to forsake Christ, to give up their faith in Him. He had told them that the world would hate and persecute them, John 15: 19, 20. Also, that He would send to them the Comforter. The knowledge of these things He communicated to them in order to save them from falling from their faith in Him as the Messiah, the Saviour of the world.

Every now and then it is the cry of superintendents that there is a lack of teachers. Then the question arises: "Who are expected to become teachers?" Parents say they have not time to go into the Sunday-school as laborers. And yet, we have seen mothers send their children forth to the sessions of school, watch them far down the street, and then turn to gossip for an hour with a neighbor, or turn into the house only to spend about the same length of time in looking out of a window. Many a Sunday-school teacher works hard all the week, and would have full need of the physical rest which the seventh day brings; only that somebody must be responsible for the spiritual training of the young; somebody must make the sacrifice and enter the field. "We have not time," say many parents. Verily you have as much time as many of the single men and women who are devoting their lives to your children.

TRUTH can never be bought too dear nor sold too cheap.

MAY 16. **LESSON XX.** **1875.**

Whitsunday.—Pentecost. *St. John* xiv. 15–31.

15. If ye love me, keep my commandments.
16. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;
17. *Even* the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.
18. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.
19. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.
20. At that day ye shall know that I *am* in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.
21. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.
22. Judas, saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?
23. Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.
24. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.
25. These things have I spoken unto you, being *yet* present with you.
26. But the Comforter, *which is* the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.
27. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.
28. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come *again* unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.
29. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe.
30. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.
31. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

QUESTIONS.

What is this Lord's day called? Why Whitsunday? Why Pentecost? What great fact does it commemorate? Acts ii. 1-5. What connection has the lesson of to-day with this fact?

15. What does Jesus say His disciples will do, if they love Him? What are *His* commandments?

16. What does He say He will do for them? Who had hitherto been the Comforter of the disciples? Whom does He mean by *another* Comforter? How long would this Comforter abide with them?

17. By what other title does Jesus speak of the Holy Ghost? What did He mean by that? Would the world be able to receive the Holy Ghost? Why not? Would the disciples be able to receive Him?

18. What further promise does Jesus give? To what does He refer by the words *I will come to you again?*

19. What is meant by *a little while* in this verse? Would the disciples see Jesus after that? What benefit would the disciples receive from His resurrection? Did the life of Jesus become, through His death and resurrection, the principle of the new spiritual life of His disciples? Rom. vi. 8.

20. What knowledge would the disciples have after the resurrection of Jesus and the coming of the Holy Ghost? Would this knowledge be experimental rather than intellectual—of the heart, rather than of the head?

21. By whom does Jesus say those will be loved who love Him and keep His commandments? How would He manifest Himself to them? Does He still thus make Himself known to those who now love Him and keep His commandments?

22. What did Judas ask? Did he rightly understand what Jesus had said?

23, 24. What did Jesus answer? Must *we* then love and obey Him, if we would have Him and the Father love us and abide in our souls through the Holy Ghost? Can the unbelieving world love and obey Jesus?

25, 26. What further does Jesus say? In whose name would the Father send the Holy Ghost? What does that mean? What would the Holy Ghost do? Must the Holy Ghost also teach us, in order that we may rightly know and understand the words of Jesus?

27. What parting gift did Jesus give to His disciples? What kind of peace is this? What kind of peace does the world give? Jer. vi. 14.

28. What does Jesus say again about His going away and coming again? What does He say the disciples would do, if they loved Him? Why would they rejoice at His going to the Father? Was not Jesus equal to the Father? John x. 30. In what sense is the Father greater than Jesus?

29. For what purpose did Jesus tell His disciples these things before they came to pass?

30. Why will He not talk much with them hereafter? Who is meant by the *prince of this world?* What did Jesus mean by saying, that *the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me?*

31. What proof does Jesus say He will give to the world of His love to the Father? To what commandment does He refer? Chap. x. 17, 18. Whither did Jesus and His disciples now go? Luke xxii. 39.

CATECHISM.

XX. Lord's Day.

53. What dost thou believe concerning the Holy Ghost?

First, that He is true and co-eternal God with the Father and the Son; secondly, that He is also given me to make me by a true faith, a partaker of Christ and all His benefits, that He may comfort me, and abide with me for ever.

COMMENTS.—*Whitsunday.* There is difference of opinion in regard to the origin and meaning of this word. The most probable opinion is, that it was originally written *Whitesunday,* and was so called, because this day was a special season for the baptism of catechumens, who were required to appear in church clothed in *white* garments, in token of the spiritual purity which baptism signified, and of the innocence of life to which they bound themselves. Hence, *white,* or Whitsunday. *Pentecost* means fiftieth, and the feast was so called by the Jews, because it was observed on the fiftieth day after the feast of the Passover, or Easter. It was celebrated in memory of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and also was a feast of the ingathering of the first fruits of the harvest. Deut. 16: 9, 10. The Gospel of to-day contains the *promise* of the gift of the Holy Ghost; the Epistle, Acts 2: 1–11, contains the record of the *fulfilment* of that promise, which great fact is commemorated on this Lord's day.

15. *My Commandments.* The teachings and precepts of Jesus, which are contained in the gospels.

16. *Another Comforter.* Jesus had hitherto been the Comforter of the disciples. In view of His going away, He promises to send them the Holy Ghost, who would take His place as Comforter.

17. *Spirit of truth.* The Holy Ghost is here called *the Spirit of truth,* because He will reveal and make known more clearly the truth spoken by Jesus during His earthly ministry.

18. *I will come to you again.* By these words Jesus refers to His coming to them again through His resurrection from the dead, and to His spiritual coming through the Holy Ghost.

19. *A little while.* See comment on the lesson for the third Sunday after Easter.

20. *At that day ye shall know,* etc. By the coming and power of the Holy Ghost, Christ would be made to dwell in the disciples as the life of their life; their knowledge, consequently, would be experimental—they would have "the witness in themselves;" they would know, because they would *feel* the power of Christ in their souls.

21. He would manifest or make Himself known to the disciples through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He still thus makes Himself known more and more, to those who take pleasure in reading and hearing His word, in prayer and in all acts of worship, especially in the Holy Supper.

22. *Judas saith unto him.* Judas altogether misunderstood Jesus. He had such an idea of the Messiah as led him to expect that He would establish a visible temporal kingdom, and would make Himself known as the King of Israel *to all the world.* He could not, therefore, understand how Jesus would manifest Himself only to a few.

26. *In my name.* That is, as the representative of Christ, clothed with His power, and making real His presence with the disciples.

27. *Peace.* The peace which Jesus gives is spiritual, and therefore most real—peace of heart and mind, resulting from pardon of sin, acceptance with God through Christ, etc. The peace of the world is empty and delusive. Isaiah 48: 22.

28. *For my Father is greater than I.* Jesus was equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, but inferior to the Father as the suffering and dying Son of Man. His departure out of His state of humiliation and suffering, into the fellowship of His Father's might and glory, is an exaltation; and at that His disciples should rejoice.

30. *The prince of this world.* Satan, and the wicked men ruled by him. Jesus is referring here to His near approaching arrest and trial. *And hath nothing in me.* Satan would find no sin in Jesus—nothing that would make Him in any way subject to Satan's power, or deserving of the accusation of His enemies. Jesus here once more asserts His perfect *sinlessness* and the *voluntariness* of the sacrifice of Himself for the sins of the world.

IF the Bible did not tell us Jesus was poor, I should have known it from His own words. Who would have talked about putting pieces upon old garments, or about sweeping the house diligently, if He had not seen His mother doing it? So while I was busy over these things and a hundred household words like them, I knew that He knew exactly all about them, and that made them sweet to me.—*Bede's Charity*

MAY 23. **LESSON XXI.** 1875.

Trinity Sunday. St. John iii. 1–15.

1. There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:
2. The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.
3. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.
4. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?
5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and *of* the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.
6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.
7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.
8. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.
9. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?
10. Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?
11. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.
12. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you *of* heavenly things?
13. And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, *even* the Son of man which is in heaven.
14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:
15. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

By what name is this Sunday called? What is the meaning of *Trinity?* Who are the three persons of the Trinity? Do they constitute the One only true God? 1 John v. 7.

1. What is recorded in this verse? Who were the *Pharisees?* What was *a ruler of the Jews?*

2. When did Nicodemus come to Jesus? Why did he come *at night?* What further mention is made of Nicodemus in this Gospel? Chap. vii. 50, 51; xix. 39, 40. Is it probable from these statements that he became a disciple of Jesus? What did he now say unto Jesus? What is the meaning of *Rabbi?* What did he acknowledge Jesus to be? What did he mean by *a teacher come from God? Why* did he acknowledge Him to be such a teacher?

3. What did Jesus answer him? What is the meaning of *born again?* What is the meaning of *seeing the kingdom of God?* Why cannot men understand the kingdom of God except they are born again? 1 Cor. ii. 10 13.

4. What did Nicodemus answer? Did he understand what Jesus had said?

5. What did Jesus say to him? To what does *water* here refer? What does *the Spirit* mean? What then is meant by *being born of water and of the Spirit?* How does St. Paul speak of this same matter? Titus iii. 5.

6. What further did Jesus say? What did He mean by *that which is born of the flesh is flesh?* What by *that which is born of the Spirit is spirit?*

7. What did Jesus tell Nicodemus not to marvel at? What is the meaning of *marvel?*

8. How does Jesus illustrate the mystery of the new birth? What is the meaning of *listeth?* Do we hear the sound of the wind? Do we know whence it cometh and whither it goeth? its origin and destination? What does Jesus say is in like manner so mysterious, that we are not able to understand it?

9. What did Nicodemus answer? What did he mean by *these things?*

10. What did Jesus say to him? What was *a master in Israel?* Had Jesus reason to be surprised at Nicodemus' ignorance of these things?

11. What further did Jesus say? Does He declare by these words that He had personal knowledge of the things which He spoke?

12. What were the *earthly things* of which He spoke? What the *heavenly things?*

13. What heavenly things does Jesus here mention? Who is meant by the *Son of man?* Did He come down from heaven? Did He also ascend up to heaven? Was He also always in heaven? John i., 18. Did all this qualify Him and Him alone to make known heavenly things? Comp. Matt. xi. 27.

14. What fact in the history of Moses does Jesus now speak of? Where is this recorded? Num. xxii. 6-9. When was Jesus, the Son of man, thus lifted up? John xix. 17, 18.

15. For what purpose was He thus lifted up? Must we believe in Christ and Him crucified in order to obtain eternal life? When, according to this whole lesson, is this eternal life imparted to us? verse 3.

CATECHISM.

XXI. Lord's Day.

54. What believest thou concerning the "Holy Catholic Church" of Christ?

That the Son of God, from the beginning to the end of the world, gathers, defends, and preserves to Himself, by His Spirit and Word, out of the whole human race, a church chosen to everlasting life, agreeing in true faith; and that I am, and for ever shall remain, a living member thereof.

55. What do you understand by "the communion of saints?"

First, that all and every one who believes, being members of Christ, are in common partakers of Him, and of all His riches and gifts; secondly, that every one must know it to be his duty, readily and cheerfully to employ His gifts for the advantage and salvation of other members.

56. What believest thou concerning "the forgiveness of sins?"

That God, for the sake of Christ's satisfaction, will no more remember my sins, neither my corrupt nature, against which I have to struggle all my life long, but will graciously impute to me the righteousness of Christ, that I may never be condemned before the tribunal of God.

COMMENTS. *Trinity.*—Three in one. It expresses the doctrine of three persons in the Godhead.

1. *The Pharisees.* "The Pharisees were a sect of the Jews, who took their name from the Hebrew word *Pharash, separated,* because they separated themselves from all other sects as being superior to them in holiness. They made Jewish traditions of equal authority with the law of God, (Matt. 15 : 6), paid undue honor to outward ceremonies, (Luke 11 : 39), and, while giving tithes of trifling articles, neglected the weightier duties of the moral law. Luke 11 : 42. They believed in the doctrines of the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of man's will, the existence of angels and spirits, and the certainty of future rewards and punishments." *A ruler of the Jews.*—He was a member of the Sanhedrin, or chief council of the Jews, which was composed of seventy persons, and had authority particularly over everything which was connected in any way with religion or worship.

2. *Rabbi.*–Master, in the sense of teacher of religious truth. Here more especially one sent from God with the authority of a prophet over priests and people.

3. *Born again*—Natural birth as the process by which we are made partakers of human life is here employed as a figure to represent the process by which we are made partakers of spiritual life—the divine-human life of Christ. As we must be born to live naturally and humanly, so we must be born again, be made new creatures in Christ (2 Cor. 5 : 17), to live spiritually and holily. *The Kingdom of God.* The divine order or constitution of grace brought into the world and established by Christ. This was comprehended, in the first place, in the person and work of Christ, and then, proceeding from Him, took the form of a visible communion, in the apostles and first disciples, and has become the historical kingdom of God, or the Church of the living God. *See.*—Means here to understand in a realizing sense, to know by experience. As a child must be born in order to see and to understand the kingdom of nature (the natural world), so we must be born again, be regenerated, in order to see and understand—to know by experience, the kingdom of God, the world of divine life and truth. "The kingdom of God is not something into which a man can think, or investigate, or study, or read, or hear, or talk, or discuss himself; man can only experience (live) his way into it."

5. *Water.*—The water here refers to baptism—the visible, material element of that sacrament. The *Spirit* means the Holy Spirit. To be born of water and of the Spirit means, then, to have new spiritual life communicated to us through baptism by the agency of the Holy Spirit, together with the being washed or cleansed from the pollution of sin.

6. *Born of the flesh, etc.*—Those who are born of earthly parents *only* are sinful and corrupt. *Born of the Spirit, etc.* Those who are regenerated—born again of water and the Spirit, are made partakers of the Spirit—have the Spirit dwelling and working in them. Rom. 8 : 9-11.

7. *Marvel.*—Wonder, astonishment. Jesus would say to Nicodemus, Do not be astonished and troubled at the darkness and mystery of the new birth.

8. *Listeth.*—Jesus personifies the wind, and attributes to it freedom of will. It blows when and how it pleases and wills.

9. *These things.* That is, the being born again of water and of the Spirit. Nicodemus wished to *understand,* to see clearly with his natural understanding, *how* the new birth was brought to pass by water and the Spirit.

10. *A master in Israel.*—Nicodemus as a member of the Sanhedrin was a teacher or doctor of the Jewish law, and should have possessed much knowledge of the meaning of the types, prophecies and ceremonies of the Old Testament, many of which referred to the spiritual birth.

12. *Earthly things.*—Natural birth, water and the wind of which Jesus had spoken. *Heavenly things.* The new birth, and the Spirit, of which the earthly things were figures and types.

14. *The Son of Man.*—By this title Jesus refers to Himself. He explains to Nicodemus one of the most familiar types of Jewish history—that the rearing of the brazen serpent was a type of His being raised on the cross. As those who were bitten of the fiery serpents were cured who looked upon the brazen serpent, so also all who look by faith unto Christ and Him crucified shall be cured of sin and obtain eternal life.

MAY 30. **LESSON XXII.** **1875.**

First Sunday after Trinity. Luke xvi., 19–31.

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:
20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,
21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.
22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;
23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.
24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.
25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.
26. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that *would come* from thence.
27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:
28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.
29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.
30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.
31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

QUESTIONS.

19. What kind of man is here spoken of? How is he described? What is meant by being *clothed in purple and fine linen?* What by *faring sumptuously?* Was such a style of living sinful for this rich man?

20. What kind of man is spoken of in this verse? What was his name? Where was he laid? What does that mean? Besides being a beggar, what else was his condition?

21. What did he desire? Did the rich man give him these? If not, then what was the rich man's sin? What did the dogs do? Was this a relief to Lazarus, or an aggravation of his suffering? If a relief, what did it show? If an aggravation, what then?

22. What happened to the beggar? Who carried his soul away? Who are the angels? Heb. i. 14. Whither did they carry him? What is meant by *Abraham's bosom?* Does the Word of God require us to believe that Lazarus was a righteous man as well as a beggar? Why? Heb. xii. 14; Rev. xxii. 14, 15. What happened also to the rich man?

23. Whither did his soul go? Whom did he see?

24. What did he cry, and say? Are we to understand his speaking of *finger*, and *water*, and *tongue*, and *flame*, literally or figuratively? If figuratively, what does he pray for?

25. What answer did Abraham give to him? What did he mean by "*good things?*" verse 19. What by *evil things?* verses 20, 21. Was the condition of the rich man and Lazarus in the spirit world the very reverse of what it had been in this world?

26. What further did Abraham say? What is the meaning of the words *a great gulf fixed?* Is there any possibility of a change of heart and of state in the future life? Comp. Rev. xxii. 11.

27, 28. What did the rich man say? Concerning *what* did he wish Lazarus to testify to his five brethren? Why did he wish this? Is it probable that these five brethren were leading the same selfish and worldly kind of life that he had led in this world?

29. What did Abraham answer? Did he mean that Moses and the prophets were still living on earth, or that they had the *writings* of Moses and the prophets? What is meant by *let them hear them?*

30. What did the rich man say to this?

31. What did Abraham reply? Who spake to them through Moses and the prophets? Who would speak to them through one risen from the dead? If they were not persuaded to repent by God's speaking to them, is it probable that they would have been persuaded by a man, even though he rose from the dead? Are not these closing words of this parable a condemnation of all attempts made at the present day, by table-rapping, spiritualism, etc., to penetrate the mysteries of the spirit-world?

Now, what is the practical lesson of this parable? Is it that the possession of riches is a sin? Or, that poverty is in itself a saving virtue? If not either of these, what is it?

CATECHISM.

XXII. Lord's Day.

57. What comfort doth the "resurrection of the body" afford thee?

That not only my soul, after this life, shall be immediately taken up to Christ, its Head, but also that this, my body, being raised by the power of Christ, shall be re-united with my soul, and made like unto the glorious body of Christ.

58. What comfort takest thou from the article of "life everlasting?"

That since I now feel in my heart the beginning of eternal joy, after this life I shall inherit perfect salvation, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man" to conceive; and that, to praise God therein for ever.

COMMENTS. 19. *Clothed in purple and fine linen.* The Jews wore loose, flowing robes. The *purple* designates the outer robe of purple or crimson color; the *fine linen*, the under garment of costly linen, which was often worth its weight in gold.

Fared sumptuously. His food was of the choicest and most expensive kind. Being rich, such a style of living was not in itself sinful, but only corresponded with his circumstances.

20. *Laid at his gate.* The main entrance to the rich man's palace, where, being helpless, Lazarus was carried and laid by others.

21. The parable does not say, whether the desire of Lazarus was gratified or not. Nevertheless, it is probable, that he now and then received a few crumbs, else he would soon have starved to death; but even those were not given to him by the rich man, rather were cast by the servants to him as to the hungry dogs. This being so, the sin of the rich man was heartless selfishness. If the licking of the sores of Lazarus by the dogs, was a relief, it showed that even they were more merciful to him than the rich man; if it was an aggravation of his suffering, it showed his helpless misery.

22. *Abraham's bosom.*—"A symbolical representation of the happiness, which was prepared for the pious Jews, immediately after death, in communion with their blessed forefather, Abraham." The Jews called the place of abode of departed spirits Scheol (in the New Testament, Hades), and distinguished in it a place of suffering for the wicked (Gehenna), and a place of happiness for the pious (Abraham's bosom, or Paradise). The soul of Lazarus was carried to the latter place or state, that of the rich man went to the former.

24. The words *finger*, *water*, etc., are used figuratively (for the soul has no physical members), and serve to describe more graphically the great suffering of the rich man. His prayer places his present great misery, and need in striking contrast with his former happiness and abundance.

26. *A great gulf fixed.* The Jews thought that between the abodes of the blessed and the miserable, in Hades, a river or impassable gulf was placed. Christ adopts the Jewish notion in this regard. "The expression conveys the idea of a yawning, profound, bridgeless interval of separation, which cannot be overleaped, either by presumption on the one hand, or sympathy on the other."

29. *Let them hear them.* The writings of Moses and the prophets, are here spoken of as containing all the divine revelation that the Jews needed in order to obtain eternal happiness. *To hear them* means, to believe and practically obey their teachings.

The practical lesson of this parable, is, that, in order to be lost, it is not necessary that we be guilty of any *great* sins or crimes (the rich man is not said to have committed any of these), but simply to live worldly, selfish, God-forgetful lives, and leave *undone* the duties which we owe to God, and to our suffering fellow-men.

DR. SPRING.—The Rev. Dr. Paxton, in his address at the funeral of Dr. Spring, related a characteristic and touching incident which has often had its counterpart in the death of aged saints. He stated that in his last illness, when disease was added to the infirmity of age, he seemed to be taken back to his childhood, and on one occasion, after repeating a child's hymn, Dr. Spring repeated also the evening prayer of early days, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and added "God bless me, and make me a good boy, for Jesus' sake, Amen." It was truly a sublime scene, this aged and learned theologian, entering heaven as a little child.

KING ALFRED'S DYING WORDS.—My dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming, my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shall be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou a father to the children and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might, right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all shall be thy reward. Call upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and He shall help thee in all thou undertakest.

Pernicious Compliments.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dropping in at a Mission Sunday-school, we found a certain person on the stand harangueing the patient audience. After the close of the services we asked the Superintendent: "Why do you ask such a man to speak to the School?"

"Well, I knew that he was fond of speaking to children, and I thought it would please him, and perhaps the School, too."

"Yes! but I saw that man very drunk a short time ago. What effect will the example of a drunkard have on the minds and habits of those larger boys, after you invite him to address them?"

"Is it possible? I did not know that he was given to drinking."

"Please take my advice. Hereafter never ask anybody to address your School, without first being well convinced of two things: (1.) That he is well known in all respects as a consistent Christian. (2.) That he is well known to be competent to talk to and counsel teachers and scholars."

Almost every community has a class of self-appointed Sunday-school speech-makers. They have lost caste in their own congregations and Sabbath-schools, and have pretty much gone the round of other Schools. They have an ambition to speak in public, and seek to gratify it by visiting Sunday-schools, as they say, with an air of great solemnity, *with the desire to do good.* They are known to the Superintendents, who out of courtesy invite them to speak upon every visit. We have heard this class of speakers not only utter stupid, insipid nonsense, but the most pernicious doctrines, such as we would consider it sin to teach from the pulpit! And they would spin out this wretched stuff by the half hour. Such persons rob the School of precious time, worry its members with a silly harangue, and damage precious souls with their false teaching. Impose no such itinerant orators upon your School. They have no claim upon you; have no right to demand such a compliment; do not deserve one.

Some well-meaning Superintendents try to put every visitor to the School to work. Some of the teachers may be absent. The vacant classes are supplied by pressing the strangers into service. True, no one knows them; whether they are Mormons, Jews, Gentiles or Christians is not known. Whether they will teach the scholars true or false doctrine, the Superintendent cannot tell; only he wants to compliment or please the strangers and supply the vacant classes. Now there are persons who though practically the vilest people in the community, will for business patronage or political favors in this way work their way into Sunday-schools, to the great damage of the cause. We know instances where such blind leaders would tell the scholars that it was not necessary for persons to go to church in order to be saved; that they should not believe all that their pastors preached, and other poisonous doctrines. Do not ask every visitor to teach. Ask only those whom you know personally to possess a good name and character for piety, and whom you can trust as teachers. Better let your classes be vacant than inflict an unknown and unsafe teacher upon them.

A Real Christian seldom sees a defect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects the beautiful sky, the clouds, and the overhanging trees but when it is ruffled it reflects nothing that is pure. A bad man—a real scoundrel—seldom sees a good trait in the character of his neighbor. An imperfect glass reflects nothing correctly, but shows its own deficiency. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but bright images.

You talk about growing in grace. Do your trades-people see it? You say you have made advances in the Christian life. Would the man that you buy and sell with say so too? You have lofty claims to spiritual enlightenment. What do your servants and children say about you? Do your tempers feel the strong curb that is laid upon them? Can you point to your life and say, "That is my confession—there is the proof of my progress?"

Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. JUNE, 1875. NO. 6.

Leaves from a Doctor's Diary.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Everybody knows the Doctor; a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at the strange and last hour which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next. The Doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows,—some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone knows; how many cares and secrets, how many lives he carries in his heart and in his hands! So you see he is a very important person—the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves."—*Dr. John Brown's Spare Hours.*

The beginning of a professional life—of a Doctor's life, too—is usually difficult. The first patient is sometimes long a coming; the first fee hard to procure. Henry Stilling had finished his studies at the University of Strassburg, had received his diploma, had returned home as an M. D.

He settled in Schönthal, in the neighborhood of his friends and early comrades. He married a merchant's daughter of a neighboring village. Besides her wardrobe she brought him six wooden chairs, one table, two beds, several dishes, six plates, and a few other trifling articles. This was all. He began his home life with five rix dollars in his purse.

On the fourth day the first patient came. A country-woman, after spending her substance with other Doctors, besought him to cure her child. With painful misgivings he prescribed to this unpromising invalid. The first dose already had a good effect. The cure at once brought the new Doctor into favorable notice. Ere long his office was crowded with the halt, the maimed and the blind, clamoring for the healing of their supposed incurable diseases. Some of these he cured, many he could not relieve. After the first rush his practice dwindled down to a distressing and distressed few patients. But few of these paid him. His larder and purse were empty. His credit gone. It was in the dead of winter. He had but a half a florin left. His wife Christine wept bitterly, and he prayed fervently. The forester had just unloaded a lot of wood at his door. It was to cost two dollars. Alas, what shall we do, said Stilling? Meanwhile the forester washed his hands and entered the office to receive his money. With that there is a rap at the door. A former patient greets him pleasantly and says that although his "bill only would become due on New Year, he thought as he passed along he might as well pay it now, as he possibly might need the money." In this way a merciful Providence often heard his prayers and helped him.

Much of his trouble came from his thriftless habits. And then his patients were mostly poor people. With these he could effect great cures. But should he now and then have a rich patient, he was sure to fail. This filled him with the usual professional disgust which most Doctors are more or less afflicted with.

One day he was about mounting his horse in front of a certain house in a neighboring village, when a blind woman cried to him: "O, Doctor, please examine my eyes; I have been blind for several years, and have two children whom I have never seen, and my husband is a poor day laborer. Formerly I could help to support the family with spinning, but now I can no longer see to work. My husband works hard, but he cannot support the family alone. Please do for me what you can."

"You have a cataract," said the Doctor, after examining her eyes. "A skillful Doctor might cure you."

"Why you are skillful," she exclaimed.

"I understand the disease, but have never operated on a living person."

"Then I beseech you, try it on my eyes."

"No, my dear woman. I am too timid. I might commit a blunder, and doom you to life-long blindness."

"But if I am willing to risk it? You see I am blind, and cannot be made any blinder than I am, even by a blunder. Perhaps God will bless and give you success. Please try it."

Stilling fairly shuddered at the bare thought of such an attempt. "My dear woman let me alone, I cannot perform the operation," he said, as he mounted his horse.

Nothing daunted, she kept on crying after him: "It is your solemn duty, Doctor; God has called you to relieve and help the poor as soon as you can. You can operate for the cataract. I am willing that you should try your skill first on my eyes. If you refuse to try, I shall arraign you before God on the day of Judgment."

Stilling gave spurs to his horse and hurried away, but with a troubled conscience. The blind woman preferred complaint against the Doctor with her pastor. The good man wrote Stilling a touching letter. Others wrote to him. Finally he consented to undertake the operation. It was done at the pastor's house. With a trembling hand he seized the delicate knife. The brave woman sat erect in a chair. As he first pressed the knife on the eye she started; with that the Doctor started too, and withdrew the knife for a moment in despair. Again he applied it at the same place, and cut with timid caution. Just as he heaved a sigh of disappointment, the scale of the cataract fell on the woman's cheek. "O, my dear, dear Doctor," she cried with joy, "I see your face, I can see the black of your eye!" What a joy this cure brought into that humble home, and into the heart of the Doctor, for he cured both eyes!

This cure brought him into favorable notice, but still chiefly only among poor people, so that he was sorely perplexed to support his family. Success in his profession provoked others to envy. Some said he was proud, others that he was not pious, others that he was a quack. Neighboring Doctors incited the Government to subject him a second time to a rigid examination. This only brought him additional honor.

Along with the duties of his profession Stilling prosecuted his literary pursuits. Indeed, wrote several works on scientific subjects, which helped to bring him into favorable notice in the literary world. In 1778, when he was thirty-eight years of age, he was called as Professor in a literary institution in Kaiserslautern. There he became very popular with the students as a lecturer, and continued to write religious and scientific books. But his old unthrifty habits brought him into fresh trouble. His excessive kindness of heart led him to impoverish himself by his benefactions to others. He contracted new debts, and was harassed with the clamors of old creditors.

Stilling's wife was of a delicate constitution, and frequently an invalid. One day on her bed of pain, she called him to her bedside, and said: "God be merciful unto both of us. I have had a presentiment of my approaching death." As a skillful physician he knew how true it was. She suffered with consumption. Meanwhile Stilling again wrestled with God day and night. It is said that in a corner of his office he had wetted the floor with his tears, and worn it smooth with his frequent kneeling.

Her great weakness could not endure the least noise, so that he gently moved about the sick chamber in his stockings. On a certain morning she said: "My dear husband I feel so happy, but

sleepy: should I not awake again here but in heaven, farewell." It was her last farewell. Stilling, for a long while, sat aside the corpse of his wife, pressing his two motherless children to his heaving bosom.

In due time he married again. His lot in life began to brighten; but every rose of pleasure he plucked had its thorn. Princes and nobles befriended him. For a while he lived with the Grand Duke of Baden, in his Castle at Carlsruhe, and ate at the ducal table. His fame as an oculist, a healer of eye diseases, had spread far and wide. He made long journeys to reach his patients, whose large fees not only raised him above want, but left him ample means in hand. Along with these he had a large charity practice.

When living at Marburg, he walked leisurely to a neighboring village, one evening, with a friend. On the road they met a blind beggar, led by a little girl. He asked them for a gift. He was over sixty years of age. His venerable head was crowned with snow-white hair. He must have looked like good old Tobias. Stilling warmly grasped his hand and asked:

"How long have you been blind?"

"About ten years."

"Do you know what caused your blindness?"

"Not for certain," replied the old man. "I was once caught in a thunder shower, and left my wet clothes dry on my body. I believe that had something to do with it."

"Very likely," said Stilling, as he looked at the vacant eyes of the poor man. "It is the cataract, and ripe for an operation," continued he to his friend. "Where do you come from, and whither are you going?" he asked the blind man.

"To Marburg, sir. Our Pastor told me that a certain Doctor is living at Marburg, who is very skillful in curing the cataract; and that he is a pious, kind-hearted man, who will not send a poor blind person away unrelieved. At his advice I have undertaken this journey, guided by this little girl, who is my grand-daughter. I hope the good man will have pity on us. Doctor, you perhaps know him?"

Stilling's friend replied: "Then God has led you to the right man. For he who holds your hand is the good Doctor."

The blind man started, then grasped the Doctor's hand more tightly, and exclaimed: "Thank God! My dear sir, please have pity on a poor blind man, and, with the help of God, give him his sight. But I am too poor to pay you anything, save the few kreutzers I have begged and saved."

Stilling, for a moment, whispered a thankful prayer, as his eyes glanced heavenward, then said to his friend:

"Do you see the finger of God here?"

To the blind man he said: "We will believe and pray, my dear old man, perhaps God will help us to heal you."

The Doctor kept the blind man many weeks at his house, and raised his system that it might endure an operation. At length a day was fixed. A number of invited friends were in the room, as Stilling led the blind man by the hand out of an adjoining chamber, where they had just been engaged in prayer. The face of each still bore the impress of communion with the divine presence.

The patient sat down on a chair. Green curtains were drawn before the windows, to shade the room. A friend held the blind man's head, to steady it. With a steady hand Stilling took the knife, and after a few delicate cuts, taking but a moment, he cried out:

"Thank God, it is done!"

The poor man raised his hoary head, and looked into the tearful eye of the Doctor:

"Oh, I can see," he cried, "and for this I must thank you!"

"No, not me, but thank that God of all grace, who said to you, too, 'Let there be light, and there was light!'"

Thereupon the grateful patient fell on his knees in thankful prayer to God. As he tried to kiss the Doctor's hand, the latter quickly tied a napkin over his eyes, and said: "It is high time, if all is not to be lost again."

He put the patient into a soft bed, and nursed him. Ten days later he had fully regained his sight, and returned home.

Many a similar incident might be related from the experience of kind-hearted Doctors we know of. Many cures, if not as marvellous, performed with

trouble and expense, out of compassion for the suffering, are never known, save to the Doctors and the cured.

Says Doctor Brown: "Honey is not sweeter in your mouths, and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and music to your ears, and a warm, cosey bed is not more welcome to your wearied legs and head, than is the honest, deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor. It is his glory, his reward; he wraps himself all around with it as with a cloak, and goes on in his work, happy and hearty; the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping, and worth the remembering.

"Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close in the Grassmarket,—two worthy kindly souls they were and are. (Sandie is dead now.) By God's blessing the means I used saved 'our Kirsty's' life, and I made friends of these two forever; Sandie would have fought for me, if need be, and Kirsty would do as good. I can count on them as my friends, and when I pass the close-mouth in the West-Box, where they now live, and are thriving, keeping their pigs, and their hoary old cuddie and cart, I get a courtesy from Kirsty, and see her look after me, and turn to the women beside her, and I know exactly what she is saying to them about 'Dr. Brown.' And when I meet old Sandie with his ancient and long-lugged friend, driving the draff from the distillery for his swine, I see his gray eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way, and I know that he is saying to himself, 'God bless him, he saved my Kirsty's life,' and he runs back in his mind all those twenty past years, and lays out his heart on all that he remembers, and that does him good, and me too, and nobody any ill. Therefore, give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him like honest Sandie; it will not lose its reward, and it costs you nothing; it is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer, but all the richer.

"One person I would earnestly warn you against, and that is the Quack Doctor. If the real Doctor is a sort of God of healing, or rather our God's cobbler for the body, the Quack is the Devil for the body, or rather the Devil's servant against the body. And, like his father, he is a great liar and cheat. He offers you what he cannot give. Whenever you see a medicine that cures everything, be sure it cures nothing; and, remember, it may kill. The Devil promised our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if He would fall down and worship him; now this was a lie, he could not give Him any such thing. Neither can the Quack give you his kingdoms of health, even though you worship him as he best likes, by paying him for his trash; he is dangerous and dear, and often deadly,—have nothing to do with him."

The Kiffhäuser Legend.

BY N. C. SCHAEFFER.

The events of the last five years, and the mighty changes produced by them, have called renewed attention to the legend which bears this name. It is the embodiment of the dream-life and the hopes, which the German people cherished during a period of six centuries, and which they at last saw realized in a manner surpassing their most sanguine expectations. It assumed different forms in different periods, without, however, losing its original character at any time. Circumstances led the people of Thüringen to give it "a local habitation and a name."

Upon one of the lofty peaks in that mountainous country, could be seen as late as the Reformation, the extensive ruins of an ancient imperial castle, reminding one of better days. Hither the peasants made many a pilgrimage in honor of the Emperor Frederic, who was said to have found refuge inside of the hill. The legend represents him as sitting at a stone table, leaning his head upon his hand, trying to refresh his powers by sweet repose and sleep. His long beard, having grown through the table, reaches down to his feet. Ever and anon his head nods and his eyes wink, as if he could not sleep soundly or was just going to wake up. For, some day he will again appear to re-establish the dismembered empire, to re-conquer Constantinople, Jerusalem,

and the Holy Sepulchre. The church and the priests, whom Rome has enslaved, will then regain their freedom; the Christians will sing Te Deum Laudamus, and all the people will join in the cry: The Emperor Frederic has returned. Then the withered tree will again grow green, and the pious Emperor will hang his shield and his armor upon it.

Once a shepherd, who had whistled a sweet melody, was allowed to come down into the inner chambers; he was asked whether the ravens still flew around the hill-tops, and having answered yes, was told by the Emperor, "Then I must sleep another hundred years."

Sometimes he is represented as haunting the hills and valleys; but he is always kind to the poor, giving them of his riches if they are industrious. His chambers are adorned with gold and precious stones; but he also has stables full of horses, and arsenals containing all kinds of weapons, both of which he will need on his expedition to the Holy Land. Others say his sprightly daughter keeps him company; both are very much pleased if wandering musicians serenade them at midnight; besides, the charming princess does many favors in unknown ways to such of the children and the poor people in the neighboring villages, as try to be good and pious.

For a long time the learned referred this legend to Frederic Barbarossa (red beard), who was drowned while crossing a river when on his way to Palestine, Rückert's ballad entitled, "Der alte Barbarosse, der Kaiser-Friederich," and the fairy tale about the Rothbart in Grimm's collection seemed to strengthen this impression. But recent investigators, by tracing the legend back to its source, have shown that Fred. II. is the real hero of the story. His life, also, as we shall soon see, suits much better to the circumstances of modern history.

In the neighborhood of Salzburg, an Emperor is reported to be sitting deep down among the rocks, with a golden crown upon his head, a sceptre in his hand, surrounded by hosts under the command of different heroes. In this instance the beard has grown twice around the table before him; and as soon as the last corner is reached for the third time, the last day dawns; a terrible battle begins; the flowing blood becomes so deep as to fill the shoes of the soldiers; anti-Christ appears: the final judgment is held; and the wicked are subdued by the good.

Another version says that Frederic will come again to reform the church. He must return, even if his enemies have cut him into a thousand pieces or burned him to ashes; for the immutable decree of God has determined that he shall restore the glory of the empire, cause the rich young men to marry the poor girls, release the priests and nuns from their vows of celibacy, relieve the wants of the widows and orphans, and establish a reign of universal justice. But the so-called Pfaffen he will oppress with heavy persecutions, and the Minorites, his former enemies, he will drive from the earth.

The earliest narrators of this legend give it upon the authority of the Italians. Joachim, a monk of that country, had predicted that Frederic could only be killed by the hand of God, that the sybilline leaves had given a response vacillating between a rumor of death and a supposition that he was still alive. Nor would these bare-footed monks believe in the death of this monster, until one of them was assured of the fact by the Pope himself. The Italians were afraid of our legendary hero; the Germans regard him as their friend and deliverer.

Without doubt Fred. II. was the only Emperor of that name, whom the legend in these different forms fits. He came under the ban in his twelfth year; the maledictions of the Pope followed him to the Holy Land; in the church of the Holy Sepulchre he, an excommunicated layman, took the crown from the altar and placed it upon his head with his own hand; his strength and his whole life were devoted to the contest against the arrogant claims of Rome. He was a terror to the Italians because of his unyielding, resolute character. Frederic Barbarossa humiliated himself before the Pope; Fred. II. never thought of doing such a thing. And the nation was with him in the contest.; the German bishops refused to publish the ban, which had been pronounced upon him; the papal legates hardly

dared to show their faces in Germany. He was the last Emperor really worthy of the name; hence the longings of the people for a united fatherland clustered themselves around his person. The nation dreamt of his return and of the glory which he was to bring back.

In after years a number of false Frederics made their appearance. The first one showed himself in Italy; his personal appearance was similar; but Manfred, a near relative to the true Frederic, had the impostor executed. In the year 1284 another one turned up in Cologne, surrounded himself with a court, was acknowledged by princes and cities, and found thousands who were willing to believe him. Ambassadors even came from Italy to see whether it was true. After the lapse of two years the trick was discovered; the impostor was burned as a sorcerer. Several others shared a similar fate. These instances show how deeply the legend had taken hold of the hearts of the people; it expressed their most ardent longings, and they were ready to believe what they wished to be true.

How tenaciously the people stuck to this idea of the restoration of German unity and glory, is further evident from the associations that were formed in this century by the students at the Universities. Most of their meetings, like the one on the Wartburg, ended disastrously; many a promising young man found an asylum in America. Dr. Rauch, Senator Schurz and a host of others might be mentioned in this connection. Germany's loss was our gain.

At last the Universities sent forth a man, whose statesmanship realized the dream of 600 years, viz.: Bismarck. There was a time when King William thought of abdicating; the noble representations of his only son dissuaded him from this act. Bismarck was called into the cabinet; his measures were so unpopular, that the representatives refused to vote the appropriations needed to reform the army. In England this would have proved the downfall of the Prime Minister; in Prussia it caused the dissolution of the Parliament. The King and his Minister determined to have their own way. For many years all that the world knew of Prussia was that she had the best schools in the world; very few hoped great achievements from her. The war of 1866 broke out; in seven days two monarchs were dethroned; four kingdoms and one empire conquered; the enemies sued for peace. People said it was the needle gun that did it. A few years later the war with France broke out; in seven months Napoleon III. was dethroned, and France was obliged to cede two provinces and pay five thousand million francs towards defraying the expenses of the war. The enemies of German unity were subdued. The world now saw that the German schoolmaster had triumphed; for this time the best gems were on the other side. Bismarck's policy of blood and iron was successful in cementing the German States into a glorious empire. The prophecy contained in the Kiffhäuser legend was fulfilled; Fred. II. has returned in the person of the Emperor William. The hundred years which the monarch in the hills was said to have specified as fixing his return, symbolizes the patience with which the nation waited for the dawning of a brighter era; the conflict, which is now waged against Ultramontanism and the laws, which have been made to protect the priests and nuns against the tyranny of their superiors, correspond to similar phases in the legend; and the only feature which the people long to see realized, is the internal peace which the Emperor of Kiffhäuserberg was supposed to bring with him on his return.

Both the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have seen the time, when the people hated them, and wished for their destruction; to-day they are idolized by a grateful nation.

One of Dean Trench's sermons on the subject, "What we can and what we cannot carry away when we die," commences thus appositely: "Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to the grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as usual, in the serecloths, but should be left outside the bier, so that all men might see them, and see that they were empty."

Governor Corwin as President of a Bible Society.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—Luke 16: 8.

It is strange that it should be so, although the fact can not be denied. It was on this ground that our Saviour commended the unjust steward. Not his principles, but his prompt and apt action to reach a certain end, is pointed out to us as a wholesome lesson. A class of politicians wish to secure the vote of a certain district. They systematize their work; divide their territory into smaller districts; assign one or more efficient men to each division, whose duty it is to see, if not every man of their party therein, at least every man of influence, and do their utmost to make converts to their political faith. They will spend days and weeks, and do their work thoroughly. The party needs a large amount of money to carry out their plans successfully. This amount is apportioned among the active men of the party. To many it is a very heavy burden to bear; a tax to which they cheerfully submit. They know that this must be done in order to gain the election. Know, too, that after doing and bearing all this they may still be defeated. But they push their work vigorously and with a thorough system, and furnish the money, where they have very little hope of ever getting any pay for their trouble and expense. Thus wisely act the children of this world.

Alas! that we must admit it; in many congregations, Sunday-schools, and larger church bodies, we find an utter want of this prompt, systematic work, of this readiness to make sacrifices, this adopting the right plan for securing the end in view, and putting the right men to work to push it right through. Why not divide your Sunday-school and congregation into smaller districts, and send active committees to visit and influence all the members in them? A thorough, systematic organization of their work would accomplish wonders! If politicians, often for selfish if not corrupt ends, consent to bear heavy pecuniary burdens to carry forward the work of their party, ought not Christians cheerfully consent to pay liberally to carry forward the Lord's work, for so good and holy a cause, whose success is beyond a doubt?"

Once upon a time the Bible Society of Warren County, Ohio, held a meeting. Governor Corwin happened to be present. As often happens, its friends were ready to speak but slow to give and act. Gov. Corwin was not one of these empty speakers. If he made many speeches, they were speeches full of meaning—burning with eloquence—upon which memory delights to dwell. He could not say a word, even in the business meeting of a County Bible Society, unless it was a word of meaning, applied directly to the question. So, when the Secretary had read his report, from which it appeared that two hundred families (more or less) in Warren County were destitute of the Bible, and some suffering brother had made his "few remarks" on this "occasion," Mr. Corwin rose and said: "Mr. President, may I be allowed to say something on this subject?" "Certainly, Mr. Corwin—we shall be glad to hear you." "Well, Sir, I want to say, that *you are not in earnest.* Your Report said that there were two hundred families in this county, without the Bible! This could not be if you were in earnest. In the great contest for the election of Harrison, we Whig members of Congress gave our whole salary to carry that election. We were *in earnest.* We thought the salvation of the country depended upon it. If you want to carry on this work, and really mean that every man shall have the Bible, you *must be in earnest.* You must go to work, and give every man the Bible." The meeting was electrified. Some one immediately arose, and moved to make Thomas Corwin President of the Warren County Bible Society. It was unanimously carried, and Mr. Corwin rose again: "Sir, if I accept the Presidency of this Society, it is on one condition, that *you go to work,* and no such report as that is made again. When this Society meets three months from to-day, the Report must be, that *no family in Warren County is without the Bible.*" The work was done, and every family supplied. Mr. Corwin judged the Bible Society, and

judged the whole church precisely as all intelligent men do judge it in their hearts. Motives they cannot know; the degree of faith they cannot measure; but they can see what is *done*, and they imply the motives and the faith from the character and measure of the action. In this world there is no other standard.

Memorial Verses.*

BY C. W. E. SIEGEL.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."
—*Tennyson.*

Sunbeam of heaven! one lonely year
Thou'st left our little world in night;
'Twas thine, upon some brighter sphere,
To watch the eternal dawn appear,
And ours the groping for the light.

One year ago, what hopes were rife,
Before the dreamless sleep of death
O'ertook thee in thy noble strife,
And empty left the stops of life,
That once were full of tuneful breath.

Dumb silence, deep and awful, stands
As watchman by the mystic door;
No voice, no farewell-waving hands
From o'er the billow-burnished sands,
That glimmer on th' eternal shore!

Since thou wast formed of finer mould,
That scarcely seemed akin to earth—
'Mid human dross a purer gold,
Like changelings of the summer-wold,
Thy passage hence, thy heavenly birth,

Bears date of early-ended days;
In what bright world's unclouded sphere,
Beneath what sun's perennial rays,
Hast thou been singing sweeter lays,
While we have mourned one sad, sad year?

Oh! where, beloved, hast thou been?
What pavements of transparent gold,
And walls, embathed in amber sheen;
What river-banks of living green,
Didst thou, O sainted one, behold?

What heardst thou in that home of light,
For which thy soul had strong desire
Ere yet the spirit winged its flight,
And from the utmost earthly height,
Hadst hailed "My Home!" and passed up higher.

Upon thy spirit's finer ear
The music of the angels fell,
While love-strong we were standing near,
And 'mid earth's tumult could but hear
The voice of woe,—the doleful knell.

It passed, that soul in white; it paled,
The face that smiled a heavenly smile;
On earth we missed the light that failed,
In heav'n an added star they hailed,
To circle round the blessed isle.

Now come the joyous-hearted hours,
With all their melodies of Spring,
Bringing ambrosial airs and show'rs,
And song unto the budding bow'rs,
And to each voice a merry ring.

But thou, the synonym of all,—
The pure in heart, the beauteous soul,
Responsive through whose spirit's hall,
The echoes of the cuckoo's call,
And music of the brooklet stole.

Thou, versed in nature's sinless lore,
Art far beyond the change of time;
For thee our Springs shall bloom no more;
But on the bright celestial shore,
Th' immortal rose of heav'n, the clime,

No heat, nor chilling frost can reach,
And peace of summer-calm, are thine.
Alas! the empty forms of speech,
By which our struggling thoughts would teach
The solid truths of things Divine.

Ah! why should one so good and true,
The perfect flower of human kind,
Who, banded with a noble few,
From wretched haunts of madness drew,
With gentle hand, the erring blind;

Ah! why should he be called so soon,
When earth had need of such as he,—
When, ere his sun had reached its noon,
Men blessed him as a heav'nly boon—
Blossom of glorious fruit to be.

But Thou, O Lord, art good and just;
Thou gatherest in the pearly tear;
We bow before Thee in the dust,—
Commit to Thee, in child-like trust,
The blank of this mysterious year.

* On the anniversary of the death of Benjamin F. Smith, of Lancaster City, Pa., an eminently pious and noble-hearted youth; a zealous member of the "Band of Hope," and although so young, he was deeply interested in the salvation of poor, degraded humanity. He departed this life one year ago, April 14th, 1874. in the fifteenth year of his age, beloved and mourned by all who knew him.

SPRINGS are little things, but they are sometimes sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a large ship; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Keep your word sacredly, keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect may be as lasting as life.—*Anon.*

Saving By Giving.

"To what purpose is this waste?"—Matthew xxvi. 8.

Piety is a saving principle. Sin in every form is wasteful. By indulging in its pernicious habits bodily beauty, health, home, fortune, character, reputation, and peace of mind are lost. Few men start life with such brilliant prospects as did Aaron Burr. The grand-son of Jonathan Edwards, the heir of a rare intellectual inheritance, with the advantages of a finished education, of captivating manners, gaining powerful friends and eminent positions, few men rose to such power and influence in so short a time as he. Yet he forsook the religion of his great and godly ancestors, became proud, passionate, corrupt, a rebel against his country and the slayer of Hamilton, one of her greatest statesmen. From the time he killed Alexander Hamilton to his death, the sight of a corpse would cause him to faint. By his impure, profligate habits he wasted his bodily, mental, and moral powers, squandered the prestige of a brilliant start in life, and prepared for himself a miserable end.

Piety is the greatest economizer of all that is good. It saves and improves health, money, time, friends, character, purity and peace of heart and life. With it sick people feel well, poor people feel rich, homeless people are always at home, and the most poverty-stricken are the children and heirs of a king. The best and most saving investment is that which we give to God.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him back again." Prov. xix. 17.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat." Prov. xiv. 25.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Prov. xi. 25.

By giving ourselves to God, in Christ, we save our souls eternally. Devoting our time and talents piously to His service we secure an eternity of glory and happiness. By losing the pleasures of sin for His sake, we find the pleasures of heaven forever. And when it must come to the worst, that the cause and love of Christ lead us to forsake houses, brethren or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for His name's sake, we "*shall receive an hundred-fold*, and shall inherit everlasting life."—Matthew xix. 29.

The most Christians believe this in theory; how few reduce it to actual practice! How great men have thought and acted on this subject Dr. T. Edwards tells us in the following pithy sketch.—ED. OF GUARDIAN.

"Some months since," said a gentleman, "I was solicited to give —— thousand dollars to a very important object. I had the money, and almost made up my mind to give it, but on the whole concluded to think over the matter a little longer. So I deposited the sum in the banking house of —— ——, and now they have failed, and if I ever get even part of it, it will be after waiting a long time; and I may lose it altogether. If I had given it to the object proposed, I should have saved it all!"

It reminds one of the epitaph on the old tombstone in Italy: "What I spent, I had; what I gave, I saved; what I kept, I lost." Or, as Mark Antony said, when in distress and at the ebb of fortune, "I have lost everything except what I have given away." Good old John Bunyan writes,

"A man there was, and they called him mad,
The more he gave, the more he had."

"And giving to the Lord," says another, "is but transporting our goods to a higher floor." And says Dr. Barrow, "In defiance of all the torture and malice and might of the world, the truly liberal man will ever be rich, for God's providence is his estate; God's wisdom his counsellor; God's power his defence; God's favor his reward; and God's promise his security." And of the Spaniards in Mexico, Lord Bacon tells us, that "when pursued by their Indian enemies, those that cast away their gold were able to swim the rivers, and so escaped; while those who covetously clung to it, were either drowned by its weight, or so encumbered as to be overtaken and slain. And so," he adds, "is it with those who never part with their gold in charity, that it is often their ruin."

In a similar spirit Richard Baxter writes: "I never prospered more in my small estate than when I gave away most. My rule has been to study to need as little as possible for myself; to lay out nothing on need-nots; to live frugally on little; to serve God on what He allowed me, so that what I took for self might be as good work for the common good as that which I gave for others; and then to do all the good I

could with the rest. And the more I have done this, the more I have to do it with, (for, to the glory of God's grace, He will be no man's debtor;) and when I gave away almost all, the more came in, I scarce know how, when unexpected and unplanned for; and when, by improvidence, I was led on to use too much on myself, or on things of little importance, then I prospered less than when I did otherwise. If I had planned to give only after my death, then all might have been lost; whereas, when I gave away at present, and trusted to God for the future, then I wanted nothing and lost nothing."

A liberal Christian merchant, when asked how he could give so liberally to every good object, replied: "Before I was converted I spent liberally for self and the world, and at my conversion I solemnly promised to give a fixed proportion of all my income to doing good; and every year since I made and have acted on that promise my business has steadily increased, so that now I can steadily give more and more to Him who gives me all." And another, who had suffered heavy losses, and to whom his pastor said, "You have lost so much this year that I did not think of calling on you," replied, "Yes, I have suffered great losses and must begin to retrench, but retrenchment must not begin at the house of God." And Thornton, the rich and liberal friend of Cowper and John Newton, in similar circumstances, said, "The wealth is not mine, but the Lord's, and it may be He is going to take it out of my hands and give it to another who will be more faithful; and if so I ought to be making good use of what is left." And he doubled his usual subscription.

When a poor heathen came to one of our missionaries, giving first for himself, and then for his wife, and then for each one of his children, on being asked if he was not giving too much, his touching and memorable reply was, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead!" The lesson is one that all may well remember; and in giving as well as doing God's providence, as well as His word, continually teaches that we do with our might what our hands find to do, and that in endeavoring to be faithful, we shall be blessed.

Garden Work.

From "*Homespun*," we extract the following life-like and suggestive chapter on "Garden Work." The book abounds with beautiful descriptions of rural life:

"God Almighty first planted a Garden," says Bacon, "and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

"There is no ancient gentlemen," says the grave-digger in Hamlet, "but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."

Said the gentle old Archbishop Sancroft to his friend Hough, who was visiting him in Suffolk: "Almost all you see is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sowing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own, so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation."

The Poets are full of the delights of gardening; Cowley and Pope, at least, came to realize their dreams in this respect. One can run through very few pages of English verse, and not have to leap hedges of allusions to gardens, or without bringing away a memory stuck full with their fragrant blossoms. An appreciative writer observes that "Bacon and Milton were the prophet and the herald, Pope and Addison the reformer and the legislator of horticulture." Spenser's stanzas abound with real garden pictures, terrace raised above terrace, and lawn stretching beyond lawn. The garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet" is the favorite one with all readers, because in the fragrant atmosphere of the garden, in the tempered moonlight, and to the sound of trickling waters, love is made in the true spirit of romance. Tennyson has shown us how it is attempted in the more exquisite passages of his every where quoted "Maud." The poet Shenstone wrote from his favorite Leasowes: "I feed my wild ducks, I water my carnations; happy enough if I could extinguish my ambition quite." Father Adam was placed in a garden to "dress and keep it."

Every reader of English recalls at once Milton's fine description of our first parents in Eden, rising with the dawn, to dress the alleys green,—

"Their walk at noon, with branches overgrown."

The gray old monks, in fact, who had an eye open to the good things of life in their day, were the first genuine cultivators of flowers and fruits, and around their solitary keeps of learning slept securely many a productive garden and blossoming orchard. They had the true relish for what those things brought them, and tended a tree or a flower with the same zeal with which they wore the pavement smooth with their frequent devotions. They taught us horticulture, and we are thus become their debtors for more than the mere learning they were instrumental in handing down.

The sincerest pleasures of the home-life are woven closely in with those of the garden. I have almost made one of my own heart, from the habit of living over again the delight I used to take in digging, planting, weeding, and watering the little half-acre Elysium, where grew so luxuriantly my bulbous cabbages, and bright-eyed beans. I am conscious that Goethe did not miss of the general truth in his observation that he took the solidest delight in the simplest pleasures; and, for an enduring pleasure, clean and sweet both in itself and its memories, we can truly think of nothing in nature before a little garden. It should not be so large as to become a task-master, and thus worry out the placid zeal; but only spacious enough to excite the physical energy and give a healthy start to the thought.

I am not making any allusion to city gardens now, nor to their more luxuriantly gay cousins of the suburbs, where the owner is far from being the author, but employs his gardener as many a man does his upholsterer; those make beautiful "estates," and are objects of attraction alike to shrewd brokers and fashionable lovers of nature; but they have few of the savory associations of simplicity, and peace, and home. Fine enough exotics may grow and show there, whose health and beauty salaried gardeners look carefully after; but you will search in vain for simple morning-glories, climbing like eager children to the window-sill to peep in, or for snowy caps out among the bean-poles in the delicious summer weather.

Work, before breakfast, in the retired garden-spot, is a sort of inspiration for the rest of the day. In that still hour, you mark how your lettuce and cabbages have shot up during the night, and at once renew your faith in nature. I fear my closest friend would have failed to recognize me then, as I used to look in that patched and shredded apparel, the limp hat-rim falling down about my face and eyes, and on my knees, too,—before many others were,—for striped bugs and green cabbage-worms.

Or, next to the early morning work, with the dewy earth offering its grateful exhalations to the nostrils, the twilight stroll through the limited grounds is full of peaceful delight, and tends to provoke contemplation. If you were in the morning the laborer, you can realize that you are the lord at evening; going about and pulling up scattered weeds, perhaps changing around a few plants, thinning the sprouted rows of beets or onions, grubbing up some pestiferous root, or planning somewhat for the next morning's industry.

In all the old-fashioned gardens one finds a double row of currant-bushes, almost as inevitable as the lilac or the white rose-bush, at the garden gate. A charming alley is thus opened up for nearly the length of the plat. They maintain their lines as faithfully as appointed metes and bounds; and, spread over the green ruffles of their leaves, may be seen, all through the season, a white crop of old ladies' caps, that tells of the grandmother whose hand planted the purple morning-glories under the windows, and whose head now and then shows itself between the verdurous walls of the bean-vines. A man would as soon think of tearing a true sentiment out of his heart, if such a thing could be done, as of pulling up the currant bushes that are so well rooted in the garden.

How the red beet-tops glisten in their long rows, as if some pains-taking hand had varnished them, one by one! How crowded stand those carrots, boring each its long yellow fingers into the

mellowed sub-soil! With what a Dutch-like and dogmatic air the swelling cabbages erect their pulpy heads in the performance of the useful work they are set to do!

At the further end of the plat stands the summer-house,—a sort of Pomona's shrine, in its way, as well as a moonlight resort for lovers; a contorted grape-vine weaving a lattice of leaves below and a canopy of green overhead, whose purple tributes you may sit and pluck in the dreamy afternoons of September, while the yellow finches are clustering on the bushes and the poultry are wallowing in the soft garden mould.

Daybreak, in summer, is a fresh experience every morning, in the garden. A good deal has been said, good and bad, about the glories of that hour on the hill-top and at the riverside; but in the seclusion of the leafy little patch beside the homestead it is, apparently, not so well known. If one only has a garden in which to offer salutation to the day-god, he has at least one more inducement to get out of bed in the dewy hours of the morning. To be right in the midst of your own growing vegetables; to behold the favorite sunflowers all turned to the east; to watch the bean-sprouts, coming up with their twin leaves out of the cleft heart of the seed; to shave down ranks of red-stemmed weeds with a single sweep of the bright hoe; to brush your peas, pole your beans, set frames to support your cucumbers and tomatoes, trim your young hedges, hunt the bugs among the squash vines, and plan new paths through beds of vegetables and rows of fruit-trees: this it is to seize a fresh pleasure in the very bloom of its freshness, and load the heart with a harvest of memories that grow all the more fragrant with age.

Somehow, the poets have linked all the pleasant names with the pleasant occupations. Therein they have shown themselves to be poets. The very word Garden is laden, like a wain, with bundles of blossoming associations. When men speak of subduing the rugged wildness of nature, the phrase goes that they will make it "beautiful as a garden." In gardens live buds and blossoms, along with the bees and the sunshine; and they die there, too. They lie close to Home. We step from the kitchen door through the garden gate. Peaches ripen on their walls; and blooming plums drop plump on their mellow soil. Our feet loiter in their delightful walks, and the atmosphere breathes only contentment and peace.

In gardening, and its cognate associations, we get away from the hot fuming of the world and go back to the cool and shaded bowers of simplicity and truth. We seem to stand with uncovered heads in the porch of nature's great temple. We smell savors as fresh as the morning dews and as sweet as the breath of the rustling corn. There is such a retired, such a cool, such a far-off look from the outer world to the heart of the garden, that one deplores the necessity that takes him away from so peaceful a pursuit, and wonders if there may not come a time when he shall stay at home altogether in his rustic corner, and dress and keep his little garden-spot to the end of his days.

When the pale autumn suns fall aslant through the dried stalks, and little flocks of birds flutter here and there over the grounds in quest of seeds that have burst their pods, and tomatoes lie red and glossy among the wilted and fallen vines, and bean-pods hang from the poles without green leaves to shelter them any longer, and slender-waisted wasps find their way to the decayed fruits that lie, here and there, over the ground,—the thoughts are allured by every object to the tenderest mood of contemplation; the very atmosphere is full of the realization of pleasant dreams. These particular days in the garden have charms which are not matched even by the glimpses of glory furnished in the spring.

He who loves the home-spot then finds employments after his heart's desire. To gather and garner—to pull the rich roots out of the ground where they have waxed fat through a whole season's dirty idleness—to get in the beans, the peppers, the mangoes, and such other vegetables as ripen in seed-vessels—to go from garden to barn, from barn to kitchen, from kitchen to cellar, and so back to the garden again, keeps the feelings of the domesticated man in a state of contented pleasure all the while, and renews the ties con-

tinually that hold him to the home he loves.

The poultry run in and out before him, and the season's chickens delight to wallow in the loosened dirt under the lee of the fence, stretching their yellow legs in the genial sun. Grandmother's bed of marigolds awaits the clipping of her shears, and looks like a shoal of bright fish, dyed in the yellow stream of some Pactolus. As for the rows of sturdy-looking winter cabbages, they may stand out a while through the fall frosts, and even get powdered with the first light snows of November; and the growing turkey-poults may peck at the loose outside leaves on their way to roots in the apple-trees.

One cannot think of the Spring house cleaning, without a revived reminiscence of the early garden-work, too. The boys are raking the rubbish from the grass and the beds, and setting fire to it in the piles they have heaped up around; into which the old shoes of the past year are thrown as burnt-offerings. The girls are at the posies, scratching away like so many hens in the high tide of mischief. The dog has his nose in every nook, new or old, that is to be found. The windows are all opened, to let in the genial sun. Bees drive across the yards, impatiently foraging for the first blossoms. The robins make the air vocal with their welcome calls, and are scouting about the plantations for nice places to build their nests. The sprouted sprays of the old elm on the lawn are pencilled on the ground in the sunshine, with the utmost minuteness. All about the premises there are the joyous sights and sounds of Spring, bringing glad tidings of the new life that has suddenly broken over the world.

And this is the life of home. Has the whole world anything to offer that is debased with so little alloy?

But finest of all, and crown of all the home glories, are the roses; those beautiful children of the dews and sun; clambering in such wild riotousness about the porch, and thrusting their bouquets of red-and-white in at the windows; cloudy masses of colors just fetched from Paradise, mingled as if in chance drifts, and piled against the house like snows against the walls in winter! The little parlor—shaded and low—is filled with the breath of their very hearts. Through the whole of June, the dear old place is a sort of Dreamland. In the most brilliant colorings of oriental tales—in the dreamiest pictures of islands in the southern seas, nothing so satisfies the imagination and the heart as the luxuriant rose-vines, bossed from root to crown with glories of buds and blossoms; lavishing their sweet lives on the happiness of those who dwell contentedly at home; and conjuring up for soul and sense, through the magic of color and perfume, ideal scenes that line the roadways of life with banks of ravishing fragrance and bowers of beauty without end.

The rose is the angel of the garden; and one can therefore readily comprehend what the poet Gray meant when he exclaimed—"Happy they who can create a Rose!" Sir Henry Wotton wrote of it, in his verses "On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia:"—

"You Violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,—
What are you when the Rose is blown?"

The Christian Martyrs.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

THE most positive evidence of the truth of a religion is not seen in its power to satisfy the demands of the intellect, but in its power to lay hold of men, subordinate them to itself, and mould them after its own image with such vitalizing energy that their whole life becomes a feeling, thinking, speaking and acting exemplification of its dominion over them. And the most unquestionable indication that a man has become thus identified with the truth is to be seen in his willingness to forego whatever may appear to be his own individual profit or success, or honor, or happiness, and submit unflinchingly to every privation, every hardship, every danger, every torment, and finally death itself rather than yield that which has taken possession of his soul. Then what must be the truth of Christianity, when men of every nationality forsake the

shrines before which their fathers bowed and offer their allegiance to it? And what must be their power of being apprehended by it, when countless thousands have poured out their blood in its defence; when in all ages of the world hosts of martyrs have testified to their faith by enduring every torture and every death?

From the time when the martyr Stephen sank bleeding to the ground amidst the inhuman rejoicings of his enemies until the present, every year almost records the sacrifice of some noble spirit. Fresh in our memories yet linger the tales of atrocities committed by the Chinese upon a crowd of helpless nuns. And still bright, though not so new as once, are the bloody records left by the Sepoys of India. Ah, though we live in an age when Christianity sways the minds of nations instead of being confined to the hearts of a few poor fishermen, still, almost daily, the devotion of some is being tested by a martyr's death. But the redemption of mankind began with pouring out the blood of Christ, and must advance through strife and trial to its age of perfection. Yet, sad as this may be to contemplate, we cannot but feel that the example of noble men has more power to rouse and stimulate the Church to necessary exertion than anything else. As the example set by our Lord goes more directly to the heart than any words He spoke, so the example of His followers operates in the same manner.

One of the most terrible hours of trial afflicted the Church about the same year in which Jerusalem was destroyed. Nero was emperor. He was a cold-blooded, vindictive, cowardly wretch, who cared nothing for the welfare of his subjects, and seemed to derive a kind of fiendish delight from tormenting others. So cruel was he, that, incredible as it may seem, he set fire to the great and densely populated city of Rome in order to give himself the diabolical pleasure of witnessing a vast conflagration. The flames broke out in the night and swept with fearful rapidity over the city. There was little means of staying the fire and soon a great part of Rome was laid in ashes. Whilst the houses of his subjects were burning, Nero, it is said, took his seat in his palace window and, with the conflagration full in view, played upon his harp as if exulting over the terrible misfortune of others. Then after the commission of such a deed, how do you suppose he concealed his guilt? In this manner. He knew that the Christians were hated by all classes of people, that to them, notwithstanding their innocence, many great crimes were imputed, that, filled with fury at the destruction of Rome, the citizens thirsted for the blood of the criminals whoever they might be, and were ready in their blind rage to turn upon any one who could be accused. So he laid the guilt of his own crime upon the Christians; and in order to show his zeal in behalf of his subjects, he seized large numbers and executed them in a most barbarous manner. Some were thrown to wild beasts, some were torn asunder by machinery, and others were daubed from head to foot with pitch and then set on fire in order to give light to the city of Rome. Thus began the trial of affliction. It was merely an outburst of rage, however, and does not seem to have contemplated the abolition of the new faith.

But in the course of a few years, the Church had grown to such proportions as to threaten the total overthrow of paganism. Then, the enemies of Christ made a systematic effort to suppress it. An edict appeared from the Emperor. It was to this effect: all assembling of the Christians for the purpose of religious worship was forbidden: their churches were to be demolished to their foundations; all manuscripts of the Bible were to be burned; those who held places of honor and rank were either to renounce their faith or be degraded: in judicial proceedings the torture might be used against all believers of whatever rank; those belonging to the lower walks of private life were to be divested of their rights as citizens and freedmen; slaves were to be incapable of receiving their freedom so long as they remained Christians. This was the edict uttered against the Church. It reached to many countries for the Roman Empire was then at the very summit of its power. This critical and trying period brought to light much that was both good and evil in the great body of believers. Some of weak faith

denied Christ; some of fanatical spirit sought death and torture; some hid themselves in fear; others boldly maintained themselves where they were; but the vast majority seemed to have remained quiet, enduring bravely their affliction.

* But let us proceed to contemplate in detail some examples, derived from authentic sources, of the power of Christian faith and the intrepidity of Christian courage. In an inland town of Numidia, a band of Christians—among whom was a lad of tenderest years—were seized in the house of a church-reader, where they had assembled for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and celebrating the Communion. They were carried before the tribunal; they went singing hymns to the praise of God all the way. Some of them were soon put to the torture. Here is an example of the manner in which the excruciating pains were borne. One cried out in the midst of his sufferings: "Ye are wrong, unhappy men; you lacerate the innocent. We are no murderers—we have never defrauded any man.—O God, have pity! I thank Thee, O Lord,—give me power to suffer in Thy name. Deliver Thy servants out of the prison of this world.—Lord God, we are Christians, we are Thy servants; Thou art our hope!" While he thus prayed the officer said to him: "You should have obeyed the law of the Emperor." He replied with a strong spirit, though in a weak and exhausted body: "I reverence only the law of God, which I have learned. For this law I am willing to die. In this law I am made perfect. There is no other. Help, O Christ! I pray Thee have compassion,—preserve my soul that it fall not into shame. O give me power to suffer!"

But one of the most beautiful examples of noble fortitude is given us in Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, a man who had received his instruction from the Apostle John and who had reached the great age of ninety years. When he heard the shouts of the people demanding his death, it was his intention, at first, to remain quietly in the city and await the issue. But by the entreaty of the Church he suffered himself to be persuaded to take refuge in a villa. From thence he fled to another villa. Then his place of refuge was betrayed and the old Bishop fell into the hands of his enemies. Rude hands were laid upon him. He submitted quietly; he showed no signs of fear; he made no resistance. He was carried to the city. On the way he was met by the chief officer of the police. He, perhaps struck with the gray head and venerable form of the old man, and thinking he might perhaps persuade him to forsake Christ and thus save him from a cruel death, took up the Bishop into his chariot and, adressing him kindly, asked what harm there could be in sacrificing to an idol. At first Polycarp was silent; but as they went on to urge him he said mildly, "I shall not do as you advise me." When the officer perceived that his words had no effect he grew angry. With opprobrious language the Bishop was thrust out of the carriage, and so violently as to injure a bone of one of his legs. Without looking round he proceeded on his way cheerful and composed as though nothing had happened. He came to the trial. "Swear, curse Christ and I will release thee," said the officer. "Six and eighty years" the old man replied "have I served Him and He has done me nothing but good; how could I curse Him, my Lord and my Saviour!" He was condemned to die at the stake. With eagerness Jews and Pagans hastened together to bring wood from the shops and baths. As they were about to fasten him with nails to the stake of the pile he said, "Leave me thus, He who has strengthened me to encounter the flames will also enable me to stand firm at the stake." Before the fire was lighted, he prayed: "Lord, Almighty God, Father of Thy Beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the knowledge of Thyself; God of angels and of the whole creation; of the human race and of the just that live in Thy presence; I praise Thee that Thou hast judged me worthy of this day and of this hour, to take part in the number of Thy witnesses in the cup of Thy Christ." And so the old man died. One, no doubt, who throughout the whole course of his life had not even spoken a harsh word of any one, much less been

* This little incident and the one immediately following it I have taken exactly from Neander's Church History. R. L. G.

guilty of an unkind act. So he died, while around hundreds gazed upon his agony and rejoiced.

During the latter part of the Third century and the beginning of the Fourth the persecution reached its height. Then, at one time, all the prisons were filled with Christians. So rigorous was the execution of the Imperial will that even in the populous cities very few stood any chance of escaping arrest and examination. To discover offenders the following effective measure was adopted: proclamation was made through all the streets that men. women and children should all repair to the temples. Previous to this, lists of the citizens had been made out with great care. Every individual was called by name, and when he stepped forward was critically examined as to his faith. Those who confessed themselves pagans were at once released, but those who did not were ordered to prison.

It would have been a strange and melancholy sight to have seen the people going to the temples in obedience to the royal order. Old men, young men, fathers, mothers and children. What a variety of expressions appear on their faces. Some are calm and dauntless, moving along the street as if going to a festival. Some tremble with fear; others weep outright. There are women with children by the hand, with flushed, agitated faces hurrying on; the children shrink to their sides and turn awestruck faces upon every passer by. Husbands are consoling their wives, and wives speaking encouragement and strength to their husbands. The children have been told what they are to say, but are again and again warned and instructed. A deathlike stillness reigns through the temple when all have assembled. There are many pale and agitated faces. There are many hearts throbbing loud enough to be heard. The officer speaks. He calls the name of one well known to all. Then follows the examination. A word is sufficient, for none strive to hide their profession. The Christians rejoice when they hear the bold firm words of their brother; the heathen rejoice when they see him led off to prison. Then another is called; it is a gentle timid woman; her children are with her. She trembles as she rises; yet she confesses with firmness that Jesus is her Saviour. Her own words speak her fate. She entreats that her children may go with her. The request is refused. She claps her babes to her bosom; they fling their arms about her as if to hold her fast forever; the rude hands of the soldiers disengage the mother from her children, and with a prayer to God that He would protect her helpless little ones the poor woman is borne weeping away.

One naturally wonders why in such an emergency as this the people did not flee from the city. This was difficult to do, for the towns were all enclosed with high walls which were as effective in keeping the people in as they were in keeping the enemy out. Moreover the gates were guarded, and every one passing through them was liable to be stopped until he could win a passage by confessing himself a heathen. Yet notwithstanding this many did escape and fled to whatever place of refuge they could find. This was the period during which the Christians of Rome hid themselves in the catacombs. These catacombs were underground excavations which were used as burial places. They were of immense extent and of very intricate character. They consisted of narrow passages running this way and that without any perceptible order. There are about 1,200 miles of these winding ways; and here it is estimated 6,000,000 of Christians were buried. So intricate and devious are these passages that it is as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to explore them without a guide. Many thrilling accounts are left us of persons who carelessly wandered into this place. Some escaped as by a miracle, and some perished in the most horrible manner. We remember reading of an event which is almost incredible, and yet which we are forced to believe. A party of students, about twenty in number, organized an exploring expedition. They provided themselves with a supply of provisions, candles and other necessary things sufficient to last three weeks. They entered the catacombs, and that was the last that was ever seen of them. How they died, no one knows. Whether they were suffocated by foul air, or suddenly overwhelmed by some awful catastrophe, or whether they became involved in the

intricate and perplexing paths and could not find their way out no one can tell. This we know, that having once descended into the catacombs they never came out.

To this dreary place then thousands fled, and here it is said they lived for many years. Here they worshiped God. Here they celebrated the Holy Communion of Christ's Body. Here many grew from childhood to manhood, and here many died. Their tombs can be seen to this day. There are the inscriptions upon the walls giving their names, and delineating their characters, and speaking of the blessed rest of peace to which they had gone. In some places one can see the outline upon the hard rock of the human skeleton, the outline made by the bones as they mouldered slowly to ashes while the years went by.

But the day of liberty was not far off. In a few years Constantine the Great conquered his way to the Imperial throne. He became a Christian, and soon the faith of Christ was recognized from one end of his broad land to the other. And, although after this great man died, pagan rulers followed him, yet during his reign Christianity became so firmly established that no one afterward dared sacrifice the life of one of those who professed it.

But great as was the suffering inflicted upon the followers of Christ by the heathen, it does not at all equal that which Christians in after years inflicted upon one another. The bitterness with which one body of believers made war upon another casts reproach upon the sacred name we bear. During the Reformation countless numbers maintained their faith at the cost of their lives. All have heard of St. Bartholomew's day. On the 24th of August, 1572, the Roman Catholics arose in arms against the Protestants of France. The massacre began in Paris at three o'clock in the morning. From that city it rapidly spread throughout the surrounding country. It lasted for eight days, and by the end of that time over fifty thousand Protestants had fallen before their enemies. This was a greater number than was destroyed by the heathen in all their persecutions put together. And these numbers would swell to fearful proportions if we were to add to them the martyrs of England and the Netherlands. In the latter country eighteen thousand perished by the hand of the executioner. For what crime? For the crime of being Protestants. No edict ever published by a pagan Emperor was half so bloody as that uttered by a Christian king and sanctioned by a Christian Pope.

But what a contrast between these times and our own! The sound of the sweet-toned bell which calls us to the House of God speaks of nothing but peace. It excites no fearful alarms in the breast. It does not tell us that the hour has come when at the risk of our lives we must pay our devotions to God. We gather to our places of worship, not as Christians once did, trembling lest some treacherous eye should discover our secret meeting and the holy hour be violated by the measured tramp of a company of armed men sent to arrest those who dared to adore Christ contrary to the edict of an emperor or the bull of a pope, but with open-hearted confidence: for each worships according to the dictates of his own conscience. The sun of our day arose in blood, but it now stands serene in its cloudless meridian.

Some of the Trees of Palestine.

BY REV. T. W. CHAMBERS, D. D.

By far the most prominent, abundant and profitable of the trees of the Holy Land is the Olive. It is found in every part of the country from Hebron to Banias, usually in large orchards, and seems to flourish in any kind of soil or situation, in the plain, on the hillside or on the mountain-top. Often where the stones would seem to be too numerous to allow any tree to strike its roots deep enough, the olive grows luxuriantly. It is easily propagated not from the stone, but from a branch or cutting which stuck in the ground with small protection, lives and thrives.

In the neighborhood of Bethel two or three of these cuttings are planted together, and, when somewhat grown, twined closely with each other, giving the mature tree such an appearance as I never saw in any other region. On

asking the reason for this, I was answered by the old proverb, In union there is strength. There seemed to me little need of such pains in this case. The tree is wonderfully tenacious of life. I must have seen at least a hundred thousand of them within a month's travel, and yet among them all not one that was dead. Some were far older than the trees shown in what was called the Garden of Gethsemane. Many of these had the trunk entirely hollow, and only a shell remaining, in others a half or three-fourths of the trunk had gone; yet all were in full and vigorous leaf and blossom. They reminded me of the comparison in the ninety-second Psalm of the righteous to trees which retain their sap to the last and are fruitful even in old age. Almost all the olives produced here have the oil expressed, which is used to some extent for illuminating purposes, but chiefly on the table. In central Palestine it is also largely employed in the manufacture of soap, to which it is said to impart a peculiar but very pleasant detergent property.

Next to the Olive comes the Fig tree, whose delicious and wholesome fruit makes it a general favorite. A common explanation in the books of the difficult passage in Mark's gospel (xi. 13) where our Saviour cursed the fig tree because "He found nothing but leaves, for the time of figs was not yet," is to affirm that the fruit precedes the leaf, and thus to justify our Lord's procedure. But the assumed fact is groundless. Having seen the tree nearly every day for a month, I can testify that the leaves come first, and so all the people here declare. But I am assured that the tree bears two crops, an early ripe fig which is crude and without flavor and valueless, and a later fig which is full of sweetness and flavor, and highly esteemed. All trees bear the first, only good ones have the second. Now the tree our Lord saw had not the second, for the time of that had not yet come, but it had not even the first, for it had nothing but leaves, and the lack of the first was sure evidence that the second would also be wanting. In lack of a better explanation this may be allowed to stand.

The Palm tree once abounded in Palestine, and Jericho was known as "the city of palm trees." It is often said now to be wholly extinct. But this is a mistake. The Dôm palm is, I believe, unknown, but the Date palm is found to some extent in Engedi, Marsaba, Jerusalem, Tiberias and some other places, while there is a number in Jenin, and a very large number in Haifa (foot of Mount Carmel)—the latter said to have been reared by the soldiers of the late Ibrahim Pasha when he had a garrison at that post. It is simply the lack of care and culture that prevents this graceful and useful tree from being as abundant as ever it was in former times.

The Pomegranate and the Apricot and the Almond are found in many places, but I saw none which looked as flourishing as those in the garden of the Convent of St. Catharine at Mt. Sinai. Apple trees are frequent, and the fruit is said to be large and luscious, but I doubt if it is equal to that of the western world. Certainly in the ordinary talk of the people it is not referred to as one would expect from the allusions to it in Canticles and Proverbs. I met with some of the fruit in Damascus, but it was quite insipid.

Of forest trees the *Oak*, or as some prefer to call it, the Terebinth, is found of great size, a fair instance of which is seen in the large tree at Hebron shown as Abraham's oak, or in the two noble trees nurtured by the fountain at Tell el-Kady, not far from Banias. But there is a species which has a very tenacious root and shoots up in many saplings. These the people cut off close to the ground and use for fuel, and although an English gentleman at Jerusalem complained to me that this practice was destroying the wood of the country, an old resident assured me to the contrary, saying that the tree constantly renewed itself after this seemingly ruthless cutting. It is in this way that the glass factory at Hebron is supplied with fuel. The factory, however, does not make new glass. It simply collects old bottles and other vitreous fragments, and runs them over into rings and beads of various sizes, probably the crudest manufacture of the kind in the world.

The *Carob* occurs very frequently.

It is a large, wide-spreading tree, bearing a long pod something like that of the locust of America, but larger, which is still to some extent used for food by the natives. This is the species of food referred to in the parable of the Prodigal Son, who we are told, would fain have filled himself, not with "husks," as our version has it, but with *bitter horns*, *i. e.*, the carob pods, so called because they are curved in the shape of a horn. The younger son's sustenance was wretched enough, but not quite so bad as mere husks.

The *Acacia* is also found in Palestine, but not nearly so often as it is in the Sinaitic Peninsula. This is generally supposed to be the *Shittim* of the Old Testament. If so, it rebuts the rashness of those who affirm that the wilderness did not furnish trees of sufficient size to enable Moses to find the lumber required for the construction of the tabernacle. Even now acacias are found measuring eight feet and more in circumference, and they must have been both larger and more numerous at a time when the water supply was more carefully guarded, and more intelligent care given to the culture of trees. The wood is of close texture and very hard, as some of my friends learned to their cost when they tried to hack off with their penknives and Bedawin swords one of the branches of a fine specimen in the Wady Wateir. It was a work of hours.

The *Retem*, or Juniper, is seen in Palestine, but occurs very abundantly in the Peninsula. It is hardly a tree, but the bush frequently grows to a size quite sufficient to give a man shade, as in the case of Elijah (1 Kings xix. 4). The Tawara Arabs make large use of this bush as material for the charcoal which is their chief, if not only, manufacture. And there is always a market for the coal, the food of every traveler from Suez to Beirut being cooked with no other fuel. Indeed, without it all sojourners in the desert would have to content themselves with cold victuals I rarely saw a fire of this fuel, without thinking of the Psalmist's comparison of a false tongue to the burning "coals of Juniper" (cxx. 4). A "sharpened arrow" to which he also compares it, pierces and is done; but glowing coals are a lingering torture. One who suffers it may well say with the sacred poet: *Woe is me!*

I mention last the *Tamarisk*, usually supposed to be what is referred to in 1 Samuel xxv. 3; where Saul is said to have dwelt, not "under a tree in Ramah," but under the *tamarisk in the high place;* and in like manner in xxx. 13, where his body was interred under a particular tree, "the tamarisk at Jabesh." It was customary in those days to make a single tree a landmark. Thus we read of the oak in Bethel under which Rachel's nurse was buried, the palm tree of Deborah, the oak of the magicians (Judges ix. 37, Hebrew), the fig tree of Nathanael, etc. The tamarisk still grows occasionally to a size which would make it a conspicuous feature in the landscape.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Good Hit.—A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him, "Well, I wonder at your patience! have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

A Sour Mind is a great evil. It is so to him who has it. It embitters his life. It turns the light of life into darkness, its joys into sorrows. It is evil in its effects on the happiness of others. It breeds dissatisfaction and fault-finding with every person and everything. It croaks of evil, not to remove or remedy it, but because it loves to croak. It pulls down, but never builds up. In the family, in the social circle in the church, it is always complaining, detracting, destroying usefulness and happiness. It is difficult to conceive of a misery and worthlessness more pitiable than that of the man possessed of such a spirit.

The Sunday-School Department.

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Harbaugh, from the beginning of his ministry felt a deep practical interest in the religious training of the young. This interest grew with his increasing years. After he became Professor of Theology, he continued to devote his fragments of leisure to the entertainment and instruction of the young. In his later life he translated one of Hoffman's little volumes, containing a very pleasing Christmas story. Although rendered in Dr. Harbaugh's peculiarly happy style, for certain reasons the book never circulated largely. We are pleased to learn that the Lutheran Board of Publication has bought the copy-right of the work, and issued it as one of their excellent "Fatherland Series," than which there are no better Sunday-school books to be found. It seems that Dr. Harbaugh was the first to suggest the idea of translating German books for the use of American families and Sunday-schools. A late number of the *Lutheran Observer* gives the following bit of history of this translation, under the title of

"Christmas" and Dr. Harbaugh.

"Our readers have noticed that 'Christmas,' one of the last volumes of 'The Fatherland Series' issued by the Lutheran Board of Publication, was translated from the German by the late Dr. Henry Harbaugh. The following facts present the explanation of it: Dr. Harbaugh, some time before his death, conceived the idea of translating some of the best juvenile German literature into the English for the use of the children in the household and the Sunday-schools. He began his task by translating Franz Hoffman's Christmas story, which was published by J. Kohler, of this city. But as his German publisher had no channels for circulating English books, the sales did not warrant the prosecution of the original plan, which was accordingly abandoned by Dr. Harbaugh. Mr. Kohler offered the book to the Lutheran Board, which has purchased and issued a new edition of it. It thus becomes manifest, that the idea of translating German juvenile books into English for the use of American families and Sunday-schools, was conceived and partially carried into execution by Dr. Harbaugh several years before it was suggested by Mr. J. K. Shryock to several ministers and laymen in this city, who organized The Fatherland Series Company, furnished nearly $10,000 capital, and demonstrated its wisdom and practicability, as well as the adaptation, usefulness and popularity of 'The Fatherland Series,' issued by the Lutheran Board of Publication."

The Sunday-school needs and can profitably use workers of varied talents. Some possessing natural aptitudes without much education, become successful teachers. What they lack in acquired intelligence they partly make up by an intuitive common sense, a prompt and regular attendance, and a prayerful, conscientious devotion to the work. Persons of every age, too, are needed. Young teachers may have more active minds, and can bring to their duty the cheerful, hopeful spirit of youth. Young hearts and minds possess a certain charm for the young. Still older people bring a certain fitness to their work which age and experience alone can give. Enlist elderly people, the parents of the flock, in your Sunday-schools, no less than the younger ones. Each class needs the other; both form a strong force, a well-balanced band in the service of the Master.

The Sunday-school of the First Reformed Church of Reading, Pa., lost one of its faithful teachers a month ago by death. She was baptized in the Church, taught and trained under its fostering care, confirmed at its altar, before which she must have publicly communed with and confessed her Lord from 100 to 150 times.

During the twelve years of our pas-

torate in Reading she was an humble yet very active worker in the Sunday-school. How many years farther back her usefulness dates we know not. Possibly ten or twenty more. Although in her sixty-sixth year, she taught her class regularly till within three weeks of her death. When her little scholars heard of her death, one of them said: "Our teacher was absent only once in three years. Then she was too sick to come." Although tottering under the burden of 65 years, not once was this servant of Christ absent from her post, on the many cold and snowy Sundays of the past winter. She possessed no rare mental endowments, but a pure, kind heart. In simple short words and sentences, she spoke lovingly to her scholars about our Saviour, and they heard and heeded her gladly. Of somewhat impaired health, it often cost her no little exertion to be at her place. She lived and loved Christ more than she proclaimed Him in words. Her life and character taught in a language which all could read and understand. She gave liberally of her substance to Christ. Once we called on her, with a certain brother, for a gift towards some Church object. We thought she had good reason just then not to give much. She read the Church papers, and knew all about the matter. To a hint about our mission she replied:

"Well, how much shall I give?"

"Just what you think proper."

"Then, I will give you $50; after a little I may be able to do more." Although a plain unassuming person, who spoke little and thought much, she has many friends who love her dearly. This unpretending, humble disciple was very useful in the Sunday-school and congregation, and is greatly missed and sincerely mourned by a large circle of acquaintances and fellow-laborers. As a sincere friend and former pastor, we take great pleasure in bearing our testimony to her worth. From our knowledge of her life and works, we feel justified in saying of Maria Wanner, "She hath done what she could." In her will she bequeathed $1000 to the Theological Seminary of Lancaster, $500 to the First Reformed Church, and $500 to St. Johns Reformed Church of Reading, Pa.

The Bible, like the sun, is an inexhaustible source of light. Its light is never diminished by shining. Its food never satiates. Its water never becomes insipid to the child of God.

It is related of Dr. Kennicott, who spent thirty years in collating the Hebrew Scriptures, and resigned a valuable living because his studies prevented his residing on it, that his wife was accustomed to assist him in his preparation of his Polyglot Bible by reading to him, as they drove out for an airing, the portions to which his immediate attention was recalled.

When preparing for a drive the day after the great work was completed, she asked him what book she should now take. "Oh," exclaimed he, "*let us begin the Bible.*"

No wonder that he was a happy, well-balanced Christian man, as ready to die calmly in Christ, as he had been to live and labor for Him.

His appetite for the word of God increased with its gratifications. Instead of fretting at some trifling defects in the translation, his great genius, and consecrated spirit, found full satisfaction in a lifetime perusal of its sacred pages.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Volksfreund* wrote last fall from Münster, Westphalia: Young Colon Hartman Schlautman, of Lederhorst, with his wife, recently went out to their field to gather some fruit. While there they saw at a distance their house a fire. As they, in great haste, reached the village, strong and brave men vainly tried to extinguish the flames. The frantic mother rushed towards the burning building, screaming: "O my child, my child." She had left her babe, nine months old, lying in the cradle. The roof and rooms were all ablaze. Most pitifully, but vainly she pleaded with the bystanders to rescue her little one. Not even her husband would attempt the perilous task. She was told: "It is of no use, the child is already dead."

"Dead or alive," she exclaimed, "I must see my child." With that she rushed through the burning doorway into the house. After a few moments she returned, her garments all in flames, with the child in her arms. It seemed to be suffocated. She kept covering

its face with fond kisses, while others tried to extinguish the fire on her clothes, when lo the babe opened its eyes. Exhausted, she sat down on the grass in the village green, and as she pressed it more and more warmly to her breast, tears of grateful joy fell fast upon the little brand snatched from the burning by her brave hands."

Many a home is morally in flames. The children are doomed to ruin—to eternal burnings. They cannot be rescued without imminent peril. The welfare of whole communities is imperilled by the devastating flames of degradation and vice. O, for the heroic spirit of this mother, which risks life for the rescue of a child as good as dead! O, for more men and women of the right spirit, to consecrate themselves to the training and saving of the young!

The character and habits of a Sunday-school teacher are measurably stamped upon the scholars. Any chance slang phrases of the teacher are sure to be picked up by the scholar. A gossip-loving teacher will make the class a gossiping club, where every Sunday a lot of silly small talk is dealt out to the scholars, who retail it sedulously during the week. Their tastes are formed right or wrong, by that of the teacher. Children, and young people beyond the period of childhood, are imitative beings. Their language, conversation, manners and habits are moulded much more by the teacher than either may imagine. The conversation during and after the lesson ought to be duly seasoned with charity and good will, and as far as possible, confined to things of good report.

Mrs. Jones had a large, green parrot, very talkative, and sometimes very noisy. Poll had heard his mistress read her prayers, and caught up short snatches of them. So when her mistress had visitors, Poll would become very devout, and solemnly cry, "O Lord have mercy upon us!" "O Lord forgive our trespasses!" "We are miserable sinners!" and such like petitions and confessions.

One day Mrs. Brown came to make a fashionable call on Mrs. Jones. She came in her splendid carriage and rustling silks. After passing the compliments of the morning, Poll broke out in her prayers, being just in the mood, and poured out all she had.

"O Mrs. Jones, what a bird! I never heard anything like it! How delightful it must be to sit here, and listen to the prayers of that beautiful creature! Why, I have a parrot, but I grieve to say, instead of praying, it uses naughty and profane words. I wish you would be so kind as to lend me your parrot a little while. I have no doubt she would teach my bird to pray!"

Mrs. Jones was but too happy to lend her parrot, and as this missionary left to go and win the heathen bird, she charged her to say her prayers often.

Poll went on this sacred mission, and communed with the profane acquaintance. She was gone from home a few weeks, and when she got back, it was soon discovered, first, *that she had forgotten her prayers*, and second, *that she would swear like a pirate.*

Was the result strange or unnatural? We leave the reader to make the application.

Tamahana.—A New Zealand chief, so-called, who visited England a few years ago, was remarkable for the deep spirituality of his mind and his constant delight in the Word of God. One day he was taken to see a beautiful mansion—one of the show places near London. The gentleman who took him expected to see him greatly astonished and much charmed with its magnificence and splendor; but it seemed, to his surprise, to excite little or no admiration in his mind. Wondering how this could be, he began to point out to him its grandeur, the beauty of the costly furniture, brought from all parts of the world, the view from the windows, &c. Tamahana heard all silently; then, looking round upon the walls, replied, "Ah! my Father's house finer than this." "Your father's house!" thought the gentleman, who knew his father's home was a poor mud cottage. But Tamahana went on: "My Father's house finer than this;" and began to speak, in his own expressive, touching strain, of the house above—the house of "many mansions"—the eternal home of the redeemed.

Robert Raikes.

BY E. S.

Robert Raikes, the great philanthropist, was born on the 14th of September, 1736, in the city of Gloucester, England, where his father was the printer and publisher of the Gloucester Journal. To his business the son succeeded, and is said to have acquired a considerable fortune. We have but little information of his early training and discipline. But the work of his manhood shows that his youth was neither spent in idleness nor dissipation. At a period of life when success rarely inspires moderation in the pursuits of fortune, Raikes remembered the great law of his Christian profession that "no man liveth to himself." He looked abroad for a field of useful labor, wherein he might exert his influence for the good of suffering humanity. He found one near at hand. Prevention of crime by instruction and reproof, and compassion for criminals, and an earnest desire to relieve and reform them occupied his mind.

The object that first attracted his generous heart, was the state of the miserable and forlorn criminals of the County of Bridewell, within the city of Gloucester. To relieve these wretches, and render their situation more supportable, Raikes employed his pen, his property and influence. Observing that the outcasts were mostly illiterate, he procured for them a supply of good books, to preclude every temptation to idleness. It is said that Raikes could not pursue his generous purpose towards these forlorn outcasts from civilized life without many serious reflections. His mind must have been peculiarly affected with the sad consequences "arising from the neglect, or rather, the total absence of opportunities for early instruction among the poor." He was thus permitted to witness a second project, the grand success of which he lived to see extending, probably, beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Raikes' first Sunday-school was established at the close of the year 1781 or the beginning of 1782. At first he engaged four teachers, paying them a shilling (25 cents) for each Sabbath that they taught. Many a little ragamuffin refused to go to Sunday-school on account of his poverty and ragged clothing. But Raikes argued thus: "If they were clad in a garb fit to be seen on the streets, I should not think it improper for a school calculated to admit the poorest and most neglected. All that I required was clean faces and hands." "I can never pass by the spot where the word TRY came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven, in gratitude to God, for having put such a thought into my heart."

In a few years hired teachers were wholly relinquished. We are not able to state who were the first gratuitous teachers who devoted their services to Sabbath-schools, or what place has had the honor of originating this material improvement in the system. For nearly thirty years Raikes was permitted to witness the growing extension of Sunday-schools, and he was deeply thankful that the Divine blessing had so remarkably attended these "humble seminaries." From 1809 to 1811 Raikes' health was declining. On the evening of the 5th of April, 1811, he experienced an oppression on the chest. A physician immediately attended him, and declared him irrecoverable; in a little more than half an hour he expired, in his native city, Gloucester, and in the 75th year of his age. In the south aisle of the ancient church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, this venerable philanthropist was buried. There is an inscription on his monument; the first part relates to his parents. The following is the remainder:

Also, of

ROBERT,

Their Eldest Son,

By whom Sabbath-schools were first instituted

In this place;

And were also,

By his successful exertion and assiduity

Recommended to others.

He died on the 5th day of April,

In the Year { Of our Salvation, 1811.
Of his age, 75th.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

JUNE 6. LESSON XXIII. 1875.

Second Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xiv., 16–24.

16. Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:
17. And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.
18. And they all with one *consent* began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.
19. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.
20. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.
21. So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.
22. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.
23. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel *them* to come in, that my house may be filled.
24. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jesus when He spoke this parable? (Ver. 1.) What advice did He give the person who made the feast? Vers. 12–14. What remark did this call forth? V. 15. What idea was associated in the minds of the Jews with the setting up of the kingdom of God? Isaiah xxv. 6; lxv. 13. Cant. v. 1. Who did they think would be partakers of that feast? Did they not as a class reject the rich provision of God?

16. To what are the riches of grace here likened? Who did the man bid to the supper? Who were the *many* here spoken of?

17. To what custom of the Jews is reference here made? Esther v. 8, with vi. 14. Had the chiefs of the Jews been *previously* invited to the feast? When could it be said that *all things* to which they had been invited were *now ready?* Gal. iv. 4. What had Christ said in John vii. 37? Who are represented by the *servant* mentioned in this verse?

18. What is said of those who were bidden? What is meant by *all with one consent?* Does not all rejection of Christ spring from a common root? Does not the disposition of heart lead men to *make* excuses? When we are brought to a right mind, what becomes of excuses and difficulties? What did the first of these persons say? Whom does he represent? Are not the rich apt to seek joy in their possessions?

19. What does the second person say? Whom does he represent? Are not those anxious to see how their worldly bargains will turn out, apt to be indifferent to Heavenly things? Have you ever thought of the sinner's *prayer* to be *excused* from the salvation offered by Christ?

20. What does the third person say? Whom does he represent? May not the true pleasures of the world, as well as its cares, keep us from Christ? Luke viii. 14.

21. What did the servant do? Can any servant of God take excuses? To whom must all who reject Christ be referred for final judgment? To whom does the master of the house now send His servant? Who are meant here by the poor, lame, blind and halt of the *city?* To what people was the gospel first to be preached? Matt. x. 5. Were there Jews who felt greater need of salvation than the Pharisees? Mark xii. 37.

22. What did the servant say?

23. To whom was the servant next to go? Who are meant by this class? Was salvation for the Gentiles also? Is it offered to us? What is meant by *compel* in this place? Does God save men *against* their wills? Have you yielded to Christ?

24. What declaration is here made? Can we if we reject Christ, expect to be admitted to the joys of Heaven?

CATECHISM.

XXIII. Lord's Day.

59. But what doth it profit thee now that thou believest all this?

That I am righteous in Christ, before God, and an heir of eternal life.

60. How art thou righteous before God?

Only by a true faith in Jesus Christ, so that, though my conscience accuse me that I have grossly transgressed all the commands of God, and kept none of them, and am still inclined to all evil; notwithstanding God, without any merit of mine, but only of mere grace, grants and imputes to me the perfect satisfaction, righteousness, and holiness of Christ; even so, as if I never had had, nor committed any sin; yea, as if I had fully accomplished all that obedience which Christ hath accomplished for me; inasmuch as I embrace such benefit with a believing heart.

61. Why sayest thou that thou art righteous by faith only?

Not that I am acceptable to God on account of the worthiness of my faith, but because only the satisfaction, righteousness, and holiness of Christ is my righteousness before God, and that I cannot receive and apply the same to myself any other way than by faith only.

COMMENTS.—Opposition to the kingdom of Christ—aversion to the great family of God into which men are newborn, is set forth in this parable.

16. *A certain man made a great supper.* The Jews believed that the latter day glory would be ushered in with a great festival. (Isaiah xxv. 6; lxv. 13; Cant. v. 1.) Heavenly things always represented as being what they really are —supplies for man's deepest need. God's invitations are all to life, love, to a feast of joy. *Bade many.* The chiefs of the Jews—the representatives of the theocracy, had especial means of knowing the call of God.

17. *Supper-time,* etc. The second invitation, or announcement of the *readiness* of the feast was common in the East. Compare Esther v. 8, with vi. 14. The provisions of the gospel had been announced in the Old Testament. In the "fullness of time" the things promised were actually prepared. *Servant* represents not the prophets who had gone before, but the evangelists who came with Christ, and bade the guests enter upon the enjoyments now ready.

18. *All with one consent,* etc. All excuses spring from the same root; the difficulty is in the heart rather than in outward circumstances.

The first said I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and prove it. There is, in the three persons represented in this parable, no mere repetition of characters, although all are alike in their aversion to the kingdom of Christ, and all allow something to outweigh it. The Saviour is not thus careless or profuse: His economy of words is such as becometh the "Most High." The person mentioned in this verse goes to see his land with the complacence of the man who rests in the ease of acquired possession. He glories in it as Nebuchadnezzar when he walked in his palace and said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built, * * * by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" Dan. iv. 30.

19. Here we have denoted the man of business—who has *care* and anxiety that his purchase will turn out well. I am going now on my *urgent* way.

20. The excuse here is not that of one who has something to *do,* but something to *enjoy.* He has a feast of his own, in which he finds his highest pleasure. Whilst the first two try to offer apology, this last shows impatience, irritability, and gives a blunt refusal. In the "*must*" of verse 18, the implied necessity of verse 19, and the "*cannot*" of verse 20, we see how men are *bound* to the world as *slaves;* they have no ability to surmount the love of the world, and the slavery is all the more because it lies in the bent and determination of the *will.* They cannot choose the better part. He who will not obey God, cannot be his own master. He is sold under sin. The god of this world hath blinded him. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

21. The servant of the Lord has no right to accept excuses and refusals. These must be referred again to the Master of the feast. So the servant here *showed his lord all these* things. *All* the rulers of the Jews had thus far rejected Him. John vii. 48. The anger of the great Host against despisers passes over into boundless love for others. *Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city.* The *city* is still Jerusalem and Israel, Matt. xxii. 7, but among the Jews were the sin-sick, who unlike the self-satisfied Pharisees, felt the need of a physician; they were the hungry who knew the want of food. The Scribes questioned, but the common people heard Him gladly. Mark xii. 13.

22–23. "There yet is room," and there is an enlarged invitation. "*Highways and hedges.*" The out-places of the Gentile world. *Compel them.* This does not imply force, except that which is moral. The idea is that "these houseless dwellers in the highways and by the hedges, would hold themselves so unworthy of the invitation as scarcely to believe it was intended for them," and find it hard to be induced to accept without earnest entreaty. The felt necessities of men—their starving condition, and the calamities with which their worldly hopes are shattered, lead them to seek a refuge in Christ, but the will is subdued and not ignored or forced.

24. "Final exclusion from the feast, to which when they saw others partaking, they might wish to gain admittance, on the ground of their former invitation," is here most solemnly foretold. Prov. xxv. 11, 12.

JUNE 13. LESSON XXIV. 1875.

Third Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xv. 1–10.

1. Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.
2. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.
3. ¶ And He spake this parable unto them, saying,
4. What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?
5. And when he hath found *it*, he layeth *it* on his shoulders, rejoicing.
6. And when he cometh home, he calleth together *his* friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.
7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.
8. ¶ Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find *it?*
9. And when she hath found *it*, she calleth *her* friends and *her* neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me: for I have found the piece which I had lost.
10. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

QUESTIONS.

1. What classes of persons were attracted by the teachings of Jesus? Who were the publicans? In what estimation were they held? Matt. xviii. 17. Did they all show bad dispositions? Luke xix. 2, 8. Which one of the disciples was a publican? Matt. x. 3. Did not their coming to Christ show a sense of need? Who are here meant by *sinners?*

2. What disposition did Jesus show towards these persons? What did the Pharisees do and say? What lay at the root of their murmurs? Luke xviii. 11.

3. In what form did Christ now speak to them? What had He said plainly to them before this? Luke vi. 29–32.

4. What great truth does this parable set forth? Who is the seeking Shepherd? John x. 11 What had been predicted of Him? Ezekiel xxxiv. 12. Why does He leave the ninety and nine and go after the one? Luke xix. 10. How far does he pursue the lost?

5. How does He treat the lost one when He hath found it?

6. What does He call upon others to do?

7. How will the Heavenly host be affected by the repentance of a sinner? What comparative joy is here spoken of? What was the character of the Pharisees as to outward conduct? Was this legal righteousness – this freedom from the gross sins others had to repent of, sufficient to their salvation? To what does our Saviour compare them? Matt. xxiii. 27. Will not the vilest sinners who repent and believe be more sure of Heaven than those who boast of their morality?

8. Does the parable which Jesus now utters teach anything in addition to what is taught in the previous one? How and by whom is the seeking love of Christ to be continued on the earth? What is the Church called in Eph. ii. 21, 22? Must not the woman in the house then refer to the "habitation of God through the Spirit?" What was stamped upon the coins in the time of the Saviour? Luke xx. 24. In whose image was man originally created? Gen. i. 27. What is said of those who are renewed in Christ Jesus? Col. iii. 10. May those in the Church go astray? What is the duty of the Church towards them? What is said about lights and light bearing in the New Testament? Matt. v. 14-15; Phil. ii. 15; Eph. v. 13. What effect will the finding of a lost one have on the people of God?

10. Is this joy confined to earth? Matt. xviii. 10. Are the angels present in the Church? 1 Cor. xi. 10; Heb. i. 7–14. Is the return of a penitent, then, the cause of *present* joy?

CATECHISM.

XXIV. Lord's Day.

62. But why cannot our good works be the whole or part of our righteousness before God?

Because that the righteousness which can be approved of before the tribunal of God, must be absolutely perfect, and in all respects conformable to the divine law, and, also, that our best works in this life are all imperfect and defiled with sin.

63. What! do not our good works merit, which yet God will reward in this and a future life?

This reward is not of merit, but of grace.

64. But doth not this doctrine make men careless and profane?

By no means; for it is impossible that those who are implanted into Christ by a true faith, should not bring forth fruits of thankfulness.

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1. When, this goodly world to frame,
Th' Lord of might and mercy came,
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky:

2. When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem,
Then, along the echoing hill,
Angels sang: "On earth good will"

COMMENTS. Love—the condescending love which *seeks* and saves that which is lost—brings it to the safety of the fold, amidst the rejoicings of Heaven, is the theme of this lesson.

1. *Publicans.* Tax gatherers, often unjust, extortioners. Luke xviii. 11. If Jews, very odious to Jews, because they sold their religion for office under the Roman government. *All* were not dishonest, Luke xix. 8, but they were generally ranked with the heathen. Matt. xviii. 17. This class of persons and "close sinners" were attracted by the gracious words of Christ.

2. To eat with sinners was in their eyes a grievous fault. Luke v. 31; vii. 34; Acts xi. 3.

4. He who defended himself in plain words, (Luke v. 27–32,) here speaks the parable of the seeking shepherd. Peculiar fitness for rulers of the Jewish people; "they too were shepherds—continually charged, rebuked and warned under this title." (Ezek. xxxiv.; Zech. xi. 16.)—Under-shepherds of Him who set forth His own watchful tenderness under the same image. (Isa. xl. 11; Jer. xxxi. 10; Ez. xxxiv. 12; xxxvii. 24; Zech. xiii. 7; Ps. xxiii. 1; lxxxi. Yet now they found fault with Him for doing what they failed to do.

In the wilderness, not necessarily a barren place. "Much grass" was found in places that are yet called *desert* places. Comp. Mark vi. 35 with 39. In such places of ordinary pasturage, flocks were left while the shepherd went after. Christ seeks us not simply, *although* we are lost, but *because* we are lost.

5. When he hath found it, he does not chide or drive it before him; or trust it to the strength of others. Layeth it on His own shoulders with joy, and beareth it *home*.

6–7. "It is a still further evidence of the condescension of the great Shepherd that after His work on earth is over—'when He cometh home,' He makes others the sharers of His joy, for He who thus speaks to others, must raise them to near communion with Himself." *I say unto you*—I who know—John iii. 11—"Joy *shall* be,"—a reference to the final glorification in which the life is to find its consummation—*more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.* The righteous here mentioned *are* righteous, but only in a legal sense. "The law had done a part of its work for them, keeping them from gross positive transgressions of its enactments, and thus they needed not, like the publicans and sinners, repentance on account of such; but it had not done another part of its work; it had not brought them, as God intended it should, to a conviction of sin; it had not prepared them to receive Christ. The publicans and sinners, though by another path, had come to Him, and He now declares that there was more real ground of joy over one of these, who were now entering into the inner sanctuary of faith, than over ninety and nine of themselves who lingered at the legal vestibule refusing to go in."

8. This parable sets forth an additional truth, viz., that the seeking love, and rejoicing which the Shepherd has shown must characterize his *Church.* She must carry on the work, because Christ has gone to the Father, shedding abroad the Holy Ghost to continue what He commenced in person on earth. The woman in the house here represents the Holy Spirit in the Church.

Pieces of silver. Beautifully compared to the human soul, upon which the image of the great King is stamped. Gen. i. 27. *If she lose one piece.* Lost through the backslidings, and waning love, amidst the dust that marks the yet imperfect state of things here below, so that it must be sought and restored. *Lighted a candle.* The word of God, which the Church holds, is the light. Matt. v. 14, 15; Phil. ii. 15; Eph. v. 13. The ministry of the word brings the erring back to Christ again.

10. There *is* joy in the *presence.* Not simply in the future, as in verse 7. The angels that always behold the face of the Father, are already co-operating. They are ministers to the heirs of salvation. They are present in the Church, 1 Cor. xi. 10, and there is wonderful fellowship between heaven and earth. Friends and neighbors run together in joy when the heart is opened anew for the Saviour. "Even as there was angel joy at Bethlehem, so there is joy over the beginning of every new creation, like the first joy when the light sprang from darkness." Job xxxvii. 7; Eph. iii. 10; 1 Pet. i. 12. And so over every prodigal son, who comes back to His father's heart, in penitence and faith, there are angel rejoicings.

JUNE 20. LESSON XXV. 1875.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke vi. 36–42.

36. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

37. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven:

38. Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

39. And he spake a parable unto them; Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?

40. The disciple is not above his master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.

41. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

42. Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

QUESTIONS.

36. What command is here given? To whom are we to be merciful? Vers. 27, 28, 35. What is said in Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7? In 1 John iv. 8? In Whom was the love of God manifested to us? What is said in Rom. viii. 9? To Whose character must we then be conformed?

37. What is forbidden in this verse? Why? Does this mean that the Christian is to give up the right of discerning between good and evil? Matt. vii. 20. In what spirit are we to judge? Why are we not to condemn? Does all this mean that if we are uncharitable and unjust in our judgments and condemnations, God will exercise the same evil dispositions towards us? On the other hand, if we are unloving in our characters, what will God be compelled by *His justice* to visit upon us? What are we commanded to *do* in this verse? Why? Are we in that state which will enable God to forgive us unless we forgive others? Matt. vi. 15; Mark xi. 26; Luke vi. 27. On what conditions may we ask God to forgive us? Matt. vi. 12.

38. What are we commanded to do in this verse? What is said elsewhere in regard to the degree of our liberality? 2 Cor. ix. 6. In what spirit are we to give? 2 Cor. ix. 7; 1 Cor. xiii. 3. Who is our great example in this? 2 Cor. viii. 9. Will any gift prompted by love, which enables us to surrender the things of this world go unrewarded? Mark x. 29, 30.

39. If our minds be darkened by sin, for what duty towards others will it unfit us? What will be our own end?

40. What may we expect from the evil world in return for our love? How was the love of Christ rewarded? Can we expect more? Whom are we to be like in the midst of ingratitude and persecution?

41–42. What is a mote? What is a beam? What effect will the beam in our own eye have? What is said in Matt. vi. 23? What is the evidence of this darkness? 1 Jno. ii. 9, 11. Where then must our reformation begin?

CATECHISM.

XXV. Lord's Day.

65. Since then we are made partakers of Christ, and all His benefits, by faith only, whence doth this faith proceed?

From the Holy Ghost, who works faith in our hearts by the preaching of the gospel, and confirms it by the use of the sacraments.

66. What are the sacraments?

The sacraments are holy visible signs and seals, appointed of God for this end, that by the use there of He may the more fully declare and seal to us the promise of the gospel, viz. that He grants us freely the remission of sin, and life eternal, for the sake of that one sacrifice of Christ, accomplished on the cross.

67. Are both word and sacraments then ordained and appointed for this end, that they may direct our faith to the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, on the Cross, as the only ground for our salvation?

Yes, indeed, for the Holy Ghost teaches us, in the gospel, and assures us by the sacraments, that the whole of our salvation depends upon that one sacrifice of Christ, which he offered for us on the Cross.

68. How many sacraments has Christ instituted in the new covenant or testament?

Two, namely, holy Baptism, and the holy Supper.

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1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
   Around Thy steps below;
   What patient love was seen in all
   Thy life and death of woe!

2. For ever on Thy burdened heart
   A weight of sorrow hung,
   Yet no ungentle murmuring word
   Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
   Thy friends unfaithful prove;
   Unwearied in forgiveness still,
   Thy heart could only love.

4. O give us hearts to love like Thee,
   Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
   Far more for other's sins than all
   The wrongs that we receive.

COMMENTS. The love of Jesus "goes out not merely to the straying sheep, but to enemies and persecutors; breaking down the natural impulses of judgment and condemnation; awakening long-suffering, mildness and mercy; and opening the stream of forgiveness, whose ever-living fountain is the mystery of our forgiveness by God."

36. The redemptive love which makes us the children of God, conforms us to the character of our Father, and we must therefore have this attribute of mercy.

37. *Judge not.* It is not meant here that the Christian is to give up the right of discerning between good and evil, for we are to know the tree by its fruits. There is a righteous judgment. John vii. 24. There are some sins which are manifest; actions which cannot be done with right intention, "open before-hand, going before to judgment." (1 Tim. v. 24.) On all these a Christian *must* pass judgment; though even here he will refrain from judging the final condition of him who does these things, since he may possibly repent and be saved. But all acts capable of double interpretation are to be judged in charity—giving the benefit of doubt to those who are judged. *And ye shall not be judged.* In Matthew the expression is, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." This cannot mean that if we judge rashly of others, God will judge *rashly* of us; or if we measure unjustly to them it will in turn be measured *unjustly* to us. There is no rashness or injustice with God, but an uncharitable spirit shows a *character* that He *must judge* if He is just. Our judgments may not affect those whom we judge, but the disposition of heart must tell terribly against ourselves. *Condemn not.* If the above is true in regard to our mere present judgment, much more is it true in regard to decisions which are delivered as final—which condemn—hand over to judicial punishment. *Forgive and ye shall be forgiven.* The command of Jesus stops not with negative duties, such as the *withholding* in our heart of hearts of judgment and condemnation, but inculcates the *positive* duty of forgiveness. Unless grace has wrought a forgiving spirit in our hearts, we are not in that state in which we can expect to be forgiven. God cannot forgive those who harbor hate and resentment in their hearts, (Matt. vi. 15; Mark xi. 26; Luke vi. 27); and He teaches us to pray for forgiveness only as we forgive others. (Matt. vi. 12.)

38. *Give.* The unselfish love which pours out its gifts will be rewarded. The love without which the giving is nothing, (1 Cor. xiii. 1–3), is what God requires. This love was the procuring cause of our salvation. (Jno. iii. 16; 2 Cor. viii. 9.)

39. Those who are faulty and defective, cannot be the unerring leaders of others. Both will fall into the same snares, and come under the same condemnation.

40. This love, which extends to enemies, may be met with *ingratitude*, but that was shown towards Christ Himself, and we should not expect anything better for ourselves. The triumph is, to be loving in the midst of ingratitude. Not what the world *does*, but what we ourselves are *to become* in Him, should rule our thought.

41–42. There is no prohibition here of fraternal correction and rebuke; the warning is against rebuking in a wrong spirit without effort at self-amendment, and a recognition of the sinfulness common to all. A man may profess to see a fault in his brother, but hatred may magnify it; the fault complained of may be consistent with a state of grace, that is, with an impaired but not destroyed vision of God; while the *hatred* does destroy that vision, for he that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. (1 Jno. ii. 11.) Until the beam is removed, he who professes to see the mote is a *hypocrite* or pretender. Back of all the rebukes of Jesus were His sinlessness and love.

FULL DRESS BEFORE THE KING.—"In one respect there is some resemblance betwixt the custom of the court of princes and of heaven. No admittance into the latter as well as the former unless in *full dress*. Every soul who enters perfect bliss must have on the resplendent robe of Christ's righteousness, by imputation. This is absolutely necessary to have a seat in the court of heaven."—*Toplady.*

JUNE 27. LESSON XXVI. 1875.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke v. 1 –11.

1. And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret,
2. And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing *their* nets.
3. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.
4. Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.
5. And Simon answering said unto him, Master. we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.
6. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.
7. And they beckoned unto *their* partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.
8. When Simon Peter saw *it*, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.
9. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken:
10. And so *was* also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.
11. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where did the events recorded in this lesson take place? What do you know about lake Gennesaret? Who were pressing upon our Lord? For what purpose were they crowding around Him?
2. What did He see? Where had the fishermen gone? For what purpose?
3. Into whose ship did Jesus enter? What did He ask Simon to do? What then was the relative position of Jesus and the multitude when He taught them? What was the Saviour's posture when He taught them? Was it customary for the Jewish teachers to sit when they gave instruction? Where else do we find Jesus in this posture? Matt. v. 1.
4. When His discourse was ended, what did He ask Simon to do?
5. What did Simon answer? With what success had they toiled? What did He add? Should we not obey Christ even when our own efforts and resources have failed? From whom does success come? Ps. cxxvi. 1; Jno. xv. 5.
6. What was the result of obedience in this case? What is said of the number of fish caught?
7. Upon whom did the fishermen call for aid? What additional fact is given in regard to the number of fish caught?
8. What did Simon Peter do and say when he saw this miracle? In WHOSE presence did he feel that he was? Where do we read of a like impression? Ex. xx. 16-17; Judges xiii. 22; Isaiah vi. 5.
9. What had produced this effect on Simon?
10. What effect had this upon the partners of Simon? What were the names of these partners? Did Jesus depart from Simon? What did He say? What is meant by thou shalt *catch men?* Had this thought ever been used in the Old Testament to set forth the work of God's ministers? Jer. xvi. 16: Ezek. xlvii. 10. When was the promise especially fulfilled in the case of Peter?
11. What did these disciples do with their ships? What did they do after that? What is meant by followed Him?

CATECHISM.

XXVI. Lord's Day.

69. How art thou admonished and assured, by holy baptism, that the one sacrifice of Christ upon the cross is of real advantage to thee?

Thus, that Christ appointed this external washing with water, adding thereunto this promise, that I am as certainly washed by His blood and Spirit from all the pollution of my soul, that is, from all my sins, as I am washed externally with water, by which the filthiness of the body is commonly washed away.

70. What is it to be washed with the blood and Spirit of Christ?

It is to receive of God the remission of sins, freely, for the sake of Christ's blood, which He shed for us by His sacrifice upon the cross; and also, to be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and sanctified to be members of Christ, that so we may more and more die unto sin, and lead holy and unblamable lives.

71. Where has Christ promised us that He will as certainly wash us by His blood and Spirit, as we are washed with the water of baptism?

In the institution of baptism, which is thus expressed, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:" "he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." This promise is also repeated, where the Scripture calls baptism "the washing of regeneration," and the washing away of sins.

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1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2. Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

COMMENTS. On this day "we are to be directed to the truth that the Church is not only to be passive in patient endurance of love, but by means of this is to extend itself in the world, gathering into itself by *conquests* of *love*, assured that the word of God shall be glorified in the world, and that God will bless His heritage, and make His strength perfect in weakness."

1. *Gennesaret*, sometimes called "Sea of Galilee," and again, "Sea of Tiberias." A beautiful sheet of water, twelve miles long, by six wide; situated among the hills, and the scene of many interesting events in the life of our Lord and His disciples. The borders of the lake, well peopled in the time of Christ, being covered with flourishing towns and villages. Now all is desolate there; the fish and the water-fowl are undisturbed. On the shores of the lake the people crowded around our Lord to hear His word. He enters the ship of Simon, and taught the people who were standing on the land.

4. When He had finished speaking, He said, *Launch out into the deep.* Farther from the shore.

5. *We have toiled all night*—the best season for fishing according to their experience, but *caught nothing.* But *at thy word.* This is the language of faith, a recognition of the fact that with Christ's power future efforts would not be useless. Spirit of the Psalmist cxxvii. 1.

6–7. Result exceeded the expectations of Simon and companions. See verse 9. Whether Christ by His omniscience knew the fish were there, or whether He drew them there, does not alter the fact of the miracle. We have "coincidences *divinely brought about*," between the words of Christ and the facts in the world of nature. The natural is lifted up into the miraculous by the manner in which it is timed, by the ends it is made to serve. He is the ideal man, the second Adam. See Ps. viii. 6, 8.

8. The effect on Peter was like that of the presence of God on the Old Testament saints. Excited fears. Exodus xx. 16; Judges xiii. 22; vi. 22; Dan. x. 17; Isaiah vi. 5. The profane feel no contradiction between the holy and the unholy—between the presence of God and man. The state of grace enables man to see the sundering gulf, and he sinks abashed. Christ does not depart, but shows Simon that the gulf is bridged over in His person. He invites and raises the future apostle to something higher, receiving him into communion, and giving him a Divine commission.

10. *Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.* This is the lesson to which the miracle was only incidental. The miracle of nature pales before the miracle of grace. These poor and unlettered men were to achieve victories never known before.

We see here "how the Lord's profound wisdom lays hold of everything lower and external to become the images of things and relations in the kingdom of heaven; and also how familiarly His thoughts and language attach themselves to those *Old Testament typical expressions*, in which the Spirit had already exhibited the New Testament consummation." * * * "It is not a casual, but a real though secret prelude of the Holy Ghost that the Lord named in Jeremiah (xvi. 16) those who were sent forth for the restoration of Israel, *fishermen;* and again in Ezekiel (xlvii. 10) spoke of fishers who should gather exceeding many fishes in the new waters of the living." That looked to the future of God's kingdom, and is now to find its full realization. *Catch men.* Not merely showing their commission and the qualifications He would give them, but their success.

11. *Left all and followed Him.* Gave up their ordinary occupations, and remained wholly in His company.

THE WISEST MAN is he who hears more than he speaks. An old saying was that Providence gave us two ears but only one mouth, as if to teach us we are to listen twice as much as talk. If there are persons who do not talk enough, there are many who use their tongues too freely, injuring thereby themselves and their neighbors. All the more since the tongue is an unruly member, should we be careful how we employ it, remembering that what we say goes forth on a mission of good or evil, and especially that for every idle word we must give account.

The Old Hill-Side.

BY A. M. H.

By the side of the hill, at whose foot the rill
Goes babbling slowly by,
Where the sunbeams play, the long summer day,
And the shadows gently lie—
There's a Mecca for me—a time-endeared spot,
There's a shrine for my heart that can ne'er be forgot.

There the violets blue in rich clusters grew,
With yellow and white tufts between,
And it still seems to me they were fairer to see
Than any I elsewhere have seen.
No picture of Fancy e'er rises to view
As sweet as their faces—white, yellow and blue.

The song of the bird still often is heard,
The bee sips the fresh morning dew;
The lilies yet wave, as the clear waters lave
Their petals of rich golden hue;
O'er the moss-covered pebbles the minnows glide,
And 'neath the old log the ground-squirrels hide.

Oh! many a day in our childish play
We wandered that hill-side o'er,
And with many a look down deep in the brook
From the sloping, grass-covered shore,
Our faces we scanned in the mirror below,
Where the wavelets were stilled from their rippling flow.

But those days have passed by, and their ashes lie
On the hearth-stone of Time, still and cold;
Whilst a shadowy hand from the silent land
Gave a touch—and the tale is soon told;
A form that we loved, a face we held dear
Has passed from our sight no more to appear.

Now the violets bloom, above her lone tomb,
And the grasses quietly wave;
The bird on the wing pauses often to sing
His requiem over her grave.
And the sunbeams smile as they softly shed
Their rays where she rests—the Sainted Dead.

Conowago Parsonage.

Luther and his Servant.

Luther had a domestic residing in his house by the name of Elizabeth, who, in a fit of displeasure, left without giving the family any notice. She subsequently fell into habits of immorality, and became dangerously ill. In her sickness she requested Luther to visit her. On taking his seat by her bed-side he said:

"Well, Elizabeth, what is the matter?"

"I desire," she replied, "to ask your pardon for leaving your family so abruptly; but I have something weighing heavily on my conscience,—I have given my soul away to Satan."

"Why," said Luther, "that's of no great consequence; what else?" "I have," she continued, "done many wicked things, but what oppresses me most is that I have deliberately sold my poor soul to the devil. O tell me, sir, how can such a crime ever find mercy?" "Elizabeth, listen to me," rejoined this man of God. "Suppose while you lived in my house, you had sold and transferred all my children to a stranger, would the sale or transfer have been lawful or binding?" "O no," said the deeply humbled girl, "for I could have no right to do that."

"Very well, you had still less right to give your soul to the arch-enemy; it no more belongs to you than my children do; it is the exclusive property of the Lord Jesus Christ. He made it; when lost He redeemed it; it is His with all its powers and faculties, and you can't give away or sell what is not yours. If you have attempted it, the whole transaction was unlawful and void. Now, do you go to the Lord, confess your guilt with a broken heart and contrite spirit, and entreat Him to pardon you, and take back again what is wholly His own; and as for the sin of attempting to alienate His rightful property, throw that back upon the devil, for that, and that alone, is his."

The girl obeyed, was converted, and died full of faith and hope.

FLEMING mentions the testimony of an infidel who examined the rocks in the vicinity of Calvary. He says, "I am sure this was never done by any earthquake, for then the clefts would have followed the veins of the rock. Here it is quite otherwise, for the rocks are split across the veins in a most strange and preternatural manner."—*Presbyterian at Work.*

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. JULY, 1875. NO. 7.

The Rauhe Haus at Horn.

BY THE EDITOR.

Three miles from the city of Hamburg, Europe, is the small village of Horn. Near it are a group of fifteen or twenty buildings of various sizes and styles. Among these, under a large chestnut tree, whose great leaf-laden limbs, in summer-tide, shade and shelter man and beast, is a plain, old one-story house. It is a frame structure, with a thatched roof, built more than a hundred, perhaps two hundred years ago. It was built by a certain Mr. Ruge, and has ever since been known in the neighborhood by the name of "Ruge's house." But "Ruge" is a Saxon word, and means Rauhe in German, and Rough in our own tongue. Thus it happened that the building came to be called the "Rauhe Haus."

Hamburg is a large, wealthy and very wicked city. In vice it has few equals in Northern Europe. And for the last hundred years it has grown worse. In 1772 it had 75,000 communicant members of the Church; in 1848, with a much larger population, it had only 22,000. We fear that the number since then has been much diminished. The city has repeatedly been visited with providential affliction, fire, war and pestilence. In 1832 the cholera swept away thousands of its inhabitants, filling the city with desolated homes, and its streets with orphans and outcasts. For homeless children and youth there seemed to be no escape from moral ruin. Some godly people saw this. Their hearts yearned to rescue them. On a certain evening in October, 1832, a few of these met in a room of a pious school-master's home. Among them were mechanics and business men. They met to consult about a plan of religious work among the neglected poor. The city seemed to have been given over to evil. True piety was confined to a very few. What could these few do among so many? Among the assembled earnest group in the school-master's house was a young Licentiate of twenty-four, not yet ordained. His father, a Hamburg lawyer, had died ten years previous. His widowed mother he tried to support as best he could. He had a noble physique, a fresh, frank countenance, bright eyes, and a warm, loving heart. Unlike most students of that day, he came from the University a zealous Christian, and at once sought work as a Sunday-school teacher in his native city. But this cause was then in its infancy, and could not reach the evil. He helped to organize a Visiting Society. As a member of this he mingled with the lowest and poorest classes — day-laborers, porters, crossing-sweepers, and outcasts. What could the few visitors do among so many? These things were spoken and prayed over that October evening at the meeting of the Visiting Society, in the room of the Hamburg school-master, forty-three years ago. Their hearts were moved with tenderness and compassion for the unfortunate children, fated to a life of sin from their birth. The Licentiate said: "A little unknown child came to me in the open street, and with outstretched hands and begging face, and many tears, tried to kiss my hand that had never done it any good, and cried: 'Come with me, come

with me, and see for yourself.' The child was forever in my thoughts. I could find no rest till I had answered it."

At this meeting they resolved to establish a Reformatory Home—a Rettungshaus. It was purely a matter of faith, for none of them had much money to give—the young Theologian perhaps less than any. But he had a strong faith; indeed all of them had this, which was worth more than silver and gold. They made a solemn agreement to pray this Rettungshaus from heaven. It was their only hope, and they prayed with all their hearts. When they met on the crowded market places of Hamburg, they would whisper into each other's ear: "You don't forget praying for the Rettungshaus, do you?" Thus they daily knocked at the door of God's bank. And the knock was heard and heeded. In due time a Government clerk, who had known nothing of their project, handed fifteen pounds ($75.00), to one of the friends to be spent for some charitable object, or if at all possible for some establishment yet to be founded. A few weeks later a clergyman, to whom the distribution of a charitable bequest had been entrusted, assigned them ten hundred and fifty pounds. Their enterprise became known, and other gifts, from poor servant girls and from richer people were brought them. Mr. Sieveking, a wealthy bürger of Hamburg, gave them this Rauhe Haus under the great Chestnut tree at Horn, for the use of their proposed Home. The Visiting Society were now in a condition to begin their labor of love.

On the first of November, 1833, Emanuel Wichern, for this is the name of the young Licentiate, with his mother by his side, entered the Rauhe Haus to begin the good work. Thus the celebrated Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, was started. Without a cent in hand its founder began to pray and work, and trusted God for the needed means, and he was not disappointed; indeed, God never disappoints those who put their trust in Him. No wonder that the dear and great Wichern, now old and grey-headed, says that *Jesus Christ is the founder of the Rauhe Haus.*

In less than a week's time three poor boys knocked at the door of the Rauhe Haus for admittance. At the close of the year it was full with twelve inmates.

Meanwhile Wichern became the butt of many a jest and coarse witticism by the unsympathizing masses. A fanatic or a fool he must surely be, said many. He, however, quietly and prayerfully went after his business. It was a strange and unattractive company he had gathered around him. "Eight of them were illegitimate; four were brought up by drunken and criminal parents; one lad was known to the police for ninety-two thefts; one had escaped from prison. They were a lot of young savages, accustomed to live upon robbery, to sleep under a bridge or on a staircase, to curse their fathers in return for parental curses, and to beat their mothers when scolded for coming home with empty hands." But Wichern and his mother were but too happy to have them. He slept with them in the same bed-room, and ate with them at the same table. At that time she was in some respects better suited for this work than he. Her tender heart, native tact, maternal sense, and wisdom gained by experience, did more than the learning of her gifted but inexperienced son. They both had a difficult problem to solve—"how to win the confidence of young liars and thieves who distrusted everybody; how to make obedience a pleasure to young rascals who resolved to obey nobody; how to reconcile with an orderly and decent life young vagabonds who claimed the liberty of turning day into night, of running half-naked about the streets, and of dining off potato skins and other offal, with a pudding of tallow such as is used for greasing shoes, by way of an additional dainty."

Ere long many others applied. In due time the means to support them came. No more could be admitted into the Rauhe Haus. Twelve was the limit of membership. For Wichern wisely determined to put only a small number in one house, but have the inmates of each house as far as possible form a family, and make it a home in the true sense of the word. A second house was built; then a third; finally a twelfth. Thus the original thatched cottage with a few acres of ground expanded into a hamlet with many acres.

The members of each family feel a

personal pride in their home and garden. Certain hours of the day they spend in the school-room, and their other time is devoted to learning and working at a trade, and to the cultivation of their grounds. For this institution carries on shoemaking, tailoring, slipper-making, printing, book-binding, &c. Each boy is taught the trade for which he seems best suited.

The demand for the building of a new cottage brings new strivings and tests of faith. After much prayer the needed money is always sent. All the boys work as masons, carpenters or painters in the erection of each building; from the digging of the foundation to the finishing of it, their skillful hands are used. And when the building is completed, the pastor of Horn preaches a sermon, and all sing and pray together at the dedicatory opening of the new home. Twelve boys, led by their house-father and head, march thither in procession, and take possession of it as a family.

Every house is designated by a certain name. One with a fir tree at its front, is called the Fir Tree; another, built in the style of a Swiss cottage, is called the Swiss House. Then they have The Schönburg, The Vineyard, (Weinberg), The Fisher's Cottage, The Swallow's Nest, The Beehive. The whole group of buildings, cottages, shops, outhouses, barn, chapel, and Dr. Wichern's house, with the blessed institution they contain, are known and admired in all the world by the name of "*The Rauhe Haus.*"

Confirmation in a Foreign Land.

BY NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER.

It was on a Sunday morning, about an hour before church-time, that I started out to bask in the beautiful sunlight, with which Leipzig was then favored. People, who have lived all their days in the clear skies of America, can form no idea of the pleasure which such a morning in spring affords to the inhabitants of North Germany, who sometimes spend whole weeks in winter without catching a glimpse of the sun. Indeed the fine weather had the same exhilarating effect upon me as the smiling face of a pretty girl has upon a youth just ripening into manhood. This comparison was suggested by the many young girls, who were that morning hurrying to church from all parts of the city, with their heads uncovered and their hymn books in their hands, an unmistakable sign that in Germany everybody sings, foreigners being at once recognized by their not having a hymn book This novel scene also reminded me of the fact that in this city the two Sundays before Easter are set apart for confirmation. The girls are confirmed on one Sunday, the boys on the next. I went to church about half an hour before time and found it crowded. The central part of the area was reserved for the catechumens, of whom there were at least two hundred. The two sides and the hinder part of the area, and the two galleries, one situated above the other, were open to the other people. The massive pillars in Gothic churches always obstruct the view for some persons; several mothers were therefore quite uneasy because they could not see their daughters sit. A custom, celebrated by Harbaugh in one of his poems, here still exists. It matters not how rich, how refined the men are, when they come to church, they pray for a few moments into the hat. The four ministers, who officiated, were dressed in their regular clerical robes, consisting of a black gown, white "overhangings," and a linen collar, such as one sees on pictures of Shakespeare and his cotemporaries. The catechumens were all robed in plain black, forming a striking contrast with the tasteful extravagances of American girls on similar occasions. Evidently so far as dress is concerned, no one had come to see and to be seen.

The numbers of the hymns were posted up in different parts of the church. The opening prayers were chanted at the altar like the Latin prayers of the Catholic church. When the Scripture lessons were read, the congregation rose in token of respect for God's word. After the minister, who preached, had entered the pulpit, which stands on one side of the church, and communed with God in private prayer, a gaslight above him was lit so as to

throw its rays upon him, just as he closed his prayer. It looked as if a halo of holiness had suddenly been poured over him. He began by pronouncing a benediction upon the congregation, and while doing this he made the sign of the cross with his right hand. This peculiarity is found in all the churches of Saxony and Prussia. The sermon preached was long, learned, full of fine rhetorical figures, and, as I thought, entirely above the comprehension of the girls to whom it was addressed, most of them being between twelve and fifteen years of age.

After the sermon the Catechumens repeated the Apostles' Creed, and promised, by answering several questions, to consecrate their lives to Christ, and to spend their strength in His service according to the best of their ability. The senior pastor now pronounced them members of the Church. Then the choir, composed of boys, standing high up in the second gallery in front of the organ, began a chant in subdued tones, which made the music sound as if it came from another world, thus calling to my mind the declaration of the Saviour that there is joy among the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Next came the ceremony of the laying on of hands. Eight girls would come forward at a time, kneel before the four ministers standing in a line, so that one hand could be placed on each head. This rite was always accompanied by the repetition of a passage of Scripture and by the reiteration of the never-varying formula: "Nehmet hin den Heiligen Geist, Schutz und Schirm vor allem Argen, Stärke und Hülfe zu allem Guten, aus der gnädigen Hand Gottes des Vaters, des Sohnes und des Heiligen Geistes. Amen." The communion was celebrated on Monday.

Many foreigners who had never before seen such a service, agreed that they had never witnessed anything more solemn and more impressive. People sometimes speak of the grandeur of the ritual, which certain secret societies have, and of the solemn binding force, which attaches to the vows taken in the presence of so many brethren; but so far as my experience goes there is none which can rival the grandeur and the impressiveness of a confirmation service, because the vows then taken refer not merely to one or a few virtues like temperance, but to all the duties and the relations of life, and the ceremony takes place not only before the assembled congregation, thus making it binding before the whole world, but also in the presence of the Triune God, of the angelic hosts in heaven, and of the whole glorious company of the redeemed, who constitute a cloud of witnesses looking down upon us from the other world. Surely we, who belong to the original Reformation churches, have no reason to desert the faith and the pious customs of our forefathers in order to connect ourselves with other bodies, however rich and wealthy they may be. It may, of course, be urged as an objection that confirmation has degenerated into a mere custom, having in some countries the force of a law, as when, for example, a young man is unable to serve an apprenticeship or enter business until he can show a certificate of confirmation, or when a young woman is not allowed to marry or to leave her home, until she has joined the Church; but this after all is only an abuse, which can never be urged as an argument against the educational system of religion, and it is an abuse too, which falls away with the introduction of the new laws that were enacted in Germany during the last two years. Far better that a person should be instructed in the fundamental principles of our religion before taking upon himself the Christian vows, than that he should be thrown into a perfect fit of excitement by having the terrors of perdition painted before his eyes, and thus be induced to try to make his salvation sure by a few hours of anxious prayer in a public meeting, where the depression of soul is sure to be followed by a spell of feverish joy, the one state of mind being as fleeting as the other. It is certainly reasonable to suppose that children, who have grown up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, so that they cannot tell the day when they did not love their Saviour, will make better Christians than those who have never been made to feel that they belong to the Church, under the supposition that after having sown their wild oats they will turn from the evil tenor of their ways, and by a sud-

den transformation be enabled to lay off all their evil habits. In this respect the educational system of religion is far superior to the high-pressure systems of modern revivalists.

In the Catholic Church the rite of confirmation is not preceded by a repetition of the creed and an audible profession of faith; but it is invested with the essence and dignity of a sacrament. It usually takes place at Easter or Pentecost. Since the bishop alone has the right to confirm, some central town is selected, to which the priests at the head of their catechumens come in a procession. As at baptism, so here a sponsor is always required to be present. The words which the bishop uses are: Ligno te signo crucis et confirmo te chrismate salutis in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti—(I mark thee with the sign of the cross and confirm thee with the chrism of salvation in the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit), at the same time he puts the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the one to be confirmed, using for this purpose the sacred oil, which is a mixture of olive oil and balsam. The bishop prepares it annually by breathing upon it several times in imitation of Christ, who in this manner conferred the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles. After being thus consecrated, it is addressed by the bishop and the presbyters: Ave Sanctum Chrisma. To this oil a sort of magical power is ascribed, just as to the water used in baptism. In addition to the above ceremony the bishop gives each one a gentle stroke upon the cheek to signify that offences and suffering should be born with patience by the Christian. This act is accompanied by the words: Pax tecum. (Peace be with you.) In some churches it is customary to tie up the forehead for the sake of keeping the chrismal oil from running off, thereby to signify what jealous care should be taken to preserve the grace conferred; the bandage is not taken off until the third day. The most surprising thing is that in no case dare head or forehead be washed for a period of seven days. (I make the last two statements on the authority of Marheineke, without, however being able to vouch for their correctness). The whole ceremony bears a very impressive character, especially when it is administered by a prelate like Bishop Hefele of Rotenburg. The venerable appearance and the immense learning of this noble-hearted man can not fail to inspire the student with feelings of homage and admiration.

What I have seen and heard of this man and read of his books, have all tended to give me a high opinion of his personal character. At first the fact that he too bowed his neck under the yoke of the infallibility dogma, had the contrary effect; because he was a most strenuous opponent of the dogma at the Vatican Council; his book on Honorius disproves infallibility with mathematical certainty by showing that a pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, in one case actually taught heresy; and after his return home he wrote a letter to his old Catholic friends, in which he laments that the bishops who at Rome opposed the dogma with might and main, should "over-night" change their opinions and become zealous persecutors of those, who hesitated to submit. In view of these facts his own submission appears rather mysterious; but we, Protestants, can scarcely think ourselves into the attitude of one, who has been reared in the bosom of the Romish Church. With us it is a matter of paramount duty to think for ourselves and act according to our personal convictions; a Catholic, on the other hand, is taught that the highest virtue consists in submission to the edicts of the Church. In the case of a learned man like Hefele, this involves an intellectual sacrifice, which requires an amount of heroism and resolution bordering on the marvellous. It is said that for about a year his face showed signs of intense mental agony, and that only after his submission did he regain his former peace of mind. I have this from Dr. Weizsäcker, the Professor of Church History at Tübingen, who, though a zealous Protestant, has been for many years an intimate friend of Hefele.

Many persons confound Catholic confirmation with the rite as it exists in our Church. Theoretically the two are altogether different. The Catholic Church has seven sacraments corresponding to seven critical periods in human life. To each a special grace is attached, which is calculated to strengthen and protect the spiritual life

against the temptations and the evils incident to the corresponding period in the individual's physical life. Thus baptism corresponds to physical birth and implants a new life into the child; confirmation corresponds to the transition period and is designed to arm and equip the young Christian for the warfare of life. "Per Baptisma evadimus Christianæ civitatis membra, per Confirmationem membra Christianæ militiæ," is Perrone's explanation of the difference. According to the theory of our Church confirmation is simply a rite in which the young Christian solemnly ratifies and takes upon himself the vows made at baptism in his name. The Reformers were a unit in denying the Sacramental character of this rite; and it did not come into use all over Germany until the close of the seventeenth century. Hence we do not find it in the Dutch and Presbyterian Churches of our country, whereas it exists as a time-honored custom in the churches that were directly transplanted from Germany.

A Pagan Peace-Maker.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ancient history tells us of two men of the name of Pliny—Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger. The latter was a nephew of the former, whose sister was the Younger's mother. Both were highly educated; the Elder being the more learned man of the two. He was a prominent military leader. During his busy public life, and on his military campaigns, he wrote many books. In the day-time he attended to his official duties, at night he studied and wrote. "In summer he always began his studies as soon as it was night; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever spent less time in bed, inasmuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his books, take a short sleep and then pursue his studies."

It was a maxim with him that no book was so bad but something might be learned from it. Even when traveling he kept on studying, his secretary or writer reading to him while riding in his chariot. He was a great time-saver, eagerly seizing upon every moment for some useful purpose. His nephew says: "I remember once, his reader having pronounced some word wrong, a person at table made him repeat it again, upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it. The other acknowledging that he did, he said: '*Why then would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption above ten lines.*'" He lost his life by the famous eruption of Vesuvius in 79, when the city of Pompeii was buried by the discharges of the volcano.

The Younger, or Caius Pliny, although less of a scholar, had some noble natural traits of character. He was evidently a kind-hearted, humane man, tenderly sympathizing with the sorrowful and oppressed. History has preserved a beautiful letter of his, written to a wealthy friend in behalf of a runaway slave. At that time, at the end of the first century, a very large part of the Roman population consisted of slaves. These were liable to the most inhuman treatment. Nor could their ill-fate be always improved by running away. For they became dependent on their masters, and by cutting loose from them they had no profitable means of support.

Sabianus had a slave who ran away. Repenting of his course, he besought Pliny to intercede for him, who wrote the following beautiful letter to his friend:

"*Caius Pliny to Sabianus, health.*

Thy freedman, with whom thou didst say thou wert incensed, came to me, and having thrown himself at my feet, grasped them as if they had been thine. He wept much; plead much; and yet pleaded more by his silence. In short he fully convinced me that he was a penitent. I do sincerely believe that he is reformed, because he perceives that he has done wrong. I know that thou art incensed against him; and I know also that thou art justly so; but then clemency has its chief praise when there is the greatest cause for anger. Thou hast loved the man; and I hope that thou wilt love him again. In the meantime it may suffice that thou dost suffer thyself to be entreated for him. It will be right for thee again to be

offended if he deserves it; because, having allowed thyself to be entreated, thou wilt do it with greater propriety. Forgive something for his youth; forgive on account of his tears; forgive on account of thine own kindness; do not torment him — do not torment thyself — for thou wilt be tormented when thou, who art of so gentle a disposition, dost suffer thyself to be angry. I fear, if I should unite my prayers to his, that I should seem not to ask, but to compel. Yet I will write them, and the more largely and earnestly, too, as I have sharply and severely reproved him; solemnly threatening him, should he offend again, nevermore to intercede for him. This I said to him, because it was necessary to alarm him; but I will not say the same to thee. For perhaps I may again entreat thee, and again obtain, if now that shall be done which it is fit that I should ask and you concede. Farewell."

This letter reminds us of Paul's epistle to Philemon. Both have a similar object in view. Beautiful as the composition of a cultivated pagan moralist. Pliny's letter is after all a Christless and graceless epistle. It is very courteous, yet less so than that of Paul. Forcible in its pleading, it is less tender and touching, and less effective.

Still, for Pliny, with his pagan education and surroundings, we regard this as a model letter, evincing a purity of style, refined moral sense, a fine perception of what belongs to gentlemanly propriety, such as, alas! are not always found even among persons claiming to have a better religion than he had.

This Pliny, as pro-consul of Bithynia and Pontus, under the Emperor Trajan, was called upon to assist in exterminating the Christian religion. Although only one hundred years after the birth of our Saviour, whose adherents were then despised and persecuted in all lands, it made rapid progress. The more the Roman emperors tried to crush it, the more it grew. All their temples were deserted, but few sacrificial animals were bought, and their pagan rites were threatened with extirpation. For a while Pliny endeavored to attend to this unpleasant part of his work. A large number of Christians were arrested and brought before his tribunal. Many of these he knew to be good persons. His heart failed him. Literally to carry out his instructions, he would have to depopulate these provinces, so numerous and so firm were the Christians. He wrote to Trajan: "Many of all ages, of every rank, and of both sexes would be involved in the danger; for the contagion of this superstition has seized not only cities, but also the villages and open country." Humane as he seemed to be, he arrested two female slaves, who held the office of deaconesses in the Christian communities. Thinking perhaps that they would not tell all they knew, he applied the torture to them, trying to extort the truth by excruciating cruelties. He says that these informed him that the Christians were in the habit of meeting together on a certain day (Sunday); that they then united in a hymn of praise to their God, Christ; and that they bound one another (alluding to their baptismal vows) not to commit any crimes—but to refrain from theft, from adultery; to be faithful in performing their promises, to withhold from none the property entrusted to their keeping; and after this they separated, and met again in the evening at a simple and innocent meal." The latter may have referred either to the Agapæ or love-feasts which were for a while held in the early Church, or to the Lord's Supper which the early Christians observed every Lord's day.

After making the above favorable report to Hadrian, Pliny still held that the Laws of Rome must be enforced, and that all who disobeyed them must suffer.

"The Christians must deny their faith, invoke the gods, offer incense and pour out libations before the image of the emperor, together with the images of the gods, and curse Christ. If they declined so to do, and after having been thrice called upon, by the governor, to abjure their faith, continued steadfastly to confess that they were Christians and would remain so, Pliny condemned them to death, as obstinate confessors of a religion forbidden by law, who dared publicly to defy the laws of the empire. They who complied with the governor's terms were pardoned."

Ah, those were the times which tried men's souls! Whilst multitudes cheerfully laid down their lives for Christ,

many ran well until they were threatened with torture and death. Then they renounced their Saviour, and worshiped false gods. How those noble martyrs who suffered and died as witnesses for Christ, put to shame the ease-loving, religious inactivity of many so-called Christians of our day! Without needing to risk peril or pain, the loss of property or life, they forsake our dear Saviour, as did Demas of old, because they love "this present world."

The Boasting Hen.

"Ke-daw! Ke-daw!" a young hen cried,
While strutting through a barn-yard wide.
"Ke-daw! Ke-daw! I've done a feat,
In chickendom it can't be beat!
I've laid the finest egg to-day
That any hen in town can lay;
So, little chickens, far and near,
Just bow your heads when I appear,
Old mother hens, you needn't sneer;
There never was an egg so white,
I shall go frantic with delight!"
"Ke-daw! Ke-daw!" rang clear and loud.
There never was a hen so proud.

The older hens were grave and staid.
They said: "When other eggs are laid—
Six or a dozen at the most—
My child, you won't care much to boast,
Your utterance will be more soothing
When laying eggs becomes no new thing."
Each turned and called away her brood.
This young hen thought their actions rude.
"How envious these old dames are!
My triumph, though, they shall not mar;
With bitterness my heart would sicken
If I were such an envious chicken."

Now, while this scene was going on
Our dame had left her nest alone,
And, spying out a splendid chance
A weasel threw a furtive glance
At this same egg.
Swift as a lance
He rolled it from its downy nest,
A wanton act be it confessed—
Its golden freshness there to test.

Back, in high feather, came our hen.
Her grief is not for tongue or pen!
She gazed upon the empty shell
Of that first egg she loved so well;
Had she but known enough to cry,
Tears would have trickled from her eye.

Now in this egg-shell we may find
A simple moral left behind.
In boasting, don't be premature,
Lest disappointment work your cure.
Ere you parade your triumph round,
Be sure your egg is safe and sound!

—*Independent.*

"To the Lions."

A MARTYR STORY OF OLD ROME.

The palace of Aurelian was filled with guests. He entertained the most noble and the most beautiful in Rome. They reclined around a table which was sumptuously spread, and ate daintily of rich viands, served by handsome slaves. Their garments were silken. Their jewels glittered as they moved. They conversed and laughed in silver accents; they quaffed strong wine from golden cups; and through the open windows came the sound of their revelry, the light of their lamps, and the fragrance of the flowers which crowned their heads.

There came a lull, and then, as if watching for the moment, from between the brocaded curtains appeared the dancing girls. They gyrated into the space which had been prepared for them, and with graceful evolutions shook their tambourines. The belts on their armlets and ankles jingled in harmony, their veils circled like mist about their light figures, and they seemed as if rising out of white clouds when they paused. Poised on the tips of their toes, with their instruments held high above their heads, they heard the applause which approved their skill.

Then the Emperor beckoned the chief dancer to his side. She approached modestly, half concealing her face with her veil, her large dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with the exercise, Her profession did not make her forward and bold. Her gifts were used simply to support her family; and although she was the most popular dancer in Imperial Rome, commendation passed by her like a breath of wind. She prized it only for the sake of those she loved. It gave her the means of serving them. The Emperor offered her a cup. It was filled with red wine and pieces of gold.

"Drink," said he, "to the gods. "They have endowed thee well; and we will join thee in the toast."

He rose as he spoke, and all replenished their cups—all save one, a serious and beautiful woman, who sat on the right side of the imperial seat; but she stood up with the rest, as if she expected the omission to pass unnoticed.

Aurelian turned toward her. "Fair

lady," said he, "do you pledge the deities with an empty cup?"

She blushed deeply, and looked at him with a pleading expression in her eyes, which said plainly, "Ask me no questions now."

The Emperor frowned. He had heard rumors of her which had offended him. Would she confirm them by her silence? "Speak!" he exclaimed, authoritatively; "will you not drink to the gods?"

"Lower thine ear, I pray thee!" was the murmured reply. And Aurelian did as he was asked.

Then whispered the lady, in a low, sweet voice, "Imperial cousin, I am a Christian; I cannot drink to false gods." And only the dancing girl overheard what she had said.

Uttering an angry oath, the Emperor let the cup in his hand fall to the ground; and three days later there floated on the Tiber a beautiful woman with her hands folded on her breast, her face calm in death. The Emperor was determined to exterminate the Christians; and "Ere I strike others," said he, "it behooves me to reprove my own."

The moonlight tipped with silver every pinnacle and roof. It slanted across the street, gleaming on the statues; it flooded the terraces; it lifted itself to the lattices, and peeped at those within.

Sleep was abroad, but his pinions were never wide enough to overshadow every man, woman and child, and tonight Lelia the dancer was of the number who kept enforced vigil.

She sat at the window, full of thought. That evening she had danced at a nobleman's where the martyrdom of the Emperor's beautiful relative had been freely discussed. Much was said against her faith and obstinacy, but the heroism with which she had met her fate had been spoken of with wonder and admiration. According to the account, she had gone to death as calmly as she had gone to her last banquet at the palace, and she had breathed her last declaring her murderers knew not what they did—praying that they might find the peace which had made her departure easy and blessed.

"There must be something in this Christian faith," thought Lelia, "to induce people to suffer excruciating torture and death rather than give it up. I wonder what makes it more desirable than riches, honor, titles, and all the gifts of this world."

Before she slept the dancer had determined to find out the secret.

It was rumored that measures against the Christians had been resolved upon by the Emperor, and were soon to be put in force.

Throughout the city there spread a strange silence and gloom. The people seemed to expect some great calamity, and those who were of the faith of Christ seemed conscious of the part they were presently to act. They went about their affairs as usual with a firm step, but the trembling lip occasionally betrayed the tumult within. If they did not fear for themselves, they were alarmed for their wives and their children.

Then the edicts were published, ordering all who preached and acknowledged Christ to recant, under penalty of death. They were posted all over Rome, and in the midst of the excitement they caused, a rash, daring Christian added fuel to the fire. When the parchment was attached to one of the columns of the Capitol, he mounted the steps and defiantly proclaimed the forbidden gospel. The crowd of gazers were restless and threatening, but he was not abashed. He stood calm and unmoved, and spoke in a clear, sonorous tone, which rang above the din raised to drown his voice. Pointing to the edict, he cried, "Let the Emperor persecute us, our light will shine forth; we cannot be exterminated. As soon as the work of death is done, that of life will begin, and the growth will increase by reason of the blood spilled around. Those who profess the new religion are few compared with those who believe but do not profess. Hearts will worship, though tongues may utter not one word of belief. The mute multitude will be ever ready to supply the ranks of those who fall. They shrink from sight now; they are silent with horror when they see their brethren put to torture; but soon as the martyrs are entered into heaven they will come forth as birds after the rain, and fill again the forsaken churches. They live for their church, and they will die for it as bravely as those who

went before them. We *will* preach Christ in Rome. He tells us to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature. We will preach Him, despite the edict of the Roman Emperor. We love God too well, and Christ too well, and you too well, O Romans, to heed the insolent Imperial command."

A few moments of intense silence succeeded this bold speech. The people seemed to be paralyzed, and before they recovered themselves the Christian had gone. His doom, however, was sealed. A diligent search for him began immediately.

Close by the place where he had stood was one who could have told his name and where he lived, but she was silent. Wrapped in her cloak, she watched the heaving multitude divide and fill all the adjoining streets. When any one approached her she raised her veil, and she was left unmolested. She was Lelia, the dancing girl.

"Who can show us where the house of the Christian is?" cried the infuriated throng, and maddened with frenzy, they rushed like wild beasts hither and thither until they found what they sought. But it was evening before they were successful, and then it was not so easy to snatch their prey. The house was strongly barricaded by a thick, high wall built of stone.

The crowd began to beat against the wall, and shout for those within to come forth. They had almost wearied themselves out, and were inclined to think that their victims had escaped, when upon a sort of level roof above a woman suddenly appeared. She advanced to the edge—not far above, and yet beyond the reach of the mob below—and beckoned to them with her hands as if she would speak.

The people immediately ceased their tumultuous cries, and prepared to hear what she had to say. Some, indeed, threw stones, but they were checked by others, who insisted that the woman should have full liberty to address them. Then she drew aside her veil, and with deep blushes overspreading her face and bosom, stood waiting the pleasure of the heaving multitude below.

"It is the dancer, Lelia!" cried the crowd, in surprise.

"What do you want?" asked the dancer, in a loud voice, which sounded above the din. "Good citizens and friends, those whom you seek are poor and humble people. They never injured you. Leave them in safety, and if you require it they will abandon their dwellings—aye, and their Rome. They are all native Romans."

"That will not serve us," cried a harsh voice, in a brutal tone. "We want their lives."

"And we will have them," shouted a chorus, battering against the wall with renewed strength. A huge plank was brought from an adjoining yard. It was plied by a hundred hands, with noisy uproar, and the masonry began to give way. Lelia retreated with a stifled cry.

She found the Christian in a room at the back of the house, with his weeping wife and family. He was cheering them as well as he could, and there was no evidence of fear in his noble face.

"Be not afraid, dear love," he said. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved. We are in His hands."

"Is He able to deliver you from death," asked Lelia, who stood a little apart, with a white face.

"Yes," replied the Christian; "He takes the sting from death, and the victory from the grave. Those who are able to kill the body are not able to kill the soul."

"Will they kill us, think you?" murmured the wife.

The Christian smiled. "What if they do, beloved?" he said. "I have seen thee face dangers so often, I know thou wilt have courage to meet the last enemy." Then he added, clasping his hands, "But what is death? It is only a passing through the gate into life, and if the passage be rough, the journey is soon over—the rest quickly found."

Some of the wild populace now rushed in, athirst for blood. Lelia stood in the way. They thrust her aside, and laid violent hands on the Christian.

"Take me also," cried the dancer; "I will go with them to hear more of Christ Jesus—I am almost persuaded to be a Christian."

All was hurry in the streets of Rome;

all was joyous expectation. Aurelian was to give his subjects a grand entertainment in the amphitheatre, and the chief part of it was to be a great massacre of the Christians. It was a beautiful morning, the sun seemed to shine upon the anticipated enjoyment, and every seat was speedily filled. Around the vast arena thousands and tens of thousands of spectators were soon gathered together. They eagerly gazed down upon the preparation, and awaited with impatience the entrance of the Emperor, who was to give the signal for the first combat. When he came a great shout was raised, but he scarcely acknowledged it. He was pale, silent, and stern. He took his seat quietly, and remained almost immovable until the roar of the lion advancing upon the first victim was heard. Then he bent forward with a keen expression of interest upon his face, and seemed to examine the combatant with the keenest scrutiny. It was the Christian who had publicly declared against his edict.

Tall and erect stood the man, divested of all save a light linen garment around his loins. His face was pale, but his eye was full of untroubled resolution, while his carriage was free and noble. He smiled as the savage animal, irritated by famine, came prowling around the arena towards him.

"Romans and countrymen!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the lion, now but a few paces from him, "savage death is upon me, but I do not fear him. Not I! If we Christians suffer for the cause of truth and God, we are cheered by the thought that by our sufferings our children and children's children shall be made heirs of the inheritance that is incorruptible, and shall never pass away. Praise the Lord, I foresee that this little leaven will in time leaven the whole lump; and my heart is strong with the hope that even many of you now present shall be gathered into the heaven whither I go."

The lion sprang upon him as he uttered the last word, and the next moment he was prostrate. He died without resistance, and before the mangled body was dragged into the den of the captor, the trembling wife and children of the victim, with several other women, were standing in the centre of the arena. Lelia, the dancing girl, was of the number, and she seemed to be encouraging her companions.

The Emperor made a sign that he would speak before other lions were let loose. He had recognized the dancer with surprise, and was anxious to save her for her youth and skill.

"Woman," he cried, "I would willingly save thee and thy companions, but there is only one way in which it can be done."

"Let us know it then, O mighty Emperor!" said Lelia, stepping to the side.

"Renounce Christ," said the Emperor, "and sacrifice to the gods. Then life shall be thine, with all the gifts which make it pleasant."

The dancer looked around at her companions. They hid their faces, but shook their heads.

Then turning to Aurelian with eyes which seemed to glow, Lelia cried: "Renounce Christ, whom I have just found! Save my life by renouncing Christ! How little, O mighty Emperor, dost thou know what a Christian is. Not though I might sit on thy seat would I deny my Saviour. We are women, but we fear naught except the loss of God's favor."

"You will not be induced to recant?" asked the Emperor, with a flush of passion.

"No," replied Lelia, "you can give us nothing as priceless as that which we have found. Come, death! come, glory!"

"To the lions, then!" shouted Aurelian, and immediately the dens reopened, and the lions crept cautiously forth with bloodshot eyes and gaping jaws. They rushed towards the group of mute victims standing in the centre. Lelia laid her hand on the side of the arena, just over one of the dens, and looked up at Aurelian.

"Mighty Emperor!" she cried, in a clear, ringing voice, which was heard over all the vast assembly, "do you remember when you bade me drink to the gods? The refusal of thy Imperial cousin to join in the toast first made me think about the Christians, and her heroism in suffering death made me inquire into her faith. Now, blessed be God, I hope to die as bravely as she did and as her blood sowed the seeds of salvation in my heart, so may my blood sow

it in the hearts of others, and become a seed of the Church."

A white rose fell at her feet, dropped by an invisible hand. It was to her a sweet promise. She picked it up, pressed it to her heart, and calmly resigned herself to her fate.—*The Day of Rest.*

Come Unto Me.

Come to the clear deep river,
  Come where the pastures call;
Give to the great good Giver
  The trust that is thy all.
From want eternal fleeing,
  Come to an endless store;
Bring thy whole famished being
  For He wants nothing more.

He will not now refuse thee,
  Weak hand and vision dim;
For something He will use thee,
  But first thou wantest Him.
The spirit worn with straying,
  Will find His judgment best:
Oh hear what He is saying,
  And yield thyself to rest.

For one transporting minute
  The beckoning word obey;
There is a power within it
  To bear thee on thy way.
The voice of mercy speaking
  Is God the Saviour's might,
And all thy heart is seeking
  Lies safely in its light.

Old Funeral Customs in Long Island.

Formerly the funerals upon this island were of a very expensive character, and it was a custom in the old families to lay up a stock of superior wines to be used on such occasions; and frequently at those funerals you would meet with wine so choice and excellent that it would scarcely be equalled by any in the land, although our country has always been celebrated throughout the world for its excellent Madeira wine. Christopher Smith, Esq., of Jamaica, on this island, who died about half a century since, had stored away a large quantity of the most superior wines in the country which were used at his funeral; and an old friend of ours who attended the funeral of Gen. Curtenius, in the city of New York, several years ago, informed us that from the great profusion of excellent wines, liquors, cigars, etc., it resembled more a wedding feast than it did a funeral; this however, was not peculiar to this, instance; it was the general custom at that period and for a very long time previous upon Long Island and in the city of New York also; and not many years since, the custom universally existed among us of

HANDING AROUND WINE

to all persons attending a funeral; and it was also usual, when the estate of the deceased would afford it, and even in cases where it could not, to give each of the pall-bearers, clergymen, and physicians attending a scarf of white linen (sufficient in quantity to make a shirt), which was worn by them across the shoulder, and also a pair of gloves either of silk or kid. If the deceased was old or married the scarf was tied with a black ribbon, and the gloves were black; but if the deceased were young and unmarried the scarf was fastened with a white ribbon, and the gloves were white. The custom of giving gloves and scarfs at funerals is not yet (1838) entirely gone out of existence. At a still earlier period it was the custom, at the more superior order of funerals, to give gold mourning rings to each person who attended, and we have seen still preserved on Long Island, in the family of the gentleman to whom it was presented, a ring which was thus given at the funeral of the Earl of Bellamont, who died the Governor of the colony of New York, and it was a very heavy, massive gold ring, and has upon it the inscription, "Cornes De Bello-mon."

FUNERAL FEASTS.

Even within the present century it was likewise the custom at funerals in the country parts of Long Island for the relatives of the deceased, at the house from which the funeral was to proceed, to prepare a large quantity of cold provisions, such as roast turkeys, boiled hams, roast beef, etc., which were set upon a table in a room opened for the purpose, and every one went there and helped himself as he pleased. Also rum, brandy and gin, with pipes, tobacco and cigars were handed around among the people during their stay at the house, it being considered inhospitable not to do so; and it was not an unusual thing

to see the farmers congregate together in warm weather, under the shade of trees about the vicinity of the house, smoking their long pipes and drinking, hearing and telling the news and laughing and talking together for two or three hours before the funeral would move. This long stay at the house previous to proceeding to the place of interment, together with the great plenty of spirituous liquor distributed about, sometimes occasioned scenes of much noise, and very inappropriate to the purpose for which they had assembled. The change which has since been produced in this practice is mainly to be credited to

THE EXERTIONS OF ONE GENTLEMAN,

the Rev. Evan M. Johnson, then the rector of the Episcopal church at Newtown, who some years since proposed to the vestry of that church, that thereafter, at all funerals in that congregation, the friends should be bidden or invited at one hour and the interment should take place the next succeeding hour so as to allow them sufficient time to assemble and no more, and to induce its acceptance the rector agreed to relinquish his claim to a scarf on such occasions. He also proposed that the use of spirituous liquors at funerals should be discontinued; to all these propositions the vestry assented, recommending that in place of spirituous liquors wine should be handed around among the people; this was a great reform when we consider that it was long before the temperance movement commenced. This plan being seen to work well in that congregation, was also adopted by other congregations in other parts of the island, and after a while the use of wine itself at funerals was dispensed with. But expensive as was the character of the funeral on this island, and in New York, they could not compare in that respect with those among the Dutch inhabitants of the city of Albany. Judge Benson, in his memoir before the New York Historical Society, describes the

FUNERAL OF LUCAS WYNGAARD,

who died in that city in 1756, a bachelor, leaving some estate. The invitation to that funeral was very general, and those who attended returned after the interment, as the custom then was, to the house of the deceased towards the close of the day, and a large number of them never left it until the dawn of the ensuing day. In the course of the night a pipe of wine, which had been stored in the cellar for some years before the occasion, was drank; dozens of papers of tobacco were consumed; grosses of pipes broken; scarce a whole decanter or glass was left, and, to crown the whole, the pall-bearers made

A BONFIRE OF THEIR SCARFS

upon the hearth of the room where they were carousing. This may have been a little more uproarious than most of the funerals at that period, as the deceased was a bachelor, and had no widow and children in the same house to control and in some degree to modify their proceedings; but yet all the funerals of that time were more than enough so under any circumstances. Even down to within the last fifty years Albany was noted for the expensive characters of its funerals. A funeral in a respectable old Dutch family at that place, and especially of the head of any principal member of it, often cost from three to four thousand dollars. That of the first wife of the late Patroon Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, it is said, cost him not less than $20,000! All his tenants were invited, and most of them were in Albany two or three days at his expense, and two thousand linen scarfs were given on that occasion. It was formerly the custom there for a young man immediately previous to his marriage to send to the Island of Madeira for a pipe or two of the best wine, a portion of which being used in the rejoicings consequent upon his marriage, and the remainder being stowed away for his funeral and that of his wife. It was also the practice in that city to send out.

SPECIAL FUNERAL INVITATIONS

for all the friends and acquaintances of the deceased being about the same age, and likewise for all the clergy and professional men of the city and neighboring country, and general invitations from the pulpits of the churches for the citizens at large. To the house of each person thus especially invited was sent a linen scarf, a pair of black silk gloves, a bottle of old Madeira wine, and two

"funeral cakes," which were round and about the size of a dinner plate. This was done previous to the funeral, and was in addition to the great quantity of spiced wine and other liquors which with tobacco and pipes, were distributed and used at the house of the deceased immediately preceding and after the interment. When General Schuyler died in that city all the clergy, lawyers, physicians, and even students in Albany and its neighborhood for many miles were invited specially, and a scarf, gloves, a bottle of wine, with funeral cakes, given to each one of them. So particular were they about the linen of which to make these scarfs that in several instances they sent down by land to New York in the depth of winter to purchase it, and paid two dollars a yard. Common linen would not answer; the finer it was the better it was liked for that purpose.—*Frank Moore's Antiquities of Long Island.*

Mother's Way.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise and proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way!

—*Hearth and Home.*

Colloquial Provincialisms.

We once heard an intelligent gentleman assert that he could generally tell where a person had been born and brought up, upon listening to his or her conversation for half an hour. "There are very few individuals, however well educated," he said, in explanation of his theory, "who do not retain, in their ordinary conversation, some colloquialisms or peculiarities of pronunciation indigenous to the locality where they first learned to talk. A Virginian could be distinguished," he continued, "by one kind of intonation, a New Englander by another, and a Philadelphian by a third. A phrase would frequently betray whether the speaker came from the North or South, the Atlantic seaboard or the West. Words which have been, two centuries ago, good English, and which had been brought over at that time by colonists, had, in some sections, retained their meaning, and in others become obsolete; and the use of such words, or the substitution of more modern synonyms, betrayed the domicile of those who employed them. Even thorough masters of the English tongue, who, when they wrote, wrote with the greatest purity, fell often, in hurried talk, into the careless, slip-shod style of their childhood, and deformed their conversation with colloquial provincialisms."

Every accurate observer will concede the truth of these remarks. New Yorkers have a fashion of using "dickering" for "bargaining;" the Yankee says "'cute" instead of "smart;" and in Georgia "do don't" is often inelegantly substituted for "do not." Many a Virginia woman, in other respects perfectly well bred, says "tote" when she means "carry"—a habit acquired in youth from hearing the plantation negroes use the word. We know an excellent old lady, who has resided here for fifty years, who says "*bun*-net" for "bonnet," because she so learned to pronounce it when a child, in Boston. A Yankee says "hum" for "home," "heow" for "how." We might multiply examples. Improprieties of speech not belonging to any particular locality are as common. Even educated persons frequently say "I set down," instead of "I sat down;" and the phrase

"I have saw," instead of "I have seen," is actually heard. The most villainous barbarism is "I had went," which we believe is of exclusively Pennsylvania origin. "Let you and I go," is still a more ordinary mistake. "Learn your brother that lesson," instead of "teach your brother," is a phrase sometimes used even by cultivated people. "This fifty years," in place of "these fifty years," is a not unfrequent error. "Between you and I," is another colloquial error. We do not say that educated persons write in this way, but that often in conversation they talk thus. One who attends to such things will notice, even in the best companions, an astonishing number of similar blunders.

Generally, these mistakes are the fault of parents, though sometimes they are unavoidable. If a mother is uncultivated, if she uses slang words, or if she leaves her progeny to grow up among servants, the children will acquire numerous provincialisms or other improprieties of speech, which, in after life, they will find it difficult to shake off. We knew a brother and sister, once, who had different nurses, and whose mother, being in delicate health, saw comparatively little of them. One nurse was Irish, the other German; and to this day each child retains more or less of the peculiarities of its nurse's pronunciation. We knew another case, in which a boy had been brought up wholly by the mother, who, years ago, fell into the error, as the phrase goes, of "talking like a book;" and the result is, that the child has few, or none, of the idioms of the language, and, instead of speaking the racy Saxon, converses like a Johnson in petticoats. Too much care cannot be taken, even in the nursery, to use pure English. There is, perhaps, no more certain method of telling whether a man or woman has been accustomed to cultivated society from infancy, than to listen to his or her every-day talk. Education, unless it begins with babyhood, cannot, in general, teach persons to avoid colloquial provincialisms.

—*Phil. Ledger.*

☛ "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." —1 Ep. John iv. 16.

London.

In few cities are there more than half-a-dozen railway stations. In London there are at least one hundred and fifty. Some of the railways never pass beyond the limits, and of one, the Tottenham and Hampstead, *Punch* says: "No one ever travels by it, as no one knows where it begins or where it ends." The Metropolitan and other intramural railways run trains every three or five minutes, and convey from twenty to fifty million of passengers annually. Clapham is the great south-western junction, and through it seven hundred trains pass every day. Its platforms are so numerous, and its underground passages and overground bridges so perplexing, that to find the right train is one of those things that no fellow can understand.

As a proof of the expansive nature of London traffic, it was supposed that when the Metropolitan Railway was opened, all the city to Paddington omnibuses would be run off the ground; but, although it carried forty-three millions of passengers last year, it has been found necessary to increase the number of omnibuses on the southern route, and they yield one per cent. more revenue than before the opening of the railway.

Besides the railways, there are some fourteen or fifteen thousand train-cars, omnibuses and cabs traversing the streets; there are lines of omnibuses known only to the inhabitants of their own localities—such as those across the Isle of Dogs, from Poplar to Milwall; from London bridge along Tooley street to Dockhead, etc. The London Omnibus Company have five hundred and sixty-three omnibuses, which carry fifty millions of passengers annually.

It is more dangerous to walk the streets of London than to travel by railway or cross the Atlantic. Last year one hundred and twenty-five persons were killed and two thousand five hundred and thirteen injured by vehicles in the streets. Supposing every individual man, woman and child made one journey on foot in London a day, which is considerably above the average, the deaths would be one in eleven millions, while the railways only kill about one in fifty millions of passengers, and the Cunard Company of Atlantic

steamers boast of having never lost a passenger.

Other instances of the immensity of the population of London are that three-quarters of a million of business men enter the city in the morning and leave it in the evening for their suburban residences.

There are ten thousand policemen, as many cab-drivers, and the same number of persons connected with the post-office, each of whom with their families, would make a large town. When London makes a holiday, there are several places of resort, such as the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, Kew Gardens, etc., which absorb from thirty to fifty thousand visitors each. The cost of gas for lighting is £2,500,000 annually; the water supply is one hundred millions of gallons a day. In the year 1873, there were five hundred and seventy-three fires; and for the purpose of supplying information on the passing events of the day, three hundred and fourteen daily and weekly newspapers are required.

What London will eventually become it is idle to predict. It already stands in four counties, and is striding on to a fifth (Herts). The probability is that by the end of the century, the population will exceed five millions, and will have quintupled itself in the century. Should it progress at an equal rate in the next, it will in the year 2000 amount to the enormous aggregate of twenty-five millions; and the question that naturally arises is how could such a multitude be supplied with food. But the fact is the more its population increases the better they are fed. In the Plantagenet days, when the population was not a third of a million, famines were of frequent occurrence, but now, with the command of the pastures, the harvests and the fisheries of the world, starvation becomes an almost impossible eventuality, even with the twenty-five millions of mouths to feed.

—*Ch. Intelligencer.*

Pleasant Discipline.

We take the following from the "Christian Guardian." Certainly the most agreeable kind of discipline to all concerned, and often the most effective. Fathers, try it!

More parents than one have felt perplexed in not being able to keep the little folks quiet during prayers. To them the following bit of experience may not be uninteresting. My little George, nearly six years old, has, perhaps, as much mercury in his composition as most lads of his age. Indeed, he has always been a noted character for restlessness, and this he has frequently displayed, much to my grief, at the family altar. He has often been punished in various ways, but has soon forgotten it.

A few weeks ago he had been about his best during the entire service, and when he rose from prayer, I kissed him. He looked astonished (had his mother done it that would have been no surprise), and said, "Pa, why did you kiss me?"

"Because you were a good boy while we were praying."

"O! well, I'm glad," and his eyes fairly sparkled with satisfaction, and off he ran to play.

There has been no trouble in that line, and every morning he comes for a kiss. A similar trial may have a good effect in other cases. A slight reward, timely bestowed, may prevent the necessity of a heavy punishment. In the government of God over men He not only punishes for evil, but rewards for well doing. Surely it is safe to copy after the great Original.

Finishing the Work.

Ever in life is a work to do,
Long enduring, and ne'er gone through;
Seeming to end, and begun anew.

Knowledge hath still some more to know;
Wealth hath greater to which to grow;
Every race hath farther to go.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
"Now I have naught but to rest and wait;"
Something will take thee without the gate.

What if thine earthly task be o'er,
Still is another for thee in store,
Heavenward walking, and heavenly lore:

Graces to nurture; snares to shun;
Sins to get rid of, one by one:
This is a work which will ne'er be done.

Only One, when He bowed the head,
Where on the cross He for thee had bled,
Rightly then, "It is finished," said.

Well on thy bed of death for thee
If ever said it may fitly be,
"Christ has finished my work for me."

Education of Ancient Hebrew Children.

Though the Bible does not fix the precise age when the boy's education is to commence, the Talmud found it necessary to determine the period. Thus we are told, that "at the age of five the boy is to begin to learn the Bible, at ten the Mishna, and at fifteen the Talmud." This is all the more interesting to us since there can hardly be any doubt that this rule existed in the time of Christ, and that the parents of our Saviour and the apostles acted in accordance with it. With the exception of princes, who had priests and prophets to educate their children, and the public lectures delivered by the prophets on the festivals, the office of teaching in ordinary families devolved upon the parents. They were the *teachers*. This natural duty was a welcome occupation to a people who led a rural life, and whose Sabbaths and festivals freed them from labor more than a sixth part of the whole year. In these leisure hours the parents, who were strictly forbidden to engage in any secular work, were in constant contact with their children; and the many symbols, rites, and ceremonies connected with these institutions, were used by them as so many illustrated narratives of the dealings of God. It is this circumstance which accounts for the fact, that the name "school" does not occur in the Bible previous to the Babylonish captivity. When the Jews became entangled in foreign affairs, and when they engaged in commercial transactions with other nations, which involved the absence of the father from home, thus depriving the child of his natural teacher, then regular schools had to be established.

We possess minute information on the education of children, and the arrangement of schools, which obtained after the Babylonish captivity and at the time of Christ. A school and teacher were required for every five-and-twenty children. When there were only forty children in a community, they were allowed to have one master and an assistant. Not to impair the health or endanger the lives of the children, the school was not allowed to be established in the most densely crowded part of the town, nor near a river which had to be crossed by an insecure bridge. The father himself, as a rule, saw to it, that the child should be in the class at the proper time. Even so distinguished a doctor as Rabbi b. Huna, we are told, never partook of his breakfast till he had taken his son to school. The course of study pursued in the metropolis was more extensive. Extracts from the law, the prophets, and the sayings of the sages, however, constituted the lessons of all children alike. Thus we are told, that the children had scrolls on which were written passages of Scripture, such as the *Shema*, the *Hallel* or Festival Hymns, and the History of Creation. Instruction was imparted in questions and answers, or in a catechetical form. After the master had delivered his dicta or theme, the pupils asked different questions, which he frequently answered by parables or counter questions. Sometimes the teachers introduced the subject by simply asking a question connected with it. The replies given by the pupils constituted the discussion, which the master at last terminated by pointing out the most appropriate answer. Thus when the celebrated R. Jochanan b. Zakkia, who flourished about thirty years before Christ, wanted to inform his disciples what was the most desirable thing for a man to secure, he asked them, "What is the best thing for a man to possess?" One replied, "A kind nature;" another, "A good companion;" another, "A good neighbor;" another, "The power to foresee consequences;" whilst Eleazar said "A good heart." Whereupon R. Jochanan remarked, "I prefer Eleazar's answer to yours, for in it all your answers are comprehended." What a striking illustration this mode of teaching furnishes, of the questions put by our Saviour to His disciples in Mark viii. 27-30?

In addition to the instruction in the Bible and in the sayings of the sages, the greatest care was bestowed in teaching the children good manners. They were taught to salute every one whom they met in the street, and not to respond to a salutation was regarded as committing a robbery. An ordinary man was greeted with the words, "Peace be with thee;" a teacher, "Peace be with thee, my teacher and my master;"

and a king, "Peace be with thee, my king, peace!"

These salutations were not only current in the time of Christ, and were used by our Saviour Himself, but are still heard in the East to this day. "Seven things," we are told, "are seen in the conduct of an educated man, and seven in the behavior of an uneducated person." An educated man will be quiet in the presence of one more educated than himself; will not interrupt any one speaking; will not give a hasty answer; will ask appropriate questions; will give suitable answers: will reply to the first thing first, and the last thing last; and will candidly say when he does not know anything. The reverse of these seven things will be seen in the uneducated. This may be regarded as a fair description of a boy's education in the time of Christ.—*Bible Educator.*

Beauty of Jewesses.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one:

"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God; scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on His head precious ointment, which she kept in alabaster vases. The sinner anointed His feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on His part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of His garment. To the Samaritan woman He was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman of adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over Him; the holy women accompanied Him to Calvary; brought Him balm and spices; weeping, sought Him at the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary?' At the sound of His voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of Jewesses."—*Selected.*

Boys in Bed.

Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves, soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and has looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight? Generally their faces are lying most restfully, with hands under cheek, and in many cases they look strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of elder expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside, are the day clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry, bulging with balls, or in the lesser fellows' marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchuck have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth, black or gray mud from marshes, or the oozy banks of streams, where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot lie the shoes—one on its side—with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; and there, in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls away with them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "It will scarcely be denied, that men are superior to women, as men; and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

The Sunday-School Department.

Editorial Notes.

The Classes and Synods of the Reformed Church are annually paying more attention to the claims of the Sunday-school cause. The most of the Classes devote certain parts of their annual sessions to it, as do also the Synods. At the meetings, short, stirring addresses are delivered by earnest and efficient friends of the cause. Ministers and laymen, pastors and superintendents, discuss the best methods of teaching, conducting, and governing Sunday-schools, and bring many precious things, new and old, out of the treasury of their experience.

The first International Convention of Sunday-school Workers of America—including the United States and the Dominion of Canada—met in Baltimore, Md., May 11, 1875, at 10 A. M. Nearly all the States of the Union, the Provinces of Canada, and England were represented. The meeting continued during three days, three sessions being held each day. Some of the addresses awakened great enthusiasm, and abounded in valuable matter. Among the speakers were Dr. John Hall, of New York, Dr. Vincent, and Ralph Wells, and Rev. George A. Peltz.

To be good and successful teachers, we must be in warm sympathy with childhood. Children are children, and the man is very foolish, who expects them to be anything else. A false theory of religion and training try to make them men and women before the time. This peculiar fondness and tender sympathy for the little ones, and interest in their amusement, characterized some of the greatest orators and scholars of modern and ancient times. Cicero acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but in that of his wife, his little daughter, and "his honied young Cicero." In Homer's Iliad the immortal bard describes the parting interview between Hector and Andromache, and says that the warlike Trojan chief, completely armed for the battle-field, took off his helmet in the presence of his little boy, lest the child might be frightened by his nodding plumes. Luther was sometimes caught by his friends romping and rolling about on the floor of his study in play with his happy children. And neither pastor, parent, nor teacher can be a successful instructor and trainer of the children, who is not to a great degree in sympathy with the innocent amusements, plays, pranks and harmless peculiarities of childhood.

A certain little Georgie reasoned according to a sound philosophy, when his mother spoke to him touchingly one evening about the lovely attractions of heaven. Thinking that she had impressed the child with a longing for the charming place, which he would surely try to get to, he replied to her little story with the question: "Mamma, will grandpap be there?"

"Why, yes, my child, dear grandpap will be there."

"Well, mamma, then I don't want to go there."

"Why not, my child?" said the mother, horrified.

"Why, just as soon as grandpap would see me enter the door of heaven, he would scream at me: "Hello, George, what in the world do you want here? Clear out of this as soon as you can.'"

Schelling, the celebrated German philosopher, wrote a letter to a friend, dated February 27, 1812. His friend had a house full of children, among the rest one or two sets of twins. He wrote:

"A blessing upon you and your many children, and especially upon the twins! No prayers press so mightily to heaven as the prayers of little children. I

entreat you, teach your children very early to pray. Would that I could see you in the wealth of your child-offspring!"

The teacher must understand and take proper heed of the difference of talent and disposition of the scholars. We have two little brothers in our Sunday-school, aged respectively nine and eleven years. The one, although a good boy, has a native dislike to books. The school-room and his lessons are objects of terror to him. He would rather submit to almost any privation than to worry over books. He has a distaste for them. His mind and memory are wholly averse to them. His brother is a bright boy, fond of school and of books. He is always athirst for knowledge, and drinks it with avidity and delight. He reads, always reads, in every fragment of leisure; reads the Bible, Sunday-school books, history, school lessons—reads, understands and remembers without trouble, and finds his greatest pleasure. Seldom can you ask a question on Bible history to which the clear voice of this smart boy will not at once give a prompt and correct answer; sometimes an answer that will require three or four sentences. How easy and pleasant it is for the one to learn! How difficult and unpleasant for the other! Very wrong would it be to treat both alike. Wrong to flog the boy less apt to learn for not being as bright as his brother. The slower boy needs sympathy, encouragement, patient and kind treatment; he needs short and easy lessons, and a word of cheer and praise for earnest effort in what is to him very unpleasant work. In heaven's name cheer the poor little fellow, and give him a lift wherever you can. Thus our kind heavenly Father deals with us. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—2 Cor. 8: 12.

The religious teaching and training of children is a high and holy mission, worthy of the best talent and purest and loftiest character. The late Vice President Frelinghuysen, and ex-Governor Vroom of New Jersey, two prominent members of the Reformed Church, of high standing in civil life, were active Sunday-school teachers to the end of life. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," and one of the greatest linguists living, has built a Mission Chapel in New Britain, Connecticut, where he lives, and has carried on a Mission Sunday-school in a barn belonging to a place where his father lived. Lord Gladstone, the Ex-Prime Minister of England, has taught a Bible class in Sunday-school for many years past, and is still teaching. During the busiest and most perplexing period of his life, when weighty matters of State incessantly burdened him, he prepared the lessons for his class with scrupulous care, and was always promptly at his place at the appointed hour. The London *Sunday-School Magazine* tells us that a former Lord Chancellor of England is a teacher of a class of twenty or more young men and lads, and says what we hope every American Sunday-school teacher in high or humble station will lay to heart, that: "two features of Lord Selbourne's work, as a teacher, merit universal imitation. In the first place, he does not rely even upon his well-stored mind, or upon his long practice in the arts of clear exposition and effective appeal, and go to his class unprepared. Most thoroughly is every subject specially studied for the purpose. Then, he is not content with meeting and teaching his boys on Sunday. Each one has a place in his memory at other times; and those who have left are not lost sight of. A voluminous correspondence with old scholars, scattered all over the world, testifies to the noble thoroughness with which the leader of the English Bar, and mentor of the House of Commons, has so long fulfilled his part in the great work of tending the lambs of the Master's flock."

A GREAT trial in a class is a *sulky* scholar. He is the cloud which you have always in sight. At least he serves to remind you that Sunday-school teaching, any more than anything else, cannot be perfect happiness. We do not mean by this that a sulky one is an essential in a class. By no means. Only, if he is there, be philosophical, and take a lesson from him; and at the same

time, *give him a lesson.* To manage a sulky scholar—we write from experience—let him alone a great deal, but pile on the logs and keep a blazing fire about him. That is, say and do everything that will keep up a cheerful interest, and before he knows where he is, the light and heat will dispel the vapors of ill-humor that hang about him, and he will be glad to enter the charming circle, and enjoy and be happy with the rest of you.

Teachers, Study Your Scholars.

Sabbath-school teachers are told to study the lesson. On coming together at the teachers' meeting, generally the whole time is spent in studying the lesson—the word of God. The weekly lecture is often upon the lesson, and all these things are well. To study the lesson is essential. But many teachers suppose that when they have been faithful in the above work, they are therefore fitted to come before their classes. They could hardly, however, make a greater mistake. If they have studied the word of God so thoroughly as to get a clear, intelligible, and correct view of it all, they are nevertheless only half fitted for their work, unless they have as earnestly and thoroughly studied their scholars. Bible knowledge, and Bible study, although essential, are not sufficient preparation for the Sabbath-school teacher. A profound theologian may not be able to teach the Bible to a child. Some knowledge of child-language, of child-nature, is indispensable not only, but an acquaintance with the particular and personal wants and feelings of the identical scholar which you are to teach must be superadded. If the teacher has had no previous acquaintance with the class, he must gain that knowledge of their wants and feelings before he applies the Bible truth. This he may do by observation of the scholars in the opening of the lesson, and in listening to their remarks, or by gentle winning questions, he may draw out their wants and feelings at the time and thus prepare the way to prove himself their friend and benefactor.

1. Recall your own childhood in order to study your scholars. There is perhaps no way by which we can more directly come into sympathy with our scholars, than we can by starting from the stand-point of the fresh feelings of our own childish days. Let us recall our feelings and wishes, our likes and dislikes, our hopes and aims, when of their age. Let us remember what in our own teachers interested and pleased us, and what was disagreeable to us, and thus study how we can interest and impress our pupils.

2. Study the trials and temptations of the scholars. Children have as real a world of their own as grown-up people. They suffer as intensely, groan in secret as deeply, and then in a moment be joyful more heartily than older people. The imagination of children is so vivid that they sometimes suffer and enjoy more intensely than we can, who can call reason and judgment to our aid. Oh, then, teacher, study and sympathize with the trials and temptations of your own peculiar children!

3. Study the home circle influences of your children. You can hardly understand them without this. You will find it not only necessary to supplement parental influence, but ofttimes counteract it, amongst gay, worldly, theatre-going, wine-drinking professors. Oh, how much study is needed for this! To rescue a child from such a vortex, oh, how sweetly must the gentleness of the dove blend with the wisdom of the serpent in the good Sabbath-school teacher!

Lastly, we need to study the spiritual exercises of our children. How very tender and delicate are a child's first religious experiences, and how rarely do teachers study them carefully and prayerfully enough to understand them and gain their confidence. A mistake here is often fatal. The word of God, which is the sword of the Spirit, cannot be well applied without this knowledge. Alas, how unmeaning are common-place thoughts and stale quotations in such a crisis! No one can appropriately quote a single passage of the divine word without this prayerful study of the child's spiritual nature, so as to come with warm sympathy and communion with it.

Then, oh, teacher, study your children more earnestly, lest all your work be lost because a vital part of it has been overlooked, neglected, or forgotten.

R. G. Pardee.

Classical Sunday School Convention.

BY D. B. SHUEY.

During the annual session of Lebanon Classis, a Sunday-school Convention, under the auspices of Classis, was held in the First Reformed Church of Lebanon, Pa., on Saturday, June 5th, 1875. At least one hundred and fifty delegates from different schools in the bounds of Classis, were present. Rev. J. E. Hiester, of Annville, who had sent circulars to the different schools, inviting them to this Convention, was President of the Convention. John Heilman, Esq., and Hon. Joseph Coover were the Vice-Presidents, and D. B. Shuey and George W. Stein, Secretaries.

The following questions were warmly discussed by the members of Classis and other delegates. "The relation of the child to the church." "The relation of the Sunday-school to the church." "The relation of the pastor to the Sunday-school." "The superintendents and teachers, and their qualifications." "The importance of a sound Sunday-school literature." "The best means to secure the attendance of teachers and scholars upon church services."

Elder Joseph L. Lemberger, superintendent of the First Reformed Sunday-school, read a very interesting report of his school, from which we glean a few facts. This school was organized as a separate and distinct Reformed school, in August, A. D. 1828, whilst the congregation was under the pastoral care of Rev. Henry Kroh, and is one of the first distinctively denominational schools found in Lebanon county. Its members were among the most efficient workers in the Union Sunday-school cause for at least eight years prior to its independent organization. A long line of worthy names might be recorded on the pages of the history of the Sabbath-school work of this school; from among them many have been called to their eternal home, whilst a few still survive, as landmarks of its history. The survivors, though few, are such as were closely identified with the organization of this school. Among them we have Jacob Roedel, Esq., a resident of this place and one of its most prominent citizens, and at the present time still actively engaged in the Sabbath-school work. Although a member of the Lutheran denomination, he was one of the founders of this school, and its first superintendent for a period of four years. David Greenawalt, Esq., now residing in South Bend, Indiana, was its first librarian and secretary for a period of sixteen years. Mr. Greenawalt, being on a visit to Lebanon, was present at this convention, and no doubt felt a great interest in the reading of Mr. Lemberger's report, as well as the other proceedings of the convention. He could look back fifty years and see how God prospered the work which they inaugurated.

Amongst the number of those who have exchanged the earthly for the spiritual, we find the names of Wm. Hiester, Mrs. John Krause, Mrs. Geo. W. Kline, Mrs. Wm. Moore, Mrs. Simeon Guilford, Mrs. John Greenawalt and Miss Wilhelmina Greenawalt. Around the memory of Mrs. Wm. Moore clings a pleasing fact that she was the first to produce a question book for the systematic study of the Sunday-school lesson. Prior to this each teacher came with a lesson of her own selection, and after this effort, all used the same, meeting each other at some specified place during the week for the preparation of the lesson for the following Sunday. There are a goodly number, both dead and living, who were identified with the early history of the school as officers, teachers, and scholars; those living now well advanced in years, who have labored earnestly, and some still earnest workers in the cause—the Pastor, Rev. F. W. Kremer, D. D., Joseph Karch, Esq., and Mrs. Elizabeth Hay, who constitute a connecting link of the past with the present. The Sunday-school holds a close connection with the church.

A number of persons connected with this school at former times have since entered the ranks of the ministry—one of them, the Rev. J. P. Stein, is now the President of Lebanon Classis. Several persons from this school are at present studying for the ministry.

A quarterly service for the children, known as the children's church, is held, when the several departments of the school are taken to the church and a sermon especially prepared for chil-

dren is preached to them. The school has no vacation, but continues its session during the entire year. The library contains over 800 volumes. There are three departments in this school. The systematic plan of benevolence is observed and the contributions are devoted to foreign and domestic missions, church extension, and beneficiary education. All other expenditures of the school are provided for by a separate voluntary effort. The superintendents since the organization of the school are Jacob Roedel, Wm. Yehr, Wm. Hiester, John Ermentrout, Elias Raber and Jos. L. Lemberger.

Elder John Meily, of St. John's Reformed Sunday school, Lebanon, also read an interesting report of this school, from which we gather a few items. The school was organized on the 28th day of October, 1860. This was soon after the church had been organized. It was felt that a school was necessary in order to carry forward more effectually the work of the church. Dr. Henry Harbaugh, the first pastor of St. John's church, officiated in the Sunday-school. This is proper; the pastor of the sheep should also be the pastor of the lambs.

The library of St. John's school now contains over one thousand volumes. Father Krause left a legacy of $100 to the school, the interest of which shall be used for purchasing books. This is a commendable endowment, and is worthy of imitation by men of means. What a blessing to be instrumental in educating the youth of the Church. The school was organized on the true Reformed basis, and the constitution requires, that the Pastor shall be the President. The congregation, having adopted the liturgical form of worship, it was deemed essential, that the devotional services of the school should be of like character. This led to the compilation and publishing of the "Hymns and Chants," by Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, which work was published by the school, and afterwards adopted in its regular services. Aside from the intrinsic merits of the work and the high esteem for its sainted author, the school has learned to love its order and churchliness, and up to the present period, regards it as the expression of its devotional life. From its large sale there was considerable profit derived, and the school with generous liberality has given this to the Church. The copyright and stereotype plates were placed in the hands of the Publication Board, and are now a source of revenue to the Reformed Church.

From the commencement of the school much attention has been paid to the festival seasons of the church year. Chanting has been greatly encouraged in this school. The Gospels and Epistles for the church year have been thoroughly studied for two consecutive years. The International lesson leaves are at present used in the school. The school is divided into two departments. The total number in both departments is 168, including officers, teachers and scholars. The large number of scholars in a school is not always a sure indication of the prosperity of the school. The religious training, if properly attended to, is of vastly greater importance. At every Christmas festival a collection is taken up for Bethany Orphans' Home.

The Sunday-school here is closely connected with the church. The idea of a separate and independent work for the school is ignored. The Sunday-school is a part of the church, and the two should, therefore, work hand in hand, each one striving to assist the other in obeying the command, "Feed my Lambs."

When Pythagoras had discovered his famous geometrical theorem concerning the squares of a right-angled triangle, he sacrificed a hecatomb to the gods. And Kepler concluded his famous work on the motion of the planets with hearty thanksgiving to God. The true disciples of science have ever been the pupils of that heavenly wisdom of which St. James says, that it is "peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." And does not all knowledge, when we go deeply into it, lead us to God? What Bacon said of philosophy, that "a little inclineth men's minds to atheism, but a depth in it brings them about to religion," is true of knowledge in general. If we range through heaven and earth, the highest and ultimate object is God, the top-stone of the edifice of being.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii. 17.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

JULY 4. LESSON XXVII. 1875.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Matt. v. 20–26.

20. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment:

22. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.

23. Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

24. Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25. Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26. Verily, I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

QUESTIONS.

20. Who spake these words? To whom were they primarily addressed? Have they also a general application? Were the Scribes and Pharisees true interpreters of God's law? What was the defect in their righteousness? Who is our righteousness? 1 Cor. i. 30. Wherein does the righteousness which is by faith in Christ differ from that of the Scribes and Pharisees? And why is it better? How is it made over to us?

21. What is meant by the expression: "By them of old time?" Is this the best reading? Who gave the Ten Commandments, originally? Was it the same Lord, who is now unfolding their meaning? Who is the "end of the law for righteousness?" Can he who loves his neighbor as himself, entertain the thought of murder? What is here meant by "judgment?" To what judgment are we exposed, if we sin?

22. What does Christ say in this verse? Is all anger, or indignation sinful? To what danger is he exposed who is angry with his brother without a cause? What judgment is here meant? Has this a symbolical meaning? If we are angry with a brother without a cause, and injure him, is there a local court to which we are amenable? What is the meaning of the word, Raca? To what tribunal was he amenable, in our Saviour's day, who called his brother, Raca? Is such reproachful language any less a sin in our day? And should it pass unnoticed by our higher ecclesiastical courts? What is it to call a brother a fool? And to what punishment is he exposed who does so?

23 and 24. What scene is presented to our view in these verses? Which debt must we pay first: that of love to God, or of love to our brother? How is this illustrated by the custom of the ancient church?

25. What is here meant by the term adversary? How agree with him? From what motive? Who is our legal opponent, with whom are we to agree while we are in the way with him? What does this mean, "while we are in the way with him?" If we do not become reconciled to God in time, what will be the judicial process through which we must pass.

26. Can we hope to escape from punitive justice, after the judgment of the last day? How will it be with those who are in Christ Jesus? Ans: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

CATECHISM.

XXVII. Lord's Day.

72. Is, then, the external baptism with water the washing away of sin itself?

Not at all, for the blood of Jesus Christ only, and the Holy Ghost, cleanse us from all sin.

73. Why, then, doth the Holy Ghost call baptism "the washing of regeneration," and the "washing away of sins?"

God speaks thus, not without great cause, to wit, not only thereby to teach us, that, as the filth of the body is purged away by water, so our sins are removed by the blood and Spirit of Jesus Christ; but, especially, that, by this divine pledge and sign, He may assure us that we are spiritually cleansed from our sins, as really as we are externally washed with water.

74. Are infants also to be baptized?

Yes, for since they, as well as the adult, are included in the covenant and Church of God; and since redemption from sin by the blood of Christ, and the Holy Ghost, the author of faith, is promised to them no less than to the adult; they must, therefore, by baptism, as a sign of the covenant, be also admitted into the Christian Church, and be distinguished from the children of infidels, as was done in the Old Testament or Covenant, by circumcision, instead of which baptism was instituted in the new covenant.

COMMENTS. 20. "*Rignteousness*" that consists in a mere outward conformity to the law of God is not pleasing in His sight. The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees was of this kind; hence they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. The Saviour here teaches, that the most perfect righteousness of a mere literal, traditional, and legal character, will not save. The antithesis is not between a lower and a higher degree of righteousness, but a false principle is brought to view and exposed, by contrasting it with the true principle of righteousness which is by faith; *i. e.*, the true righteousness by which we enter and live in the kingdom of heaven, is Christ's righteousness made over to us and actualized in the form of filial and loving obedience to the law of God. In this sense it "exceeds," that is, "*it is better*," than the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. (Read St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians.)

21. "By them of old time." By the best authority and the true exegesis: "To them of old time," to the ancients: "Thou shalt not kill." (Exod. xx. 13.) The Saviour's design here is not merely to expose the glosses and evils of a false traditionalism, but to unfold the germinal and spiritual meaning of the moral law as it was originally given. So the outward act of murder is not only forbidden, but also the uprising of all such thoughts and passions as would lead to such act. "Danger of the judgment." "Every town," says Josephus, "had such a local court, a council of seven, which had the power to pass sentence on crimes and to execute punishment." (See also Deut. xvi. 18.)

22. In this verse a threefold sin and danger is brought to light. *a*) To be angry with a brother without a cause. From this we learn that not all anger is sinful. (Eph. iv. 26.) But anger without cause exposes one to the danger of the judgment. *b*) The sin of calling a brother Raca: a mean, low, empty-headed heretic, involves the danger of the council, the judgment of the Sanhedrim. But (*c*) he that says thou fool, is in danger of immediate and final condemnation. The word fool here means an atheist (Ps. xiv. 1), one who is so corrupt and abominable as to be entirely disqualified for the communion of the good.

23 and 24. Here the *temple* is before us. He that would here lay an offering upon the altar, must first be reconciled to his brother, if he remembers that he has aught against him. Then he may come and offer his gift. Love to God, as manifested in acts of devotion, must begin with love to man. (1 John iv. 20.) That was a beautiful custom in the ancient Church, when the members of the family would ask one another's forgiveness before going to the communion. All Christians are members of the same family; and to worship God acceptably, they must be reconciled to one another.

25. "Agree with thine adversary;" *i. e.*, with thy legal opponent. Show a willingness to be reconciled to him—not from motives of expediency, but from a sense of duty. Here, as in the previous verses, a principle is inculcated, which has force and meaning for all coming time. The term "prison" designates the full measure of punitive justice, not limited by time, but reaching (according to Olshausen) through man's "transition state" (Sheol) into that of his eternal existence. Hence it is said, verse

26. "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." This means that in the extreme punishment of the sinner, the point can never be reached, when his sufferings will satisfy the demands of the law, so as to work out his deliverance. It is everlasting.

The Wrong Sermon.

Parson Green, a preacher in the habit, sometimes, of drawing upon a box of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister, upon one occasion got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the pastor surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the governor every one of them would have been hung a long time ago."

JULY 11. LESSON XXVIII. 1875.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity. Mark viii. 1–9.

1. In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them,
2 I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat:
3. And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way; for divers of them came from far.
4. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?
5. And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven.
6. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground; and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them, and they did set them before the people.
7. And they had a few small fishes; and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them.
8. So they did eat and were filled, and they took up of the broken meat that was left, seven baskets.
9. And they that had eaten were about four thousand; and he sent them away.

QUESTIONS.

1. To what part of our Saviour's history do "those days" refer? Why did this great multitude of people gather around the Saviour? Were they from the higher ranks of society, or were they from among the common people? Is the Lord a respecter of persons? How long were they with Christ? Had they plenty to eat?

2. Why had the Saviour compassion on the multitude? Why did He tell this to the disciples? Does our Saviour generally communicate His compassionate designs to His disciples?

3. What would have become of these people if the Saviour would not have had compassion on them? What would become of the people generally, if it were not for the Lord's compassion? Give the meaning of the word, compassion.

4. Did the disciples see how this multitude could be satisfied with bread in the wilderness? Was their question one of doubt, or of faith? When natural means and expedients fail, should that strengthen our faith in the supernatural; or should we give place to doubt?

5. What was the stock of provision which the disciples had on hand? Do you suppose that the seven loaves filled their seven baskets? Were they filled after the multitude was fed? Do we gain or lose, by giving up to Christ, what we have, for the good of others?

6. What did He command the people to do? Did this command extend to all? Were they expected to keep together? What was the usual posture of the people in those days while at their meals? What did the Lord do with the seven loaves? What is the meaning of His "giving thanks?" Will food nourish the body at any time without the divine blessing? Who placed the food before the people? What does this teach us?

7. What was done with the fishes? What is the difference between the statement here given and that given by Matthew? (See Matt. xv. 35, 36.)

8. What did the multitude do? How could their hunger be satisfied with so small a quantity of food? Did the miracle consist in augmenting the food, or in adding to it?

9. How much food was gathered by the disciples after the four thousand were fed? Was this more or less than they gave to the Saviour? When this was all over where did the people go? Did they do so before the Lord dismissed them? Is it right to leave church without the benediction?

What general truth does this Gospel bring to our view? Do you think, that in selecting it as the lesson for the day, the Church had in mind the Holy Supper of our Lord? Have the miracles of our Lord generally a symbolical or spiritual meaning?

CATECHISM.

XXVIII. Lord's Day.

75. How art thou admonished and assured in the Lord's Supper, that thou art a partaker of that one sacrifice of Christ, accomplished on the cross, and of all His benefits?

Thus, that Christ has commanded me and all believers, to eat of this broken bread, and drink of this cup, in remembrance of Him; adding these promises, first, that His body was offered and broken on the cross for me, as certainly as I see with my eyes the bread of the Lord broken for me, and the cup communicated to me; and further, that He feeds and nourishes my soul to everlasting life, with His crucified body and shed blood, as assuredly as I receive from the hands of the minister, and taste with my mouth the bread and cup of the Lord, as certain signs of the body and blood of Christ.

76. What is it, then, to eat the crucified body, and drink the shed blood of Christ?

It is not only to embrace with a believing heart all the sufferings and death of Christ, and thereby to obtain the pardon of sin, and life eternal; but also, besides that, to become more and more united to His sacred body, by the Holy Ghost, who dwells both in Christ and in us; so that we, although Christ is in heaven, and we on earth, are, notwithstanding, "flesh of His flesh, and bone of His bone," and that we live and are governed forever by one Spirit, as members of the same body are by one soul.

77. Where has Christ promised, that He will as certainly feed and nourish believers with His body and blood, as they eat of this broken bread, and drink of this cup?

In the institution of the Supper, which is thus expressed: "The Lord Jesus, in the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner, also, He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death until He come."

This promise is repeated by the holy Apostle Paul, where he says, "the cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? for we being many, are one bread and one body; because we are all partakers of that one bread."

COMMENTS.—1. "In those days." At the time when Christ, "having retired from Galilee before the Hierarchical and Pharisaic party," went into the regions of Tyre and Sidon, where He "delivered from the power of the devil" the daughter of the Syrophenician woman; thence "through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis" He came nigh to the Sea of Galilee, and went up into a mountain and sat down there. Here great multitudes from the mountainous regions round about, gathered around Him, bringing with them and casting at His feet, the lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others; and he healed them. (Matt. xv. 30, 31.)

2. On this multitude Jesus had compassion, for two reasons: (*a*) because they followed Him, that He might restore their afflicted to health; and (*b*) because they had been with Him three days and had nothing to eat.

3. Jesus calls His disciples unto Him that they might share with Him in the feeling of compassion; and that they might be with Him internally and really in all His compassionate designs. He would have *them* consider what He knew, namely; whence the people came, and why they came, and why their wants should be supplied.

4. His disciples answered Him: From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness? This is the question He wanted them to ask. He would have them realize that the Lord who fed the ancient Israelites with manna in the desert is in their midst. All eyes are to wait upon Him. And all must have a sense of their own need. The promise is to those who hunger and thirst. And there must be no doubt in regard to the fulfilment of the promise. If the wilderness and the lake cannot furnish the needed bread and fishes, the Lord of nature and of grace can provide all things needful both for the body and for the soul.

5. The disciples are to give up to their Lord the few loaves and fishes that they have in their seven baskets, that they might be *filled* with meat after the miracle of feeding the multitudes is performed.

In the case of the other miraculous feeding recorded by the Evangelists, there were *twelve* baskets filled with food, answering to the twelve Apostles, whom the Lord supplied with grace to fulfill their office.

Here there are *seven* baskets, answering to the seven loaves, indicating that all the Lord's disciples of all ages, if they are willing to give up to Him all they have for the good of others, and for the glory of His name, shall receive a more abundant supply.

6 and 7. He commanded the people to sit (lie) down on the ground. This command was to all the people together —four thousand of them. Those whom the Lord feeds with the bread of life in the wilderness of this world must *keep together* as guests in the Lord's house. They must not separate or go away from His table till He dismisses them. The law of communion is the law of human life. This we have in its highest form in the communion of the saints.

"He gave thanks and brake and gave to his disciples to set before them." In the human life communion, generally, the food which the Lord provides for the people is set before them by human hands. Our shelter, our clothing, and our meals our Lord provides for us through the hands of our fellowmen.

The same order and law obtain in the sphere of grace. The ordained ministers in the church brake to the people the bread of life, and handed to them the "cup of blessing."

8 and 9. The four thousand did eat and were filled. The food which our Lord provides satisfies. But from this we must not infer, that once eating, or that once communing will answer for all time to come. The food miraculously prepared for Elijah under the juniper tree sustained him forty days; but he must again eat and again be strengthened. Hence in the institution of the Lord's Supper, He says, "as *often* as ye eat this bread and drink this cup."

We need daily bread, and daily grace. In this miraculous feeding of the four thousand, we have brought to our view the still greater wonder of our Lord's feeding all the people that inhabit our earth with food convenient for the body, whilst He breaks to his believing people of all ages the bread of eternal life.

JULY 18. LESSON XXIX. 1875.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity. St. Matt. vii. 15–21.

15. Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.
16. Ye shall know them by their fruits: Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?
17. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.
18. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.
19. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.
20. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.
21. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven.

QUESTIONS.

15. Of what class of persons does the Saviour here tell His disciples to "beware"? Who is the true prophet? Who is the false prophet? Can you define the meaning of the word, prophet? How are the false prophets clothed? Is that the clothing of the true prophet? Why should we beware of false prophets? Are teachers, such as were the apostles, and as are all properly ordained ministers, commissioned prophets? And why? Can men teach and preach the truth without divine authority to do so? If they undertake this work without being commissioned of God, what are they? (See Rev. ii. 2.)

16–18. How can false prophets and teachers be distinguished from true ones? What law do you observe in nature; that is, in the vegetable kingdom? Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? Can depraved humanity of itself bring forth the fruits of righteousness and holiness? What change must human nature undergo in order to bring forth good fruit? Do we by regeneration become branches of the vine or tree that alone can bring forth good fruit? If we are born again by water and the Spirit, is Christ then indeed born in us? Is the fruit of Christianity generally good or evil? How does this help you to detect false teachers and false teaching?

19. What is done with the tree that brings not forth good fruit? How does God deal with bad people, and what will be their end?

21. What is said in this verse? Is this language limited in its application to the false prophets, or is it general? Is it contradicted by St. Paul, who says that we are saved by grace through faith without the deeds of the law? What is the relation between faith and the doing of God's will?

CATECHISM.

XXIX. Lord's Day.

78. Do, then, the bread and wine become the very body and blood of Christ? Not at all; but as the water in baptism is not changed into the blood of Christ, neither is the washing away of sin itself, being only the sign and confirmation thereof appointed of God; so the bread of the Lord's Supper is not changed into the body of Christ, though agreeably to the nature and properties of sacraments, it is called the body of Christ.

79. Why then doth Christ call the bread His body, and the cup His blood, or the new covenant in His blood: and Paul the "communion of the body and blood of Christ"? Christ speaks thus not without great reason, namely, not only thereby to teach us that as bread and wine support this temporal life, so His crucified body and shed blood are the true meat and drink whereby our souls are fed to eternal life; but more especially by these visible signs and pledges to assure us that we are as really partakers of His true body and blood, (by the operation of the Holy Ghost), as we receive by the mouths of our bodies these holy signs in remembrance of Him, and that all His sufferings and obedience are as certainly ours, as if we had in our own persons suffered and made satisfaction for our sins to God.

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1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring, I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

COMMENTS.—15. The idea of a prophet, according to the etymology of the word, is that of one who foretells future events. In order to this a man must be divinely inspired, and divinely commissioned. He who, under the direction of such inspiration and authority, foretells that which in the mind of God is certain to come to pass, is a true prophet.

A false prophet is one who claims to have such inspiration and commission, and has them not. His credentials are a counterfeit. Though he may by conjecture speak the truth, yet he is a false prophet, a bad man, nevertheless. How deceptive and dangerous such a one is we can learn from the history of Zedekiah. (1 Kings, xxii. 11.) And another, Zedekiah and Ahab (Jer. xxix. 21).

Teachers are also prophets, as all true prophets are teachers; because the truth, in whatever form it is communicated, is germinal, and typifies and foretells the future, as the seed time is a type of harvest.

In this sense the inspired Apostles were commissioned teachers: "Go teach all nations." And the Church of Ephesus was commended for trying them that say they are apostles, and are not. (Rev. ii. 2.)

Therefore, when the Saviour commands the Church to beware of false prophets, He has reference to those who say they are divinely commissioned to preach and teach, whilst they *are not thus commissioned.* They may wear the prophet's mantle, the minister's robe, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. "Beware of them." Do not receive them into your confidence, do not go after them. Their design is to devour and to scatter. A false Christian, a hypocrite, is likened to a goat among the sheep, but a false prophet is a wolf; he is an enemy.

16–18. False prophets shall be known by their fruits, their conduct, their conversation, their characters. This is illustrated by an example taken from nature. Abnormal or sinful humanity is here brought to our view by the figure of a corrupt tree, bearing evil fruit, and normal humanity in Christ Jesus is a good tree bringing forth good fruit. As the tree of the old Adamic nature, fallen and depraved, cannot bring forth good fruit, not even a good thought, or a good word (except it be regenerated by the Spirit of God), so the tree of the new Adamic nature cannot bring forth evil fruit. Hence he that comes to us as a prophet of the Lord in the Church must not only be furnished with the proper credentials of his apostleship, but he must bring forth the Christian fruit also. If this be not the case, he will be as a branch on the tree of the old Adamic nature, bearing evil fruit. By this he can be known. The ravening wolf will do ravening deeds. Instinctively the sheep of the Saviour's fold will discover the presence of such a heart in their midst.

19 and 20. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

As men deal with non-fruit-bearing trees, so God will deal with all men whose lives are evil. They will be cut down and cast into the furnace of God's wrath.

21. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord," &c. It has been supposed by many learned interpreters that these words refer merely to the false prophets; but the idea conveyed is a general one. To profess Christ before men *is* essential to salvation. For he that does not own Him before men shall be disowned by Him before the Father and His angels. But more than this is needed. The profession must answer to the inward reality. The actual doing of the will of the Father in heaven is essential to an entrance into heaven.

Reverence in God's House.

A minister once told his congregation, that the benediction was not a proclamation telling them to run out of the house. Some thoughtless people seem to think that it is, and that the doxology is merely a preamble warning them to gather up their umbrellas and overcoats, and to be ready for what is to come. What would you think, if the minister were to put on his overcoat and to fumble with his gloves during the last part of the service, like all the rest of the congregation? It is irreverent and unbecoming to make all of one's preparations for leaving God's house while engaged in singing His praises.

JULY 25. LESSON XXX. 1875.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xvi. 1–9.

1. And he saith also unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man which had a steward: and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods.

2. And he called him and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward.

3. Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship: I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.

4. I am resolved what to do, that when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses.

5. So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord?

6. And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly and write fifty.

7. Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill and write four-score.

8. And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

9. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.

QUESTIONS.

Can we apprehend the meaning of a parable if we fail to learn its end or design? Must its connection also be considered? What did the Lord teach in the two previous parables? What is the main scope or design of this parable? Has the parable been considered difficult of interpretation? And why? Must all its parts be studied in their living connection with the whole?

1. Whom does the rich man represent? In what did the riches of this man mainly consist? What is it to be steward? Whom does the steward represent? Are all men stewards of God? Are some under stewards as were the farmers of the parable? Are all under accusation?

2. How did the lord of the manor take the steward to account? Does God in like manner take all men to account?

3. How did the steward soliloquize? Do God's stewards do the same when they are brought to a sense of their wrong-doing? Must they give an account at the last day?

4. What was the result of the steward's talking to himself? Was this an honest resolution? Do men generally feel like being honest when they realize their accountability to God? What does his repentance unto honesty illustrate? Was he more unjust than the Pharisees and Publicans generally? Could they too repent and be saved?

5–7. Did he carry out his resolution? Who are his lord's debtors? What "bills" are meant? Were all their bills likely altered? Why did he want them altered "quickly"? Was the change made in some of the bills very great? How much was the wheat bill reduced? How much the oil bill? Did the bills as thus changed likely correspond with the amounts he agreed with his lord to collect from the renters?

8. Why did the lord commend the unjust steward? Why is he then called unjust? If a prodigal repents, does he still afterwards retain the name "prodigal"? Is it the same with an unjust man who becomes honest and wise? Does our Lord commend repentance and good works in the sphere of grace? In what sense are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light?

9. What is meant by the "mammon of unrighteousness"? In what sense are we to make to ourselves friends with our worldly possessions? What is meant by our "failing"? And by their receiving us into everlasting habitations?

CATECHISM.

XXX. Lord's Day.

80. What difference is there between the Lord's Supper and the Popish mass? The Lord's Supper testifies to us, that we have a full pardon of all sin by the only sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which He Himself has once accomplished on the Cross: and that we by the Holy Ghost are ingrafted into Christ, who according to His human nature, is now not on earth, but in heaven, at the right hand of God His Father, and will there be worshiped by us: but the mass teacheth that the living and the dead have not the pardon of sins, through the sufferings of Christ, unless Christ is also daily offered for them by the priests; and further that Christ is bodily under the form of bread and wine, and therefore is to be worshiped in them, so that the mass at bottom is nothing else than a denial of the one sacrifice and sufferings of Christ, and an accursed idolatry.

81. For whom is the Lord's Supper instituted? For those who are truly sorrowful for their sins, and yet trust that these are forgiven them for the sake of Christ; and that their remaining infirmities are covered by His passion and death; and who also earnestly desire to have their faith more and more strengthened, and their lives more holy; but hypocrites, and such as turn not to God with sincere hearts, eat and drink judgment to themselves.

82. Are they also to be admitted to this Supper, who, by confession and life, declare themselves infidels and ungodly? No; for by this the covenant of God would be profaned and His wrath kindled against the whole congregation; therefore it is the duty of the Christian Church, according to the appointment of Christ and His apostles, to exclude such persons by the keys of the kingdom of heaven, until they show amendment of life.

COMMENTS. This parable has always been regarded one of the most difficult to interpret. The learned divine, Caxton, says, "It is impossible to give its true meaning." Not very encouraging. To understand any portion of Scripture, it is of the first importance to understand its main design or scope. It has been said, "A parable, and the moral accommodation of it, are not like two planes, which touch one another in every part, but like a globe upon a plane, which only touches in one point." But in this case we must remember the *whole* globe presses on the plane, and we must try to apprehend the truth as here parallelized (thrown up to our view), in a figure taken from human life, in its *entireness.* The connection of the parable with the preceding must also be kept in view. This is evident from the word "also," as used in the first verse. The Lord is here teaching all classes of people. As in the parables of the lost sheep and prodigal son, He unfolds the untiring economy of grace—showing that lost sinners may be saved, and that prodigal children may be restored to favor, so also in our present parable, He teaches that by wise and prudent forethought,as in the case of the unjust (such as were the pharisaic and publican extortioners), they may so adjust their accounts and use the "unrighteous mammon," as to be received at last "into everlasting habitations." Keeping this point in view, where the whole globe presses on the plane, we may form a correct view of its different parts as they are successively brought to our notice.

1. The certain rich man, the lord of the manor, means God, "who here is represented as the paramount owner of all which has been given to man as a fief, and for use." As "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, so the aggregate of the world's wealth is also his. The steward represents every man to whom God has given a certain portion of his goods. "And the same was accused unto him," &c. This teaches man's accountability unto God. Every one that does wrong stands accused.

2. And he called him and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? Here we see plainly all men called to an account at the last day for the manner in which they filled their stewardship while here on earth. Man is responsible to God. The call to give an account precedes, in the order of time, the judicial sentence.

3. There is time given to reflect, to repent and make amends. "Thou mayest be no longer steward," yet thou mayest. There is no evidence that the steward here, however unjust he had been, was actually thrown out of office.

4. "What shall I do?" Most striking monologue, depicting the perplexity, the painful anxiety and solicitude of the accused children of men, who, under a deep sense of their wrong doings, are expecting every moment to have their accounts examined by Him who sees and knows all things.

5—7. "I am resolved what to do," &c. Just here we think many interpreters fail to apprehend the truth, and involve themselves and their readers in difficulty. It is conceived, that this resolve of the steward is necessarily in keeping with his previous character, and that in the readjustment of the accounts with his Lord's debtors, "he adds sin to sin and iniquity to iniquity." Then the difficulty lies in seeing how such a sinful worldly policy can be used by our Saviour to illustrate the true wisdom of making to ourselves friends in the Lord with the possessions of this world.

But this difficulty does not lie in the text, and it will vanish as soon as we take this resolution of the steward as the turning point of his life; as in the case of the prodigal son, when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." *There* was a repentance illustrating the true repentance, and why not here? This may have been the first *honest* resolution of the steward's life; and the alterations that he ordered to be made in the bills of his lord's debtors answered exactly to what those bills should have been when they were first made. He is brought to his senses; he comes to himself; his repentance is unto honesty. This he would show to his Lord and to the Lord's debtors in the hope that he may retain the stewardship, and if not, that he may have the confidence and favor of his fellow-men. Could he be so stupid as to think he could gain their favor by defrauding his lord as he had cheated them? There would be no wisdom in that; not even

worldly wisdom. He here, of course, lives and acts in the sphere of nature; but it is just this repentance unto honesty as shown by his prudent acts in this sphere, that the Saviour uses to illustrate the true repentance unto life. Hence there is no conflict either,

8. Between the commendation which the steward received from his lord and that which our Lord gives to all true penitents who make friends to themselves by the proper use of their gifts and possessions.

Thus the whole parable is of a piece, full of beauty and of truth.

"The children of this world are wiser," &c. They have more forethought and prudence. Therefore let the children of light obey the precept:

9. "Make to yourselves friends," &c.: "so when ye fail," &c. That is: "Use your talents, your time, and your means (the riches of this world), in such a way as to make friends in the Lord," so when your possessions leave you, and when ye are relieved by death of your temporal stewardship, they (the Lord and the friends) will welcome you into everlasting habitations, that is, into heaven.

A Philosophical Colored Man.

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatted on his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him farther. His philosophy was so peculiar, that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"

"I had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa; an' would have run soona, had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa; cookin's my professhun."

"Well? but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would that be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun is the first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"'Cause, sa, diff'rent men set diff'rent value upon derselves; my life is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country?"

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin' whatever, sa."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; der would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales 'gainst any guberment dat ever existed, for no guberment could replace the loss to me. 'Spect dough de guberment safe, if da all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, an' dat was de pint wid me."—*Exchange.*

THREE things appear to be uninjured by the fall: the song of birds, the beauty of flowers; and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect, had man remained holy; as if God would leave us something to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we may regain. —*Rev. Dr. Henry.*

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. AUGUST, 1875. NO. 8.

Unter den Linden, Berlin, Europe.

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is surprising that the foundation of a town should ever have been laid on so uninteresting a spot; but it is far more wonderful that it should have grown up, notwithstanding, into the flourishing capital of a great empire." So says one whose judgment ought to have weight. Built on the Spree, which in America we would call a creek, in a flat unpicturesque country, it has grown to be the metropolis of the German Empire, one of the first cities of the civilized world. Its attractions, according to the American standard of municipal taste, do not compare favorably with some of our larger cities. With the exception of Unter den Linden, its streets are more solid than showy. The houses impress you with their substantial appearance, built for durable service rather than beauty of architecture. Like the palaces of its Emperor and Princes, their massive walls are built to stand for centuries.

Let us take a stroll through its principal street, taking for our guide the Correspondent of an excellent German religious Journal. The picture shall be filled with what his eyes and mine see jointly. Every large city has its own type of city and social life. So, too, has Berlin. Unter den Linden is its principal street. Or rather this fashionable thoroughfare has five streets side by side. One street on each side, next to the side-walks for conveyancesto use; next to these are two rows of large linden trees on each side, whichform two shaded avenues for promenades; between these two is another broad avenue, roofed by the great linden limbs, used for the same purpose.

We will take our place at the Brandenburger Thor, through which the great stream of people move through the city wall, out into the Thiergarten, the large Berlin park. A great natural forest the latter is, with few artificial so-called improvements. This adds to its charm. For nature, unmolested by man, can get up a better park than he. This great city gate is a copy of one from an Athenian master-piece. You see the tall soldier on guard to the right. Twelve men are detached from time to time for this duty, who take their turn. Do you hear, "ho!" he cries. Quick as thought his eleven comrades rush to his side. The twelve stand like statues, side by side, presenting arms. What does this mean? Yonder comes a coach, drawn by two horses, black as a raven. Aside of the coachman sits a liveried servant, with a bushy waving feather on his military cap. You see a tall venerable gentleman sitting inside. He is old and gray-headed. The chilling air has led him to throw his military cloak around him. He wears the little military cap in use by every German soldier. It is "father William," the old Emperor. Let us lift our hats. Just see, he actually touches his little cap, and greets us with a smile. Evidently his broad shoulders feel their burdens. He is no longer as erect as the pictures had him five years ago. Age begins to bend his noble form.

Every week-day he takes his ride through this street, out through the Thiergarten, between one and two P. M.

Hence this is the fashionable hour for promenading in Unter den Linden. All this hour you have here a glowing picture of Berlin life. And whoever wishes to get a passing glimpse of "Old William" must take his position at the Brandenburger gate, at ten minutes after one o'clock. You can tell his coach from afar, by the peculiar uniform of the coachmen and servant. Since 1870, the people of Berlin stand along the side of the street when he passes, facing him, with their hats off. A very touching scene it is, when thousands of people, reverently and with uncovered heads, pause in their walks of business and pleasure, to greet their beloved Emperor.

He usually rides out alone, except when he takes his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, with him. He always rides past the column of Victory in this street, and always ends his ride at 2 P. M.

Among this great multitude you can always see some of Germany's celebrities. Yonder, in front of the royal palace, rides an aged man, in an open carriage. It is Wrangel, a renowned military leader, still vigorous in his old age. A man of ninety years; a rough, straight-forward soldier, with many kindly traits. His venerable form is familiar to every promenader, and the children seem to know him best. Some singular freaks he commits, whether as the result of doting old age or eccentricity of character I know not. When he meets a pretty lady, he will kiss his hand to her. The rollicking boys often greatly annoy him. Sometimes they hang to the rear of his coach. He likes to have them follow him. When they carry their attentions too far, he will raise himself from his seat, snatch the whip from the driver's hand, and lustily lay it on the backs of the boys. My guide says: "On a pleasant spring day I rode out to Charlottenburg, (one of the suburbs of Berlin), on the top of a great omnibus. Right ahead of me I saw old Wrangel, on a white horse, surrounded by a crowd of boisterous children, clamoring to kiss his hand. Long and patiently he held out his hand, which they kissed with great glee. As he was about passing on, a little girl came running from across the street, calling to him: 'Me, too, papa Wrangel, me, too!' With touching patience he waited to give her the cheap pleasure of kissing a great man's hand."

Bismark is less frequently met here. Although a popular idol, to the people he is not very accessible. The young view him at a reverent distance. He is a man with a kind heart, but withal one of an iron and unconquerable nature. He rarely rides, and then in a faded coach, with common horses to suit it. He prefers going out afoot—always attended by a ferocious-looking bulldog. His tall erect form towers above the crowd, his face somewhat furrowed, and stern. Heedless of all around him, he strides on his way through the throng, all eyes following him, and seemingly seeing no one, save those who greet him, to whom he gracefully responds.

Von Moltke, his distinguished associate, is in many respects his opposite. With a mild, amiable countenance, flaxen hair, slightly gray, a tall, slender, graceful form, every motion of which expresses an unstudied natural elasticity and elegance, his eyes rest on the ground, as he seems to step thoughtfully and with studied caution, often closely along the houses, as though fearful of getting too near the curb-stones. Withal he notices with a cordial salute the greeting of the passing admirer. Bismark and Moltke, after William, and Unser Fritz, are the centres of attraction in the passing throng.

The latter is immensely popular. Often he has his wife with him, a lady with a plain matronly exterior, and his two oldest sons. The appearance of this group, in their fine equipage, is always the signal for the most enthusiastic greeting. Whilst his father is treated with reverence, Fritz receives the hearty popular homage, more like a very great but very good and dear friend. Their ride through this street is a constant ordeal of bowing, from side to side, of cap-lifting and laborious salutations. Fritz greets with the military salute, his wife with a nod of the head, and the royal boys incessantly lift their caps until they reach a more quiet street.

This Crown Prince and his wife seek to train and treat their children as good Christian parents ought to do. Their offspring happen to be people of like passions with those of ordinary mortals. It is with Emperors somewhat as with

pastors; if they know not how to rule their own house, how shall they rule a great empire? Fritz seems to know this, as the following incident shows, told by a certain lady who lived in the family.

One day he heard one of the boys screaming in an adjoining chamber. He proceeded to the place of trouble, and learned from the chamber-maid that one of the little princes stubbornly refused to have himself washed. To the surprise of the servant the father told her to let it pass without punishing him. In the afternoon the young princes were taken out riding, this time without the presence of their parents. The guards throughout the city always salute the little princes the same as they do their parents—that is, present arms, and perform their customary polite ceremonies. To their great surprise this afternoon none of the guards saluted them. The boyish pride of the little princes was deeply wounded. They could scarcely wait till they reached home, so eager were they to tell their papa how the naughty guards had insulted them. After listening kindly to their complaint Fritz cooly replied: "A prince who refuses to have himself washed, willing to ride out unwashed, cannot be saluted!" This reproof was better than a flogging, and had its desired effect. It must, however, have put the father to considerable trouble to send such orders to all the guards along their route, at so short a notice; and great must have been the surprise of the latter to receive such an unusual message.

Not all the members of the royal family are as great popular favorites as this coming Emperor of Germany. Often can you meet a tall old gentleman and his son walking along this fashionable street of Berlin. No one greets them. Both are haughty, reserved and of a coarse unprincely exterior. The elder is Prince Charles, a brother of old William, the younger is his son. They are said to be brave, fearless military leaders, but overbearing and repulsive to their inferiors. Despite their valuable military services to the nation, their appearance on the street excites no popular enthusiasm. But few greet them, and always coldly.

Among the great mass of people thronging this street you always find a large proportion of gaily uniformed officers of the army. With a sword dangling at their sides, they proudly step through the crowd with an air of lofty superiority. For usually these military promenaders belong to the less worthy men of their station, who are greater on a parade than in battle. Their toilet and trappings are arranged with faultless precision, and in their path they scatter the odor of rare perfumery, and stalk about among the civilians of Berlin with an air of great consequence.

In Prussia public opinion ranks the position of a military officer very high; higher than the legal, medical or clerical profession. Berlin builds monuments to her military heroes, more than to her great men of science and of State. Although, unless an officer of high rank, he has but a meagre salary, he is a favorite in society, and his company is courted by people of rank. To fair ladies of fortune, members of "the best families," the straps and feathers of a soldier have a wonderful charm. As you watch the plumes waving above this sea of heads on "Unter den Linden," you have an index of the strength and the weakness of a great Empire. The bayonets and prowess of her soldiers shield her against her foes, and secure her rights, whilst these hundreds of thousands of warriors produce nothing and consume all. Respecting the true wealth of a nation they are like an army of grasshoppers, reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have not strewed.

Every day at 12 M., a fine military band plays towards the lower end of the street, near the royal palace. Often would I throw aside books and papers at noon, and hasten to this open air concert, free to all the people. Most enchanting music did they discourse, and a choice, yet, vast audience did they attract. Men, hoary with age and decked with the glittering marks of honor, the servants and the votaries of science, the sage and the youthful student, paused in their walk to catch the pleasing music. The first notes brought nurses and servants with the little children in their charge, hurriedly to the spot, all enjoying the concert with bated breath.

These nurses form a peculiar feature of Berlin life in Unter den Linden.

The most of them are women from the country, retaining their simple picturesque village costume; a short red petticoat, a snow-white apron, a blue bodice, and a white or colored sort of turban for a bonnet. The most of them still look unspoiled by corrupt city life, and unspotted as when they left their country homes. With patient leisure they here seek to amuse and interest the little citizens of the world, as they carry them on their arms, or push them about in little coaches. Their costume, conduct and looks indicate that they feel strange and ill-at-home amid such surroundings.

As in all large cities, Berlin abounds with corner-loafers, poor people, and some not very poor, who have, or wish to have, nothing to do. Against posts and corner-houses they lazily lean. Here and there one of their number accosts you in a strange brogue and manner: "Alte Kleeder zu ver Koofen" —(have you any old clothes for sale)? Thus both Jew and Gentile are eager to convert the thread-bare cast-off goods of their fellow-men into merchandize and money. Just here in Berlin, the scientific centre of Europe, where old systems of thought have either been cast aside like worn-out old clothes, or renewed and brushed into better and more beauteous shape—just here, among this crowd representing the social and scientific life of the world, these buyers of cast-off garments, amid the flummeries and fustian of the addle-brained officers, remind one of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, in which he learnedly discusses The World in Clothes, Old Clothes, etc. And many a good, but at present prevailing error and folly is therein contained. Two classes of beings are in the world, Tailors and the Tailored. "Strip the noblest horse of girths, flaps, and extraneous tags fastened around him, and he becomes his own sempster, weaver and spinner: nay, his own bootmaker, jeweler and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys with a perennial rain-proof court suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection. While I have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving rag-screen, day after day I must thatch myself anew; day after day this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness."

Among this street life the horse and his driver are prominently represented. Like the humanity of Berlin, its horse-life appears in two classes. The nobler horse serving royalty and people of rank, gayly dancing along the street in gold-mounted harness, sleek and nimble-footed, with arched neck and flowing mane, proudly champing his bit, gently held by a liveried driver more proud than he.

Very different from him is the ordinary cab horse of Berlin, than which you cannot find anywhere a more distressed and forlorn-looking member of his kind. Poor in flesh and vitality, his ribs you can count, and see if one is broken or missing, his legs stiff-jointed, his bones lifting the skin to angular elevations, so lifeless and sleepy does he look, that your sympathy is touched by the sight of him. Ever and anon he changes his legs, as he stands aside of the curb-stones, seeking to relieve his fatigue or pain by standing on three, and resting the fourth. Meanwhile his driver sulkily sits in his narrow place, a coarse fur cap, with the number of his cab on it, covers his bushy unkempt head, a beard as bushy half covers his red face, wrapped in a heavy coarse cloak, from under which his heavy wooden shoes partly peep out—such is the Berlin cabman. A clumsy, ungainly man, who never lifts his cap for anybody, but honest and independent, unlike the American cabman, he never clamors for a job, never even asks you to hire his cab. If you wish to have his services you will have to ask for them, for he will certainly not ask permission to serve you. He is prompt to resent a wrong and to claim his rights. Last fall the Government increased the tariff on the cabmen's business. At once they combined on a strike. And great was the trouble, for people had either to go afoot or ride in dog-coaches.

In Berlin large draught dogs are in common use, mostly in smaller truck-wagons, where the owner guides the wagon by keeping his hand on the tongue, which usually is at the seat end, while the dogs pull it through the street. And when the cabmen strike, many

people ride in smaller coaches propelled by dogs. And it is surprising what a heavy load a team of dogs can pull. As soon as the team stops they lie down and rest, at the same time watching the wagon. Woe to the man who touches it in the absence of the owner. This use of the dog gives him a high value in some European cities. The raising and training of draught dogs is a special business. Indeed Berlin has a "so-called dog park, where dogs are washed, sheared, and taken to board."

The Voice of Song.

BY MARY.

"Whence is the might of thy master-spell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sounds, and tell.
How canst thou wake by one gentle breath
Passionate visions of love and death?

How call'st thou back with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by—
A sunny glance or a fond farewell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sounds, and tell!

What is thy power from the soul's deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
E'en mid the swells of the festal glee
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee.

Something of mystery there surely dwells
Waiting thy touch in our bosom-cells;
Something that finds not its answer here,
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Yet speak to me still though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought.
Speak! for thou tell'st my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth!"

The power of music! who has not felt it? Volumes might be written on its conquests and many hours consumed in telling how it has soothed savage breasts, that never before heaved with gentle emotions. It steals into ears that have long been closed to heavenly voices. Some have employed this great heart-opener most successfully among the outcast and degraded in large cities. Tears have been seen dropping from the eyes of debauched men and abandoned women at the sound of some simple hymn.

God has made many a one to lift up the voice of song for Him who could not be a watchman on the towers of Zion, and He has made it reach dark corners and dull ears that were barred against the preached word. It knows how to find a hidden chord in every soul, and is therefore a most efficient gospel worker. No wonder "the devil hates music," for it entices from his ranks many a follower. Philip Phillips has accomplished good in many cases that are known. While singing in London, his song "I will sing for Jesus" caught the ear of a poor despairing man on his way to the docks to drown himself. It reminded him of boyhood days and his mother's prayers, and brought him to the Saviour.

"And you to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own,
And rightly to fulfil it
His grace can make you strong,
Who to your charge hath given
The Ministry of Song."

The preached word finds in the voice of song an active and devoted helpmate. There is not an emotion of the Christian heart that does not find expression in the hymns of God's house; and many of them have fallen with unwonted sweetness from dying lips. There is a comfort in the thought that the saints while below must have borne the same burdens we carry to the mercy-seat, or many of our most precious hymns had never been written. Let us always remember in this important and delightful feature of worship, that we are singing to God and not to each other; our language should be addressed to Him, our praise be of Him.

Poetical talent of the highest order in *all* ages may well be employed in perfecting the praise of Eternal Love. He who has in all times endowed some with such exalted talents cannot be displeased when His own gift is devoted to His service; and He is surely properly worshiped in the use of its offspring as well as in the use of the Psalms of David, since He has never commanded us to use only the language of inspiration.

Neither is any degree of musical knowledge too high to be employed in this noble work; but according as God has dealt to every congregation and each individual, not only a voice, but the means of voice-culture, should His praise ascend. Therefore, dear people, do all sing. If church choirs looked upon the voice of song as a holy ministry there would be love and harmony in the gallery. A quarrel is always dreadful, but a quarrel in the choir how out of place and wicked!

Knowledge is Power.

BY THE EDITOR.

The greatest of all forces is moral force. Knowledge is the most powerful when consecrated to Christ. Unsanctified knowledge is a power for evil. Far better had it been for the world if Voltaire and Tom Paine had been unlearned men. Then Paine could not have cursed mankind with the Age of Reason, nor Voltaire turned the laugh of his admirers on that Saviour of sinners, to whom he remorsefully cried in his dying hour. Apart from the religious aspect of this subject, there is a marvellous power in scientific knowledge. Diligent scholars, who strive to learn clearly and well the lessons which they study, whether at school or at home, are learning to wield a power greater than that of royal sceptres. In a day school in Genoa, there once was a certain studious boy, whom his comrades called Christopher Columbus. He hung to his books as a thirsty child presses the cup of cold water to its lips. He needed no urging to learn his lessons thoroughly. Little did his teacher think, as he heard him recite his well-learned lessons in geography, that his studious pupil would one day discover a new world. After four hundred years the continent he discovered has been covered with the most stirring, active nation of modern times. Would the United States be what they are, or be at all, had not little Christopher Columbus learned well his lessons in the Genoese school?

In a certain printing-office in Boston there was a printer's apprentice. All his fragments of leisure he spent in reading. He had but a limited education, such as he procured by a few months' annual study in the ordinary day schools. Owing to a dislike of mathematics he had neglected his arithmetic at school. Later the apprentice repented of his folly, procured the necessary books, and at the age of fourteen mastered without the help of a teacher, the different branches of mathematics, and studied navigation. He read translations of the ancient classics, as well as some of the best modern English authors. At twenty-seven years of age he began the study of the languages, which his previous want of means prevented him from doing. He says: "In 1773 I had begun to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding that this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition—that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which task the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains-taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian and Spanish, I was surprised to find in looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself to the study of it again, and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way."

By and by the printer became a publisher, an author, a statesman, and an ambassador to foreign Courts. And more than all, he taught mankind to harness the lightning, and make it the fleet-footed bearer of intelligence around the globe. Few people now think of the Boston printer's apprentice, with a thirsting mind poring over his books, acquiring knowledge under difficulties, in connection with the power and incalculable influence of the electric telegraph, which has taught the lightning to flash intelligence over the surface of the earth. In the small, cramped, dingy printing-office, with a few type-cases around him, the studious apprentice, with the help of a dimly-burning tallow candle, hunts for knowledge, till after midnight. While the more favored boys of wealthy parents are snugly asleep in their comfortable beds, or carousing about in places of sin, his

inquiring mind searches for the precious pearl of truth. Who now mentions with honor or respect the more fortunate boys? They would have disdained the society of humble, hard-working Benjamin Franklin, whose memory is revered throughout the civilized world. What a power in the electric telegraph! In germ it was in Franklin's mind. More powerful than all the post-horses and coaches, the mail-steamers, and all other postal methods of ancient and modern times, is the secret which the Boston printer-boy reveals to the world.

More than four hundred and fifty years ago, a plodding, hard-working boy daily sat and studied in his accustomed seat in one of the parish schools of Mayence on the Rhine. He afterwards became the inventor of the art of printing, and the incalculable power of the Printing Press, multiplying and circulating knowledge in a thousand untold forms, stands in this parish school-room. Well may the people of Mayence feel proud of their former Burger, Johannes Gutenberg, to whose memory they have erected a grand bronze statute, by Thorwalsden, in one of the market-places of their venerable city.

In the large square of St. Peter's at Rome stands a large obelisk, composed of a solid piece of polished granite, supposed to be the largest in the world. It was originally brought from Egypt. It is seventy-two feet high, twelve feet square at the base, and eight feet square at the top. It is said to be three thousand years old. It was found among the ruins of an old building in Rome, called the Circus of Nero. There it had lain buried for ages. But it was dug out, and cleaned, and set up among the other beautiful monuments in front of St. Peter's. It was a very difficult job to move it. The obelisk was supposed to weigh about four hundred and seventy tons. Finally, it was removed to the place appointed for it. There, a pedestal of solid stone, thirty feet high, was built for it to stand on. But to get that heavy mass on the top of the pedestal was no easy matter. A skilful architect made all the necessary preparations. He got all the machinery ready, with the windlasses, blocks, ropes, tackling, and so forth. The day for setting up the obelisk was a grand holiday in Rome. All the people turned out to witness the sight. The better to preserve order, a proclamation was issued that, while the work was going on, no one, except those employed in the work, should speak a loud word, on pain of being put in prison. At last the arrangements are all made, and the order given to hoist. The wheels go round, the ropes move, the blocks creak, and the obelisk begins to rise. The people watch it with great excitement, but in breathless silence. Higher and higher it goes. Everything seems to work well; and still it rises till it is within five or six inches of the place appointed for it, when suddenly it stops! What is the matter? The ropes have stretched so much that the blocks have come together too soon. They can't get it any higher. There it hangs dangling in the air. The people are disappointed. The architect is dreadfully excited. He was just on the point of ordering it to be lowered to the ground again, when an English sailor, in the crowd, who had been watching the operation, sang out, at the top of his voice, "Wet the ropes!—wet the ropes!" He had learned that when new ropes are wet they always shrink, and become shorter. This scrap of knowledge was very useful now. The architect saw that this would do it. They shrank at once, and the obelisk was landed in the place intended for it. The sailor was put in prison. The next day he was brought up for trial, when he was condemned to receive a large sum of money for the fragment of knowledge which he had gathered up, and which was so very useful in that time of need. Jack took the punishment without a word of complaint, you may depend upon it.

The Table Manners of Our Ancestors.

Our Saxon ancestors had some rude customs about their meals, which are in striking contrast with modern refinement. To begin with, they had no table, but instead of one a board (*bord*), which was brought out for the occasion from some place of storage, laid on trestles, and, when the meal was ended, carefully put away again. This was called *laying the board*, to which

our similar expression owes its origin; and from the same source comes our word "boarder"—one who sits at the board to eat.

The guests and family were summoned by a horn, and after they were seated, the cloth was spread; and about this they were extremely particular, but of what kind of fabric it was made does not so clearly appear. It certainly was not linen, for that was not introduced into England for such use until the reign of Elizabeth. For a long time carpets and pieces of tapestry did service as coverings for tables.

The use of a carpet for the floor does not seem to have occurred to those easily-satisfied individuals who were willing to sleep on a straw-mat, with a log under their heads, or at best a sack filled with chaff or straw, for a bolster. Floors were strewn with rushes, occasionally renewed as the accumulation of rubbish made it necessary. Among the items at the time of crowning Isabella, queen of John, there is a charge of thirty-three shillings for strewing Westminster Hall with herbs and rushes. It is this custom which Shakespeare refers to in "Taming of the Shrew"—"Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, *rushes strewed*, cobwebs swept?"—and in other plays.

Those were the days when they had oiled paper or thinly shaved pieces of horn in what they called windows, or the openings were filled with strips of wicker, interlaced in checker-work; when scarcely a church even could boast of a pane of crystal, and when a nobleman, who had thin layers of beryl in his castle windows, was looked upon as very luxurious in his tastes.

After the cloth was arranged, the salt-cellar was set on, then the knives (if they were so fortunate as to have any) were placed, the spoons, the drinking-horns, and the trenchers.

The salt-cellar was the most important article of all; very large, and made with a cover. It is this latter peculiarity which Shakespeare alludes to, where he makes Launce say: "The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt."

Where the host could afford it, it was of solid silver, elaborately chased; often a very substantial piece of plate, as costly as his means would allow. And this accounts for the greed with which Queen Elizabeth once seized upon one, on occasion of visiting a certain great official; she had already received valuable gifts from him, but before her departure she "*took* a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate."

The salt-cellar occupied the place of honor on the table, and the most distinguished persons sat above it. To sit "below the salt" meant to be in the position of an inferior.

The meats were brought in on spits just as they were cooked, and in that way passed round by the servants to the guests, who, in the more barbarous times, tore off a portion as best they could. Afterward, when they had advanced a little in their ideas, there was a carver who held the meat with one hand while he cut with the other; and the guests helped themselves, using their hands, and after they had devoured what they wished, threw the bones to the dogs and cats that waited under the table and scrambled for their share among the rushes. Naturally enough, every one was expected to wash his hands before coming to the "board," and certainly it was needful afterward.

A few had knives, shaped like a razor, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended, and luxuries began to appear, porcelain and glasses instead of pewter mugs to drink from, and in her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance. Her immense and lofty rooms were meagre and cheerless enough with their scant furnishings; and her table, in spite of many pieces of plate, was not altogether removed from the rudeness of manners of the early Saxons. At first, two persons ate from one "trencher," as it was called. There were no plates, and these trenchers were made to answer the purpose. They were, in fact, large slices of bread, placed before each one (or two), to accommodate the meat. There were two qualities of bread: one fine, to be eaten; the other, of the coarse, inferior flour, was made into large loaves, then the outer crust was removed and laid aside for the poor, and the rest cut into very thick and substantial slices, and thus used instead

of plates. In the course of time some ingenious person conceived the happy idea of having real plates; the wealthy furnished themselves with valuable ones of silver, and eventually the common people were provided with such as their circumstances admitted, made of wood or pewter, and finally earthenware came into use.

But in those days they were well content with the primitive arrangement of the trenchers. The bread thus used soaked up the gravy, and became quite savory in consequence; and when the meal was ended, each one ate his plate if he chose; otherwise it was put into the alms-basket, which was always kept ready, and into which all the leavings were gathered, and sent out to the poor waiting at the gate—the poor were never forgotten in those old Saxon households.

Every one had his drinking-horn or cup; usually it was a horn, often elaborately carved, and ornamented with gold and silver, and considered a very valuable article among a man's possessions. The drinking-horn was sometimes left by will as a special gift, as one would now bequeath a diamond ring or a costly watch. In the transfer of land, before the custom of witnessing by seal was introduced, the owner gave something in pledge as an assurance or token of the contract, and in such cases it was not uncommon to make use of the drinking-horn. One family held their estate from Canute by his drinking-horn. That was their sole proof. One gets from this fact an idea of the value which was attached to this article of personal property.

The drinking-horns (and glasses afterward) were so made that they could not be kept in an upright position; therefore it became necessary as soon as they were filled to swallow their contents at once. From their propensity to fall over is said to have come our word "tumbler," as applied to a drinking-glass.—*Hearth and Home.*

Many a favor hath faith conferred upon the soul while in the body. The great service it did was in the time of its espousals to Christ. This is the marriage-knot, the blessed bond of union between the soul and Christ.

The Bat.

[The following poem by Prof. W. M. Nevin of Lancaster, Pa. which was first printed in Harbaugh's "Birds of the Bible," has been re-written by the author and prepared for publication in COLLEGE DAYS.]

The bat, as he woke from his slumber sweet,
In his darksome cave, his secure retreat,
Where he'd hung all day from his hinder feet,
Said: Now I will let me fall
And spread my wing, for a merry flight;
For mine eyes are sharp, and 'tis my delight
To dart me through the dim twilight,
When the birds are sleeping all.

To hear the dismal owl complain,
Or the whippoorwill begin his strain,
In the woods he did not choose to remain;
But urged by a livelier whim,
He quitted the trees with the birds at rest,
The meadow soon with the dew to be prest,
And the lonely dell in its silence blest;—
These were all too dull for him.

To the green he comes where the boys are out,
And high o'er their heads he flirts about,
Who hail him all with a joyful shout;
And fain would they him entice
With the winning charm, familiar and pat,
Which often to him is cried for that:
"Bat, bat, fly into my hat
And of bacon I'll give you a slice."

Will the silly bird be thus cajoled?
Those words will he heed, so falsely told?—
Still downward he sweeps in his circlings bold,
Till he grazes that urchin's hair;
When after him quick the hat is thrown;
'Twas all to let his skill be known;—
He's abroad and everywhere.

Now he whips away in his fitful flight
Through a casement into a parlor bright,
Where the young and gay are met that night,
And he throws them into alarm;
For each maiden fears that the ugly thing,
As he flits her by on his leathern wing,
Himself will into her tresses fling,
And do her a deal of harm.

Ah, now the trifler will sure be caught!
The knights are up with the valorous thought
To strike him down, and he has forgot
Where it was that he first came in.
They are after him hard with brush and cane;
His nights are numbered! he must be slain!
But he darted—whither? They watch in vain;
He is off, no more to be seen.

He is sporting without in a safer place;
He is giving the moths and millers a race
For he feels himself in a hungry chase;
And these his affections crave;
So such as sailing abroad he sees
He darts upon with the quickest ease;
And having feasted himself on these,
He retreats again to his cave.

To Whom it May Come.

There is no class of persons more exposed to the dangers and temptations of our cities than the young girls who are sent into factories, mills and stores at an early age to earn their own livelihood, and who often do much toward the support of their families. They deserve all honor for their noble efforts to help themselves, and to lighten, as in most cases they do, the burdens of fathers and mothers crushed by too much toil. But by being thrown thus so early into the world they are in danger of losing that delicate refinement of purity which is the beauty and glory of woman's character, and which, once lost, can never be restored.

We honor you for your honest toil. And it is possible for you to go through years of such labor and associations, pure and unsullied as the lily that floats upon the water. Thousands do. We only say that there is danger that the associations into which you are thrown may mar the refinement and simplicity of your spirit and the tender beauty of your soul. Many young girls lose their modesty in such associations, and become coarse and rude in speech and behaviour, and a young girl with such blemishes is one of God's most beautiful pictures spoiled.

Watch your words, your street behaviour, your intercourse with others. Preserve your modesty of speech and deportment. Abhor all slang phrases, coarse jests, rude, and above all, impure words. Keep your heart right, and that you may keep it well, let Christ keep it for you. Seek to be what you want to appear to be. Accept these suggestions in the spirit of love.—*S. S. Times.*

Japanese Traits.

The recent opening of Japan to commerce and the moral influence of Christian nations, has awakened a general desire for fuller and more definite information as to the characteristics of this vast empire. A traveler, who has enjoyed large opportunities for personal observation, is now attempting an answer to this desire in a series of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from which the following is selected by Rev. J. P. Lacroix, correspondent of the *Christian Advocate:*

Japanese society is based on the system of classes, and the respect shown by the lower to the higher is extreme. For example, when the mayor of a town rides out he is preceded by heralds ordering the population where he is passing to prostrate themselves to the earth. The forms of civility are excessive. When two officers or merchants meet in the street, they stop still, and before passing exchange grave and profound bows. Even two friends who meet every day are careful not to neglect this ceremony. Among women these forms are still more emphasized. When a friend calls and is once seated on the mat, all bow their foreheads several times to the floor. The first words are thanks for some past service which they really or feignedly call to mind. Then the hostess fills, lights, wipes, and passes to the new-comer her little pipe, and along with it the inevitable cup of tea. The treatment of servants is rather of a patriarchal type. Though abjectly subordinate in principle they are practically much respected, and treated almost like children.

Japanese houses are very simple. The first story is the work-shop. The second, which serves for a habitation, is rough-floored and plentifully furnished with large mats, which serve at once for chairs and for beds. The centre of this room is occupied by a large square stove with many compartments, a kind of kitchen in itself. A large chest of drawers, a few other simple articles, an abundance of paper ornaments, are the chief other features of a Japanese home.

With unmarried women the ruling passion is for the toilet and for coquetry. Hours are consumed in getting the hair in desirable shape, and an equal time in tinting the skin. The neck, arms, and face are painted white; the mouth and cheeks red, and the eye-brows black Nor is this to hide a premature oldness, for which some excuse could be imagined, for blooming children are painted most. Their dress, however, is simple, and not unbecoming. A large belt is provided with little pockets for the pipe, small mirror, etc. The feet are generally bare. The light wooden sandals, which are worn when walking, are uni-

formly left at the door before entering the habitation.

Next to politeness the Japanese home is remarkable for its simplicity. The life of the people might be summed up in the words *fewness of wants*. In the lower classes there is neither poverty nor envy. The men, unexhausted by slavish toil, are robust and cheerful, laboring enough to meet their daily wants, but much preferring to loaf and lounge. Rainy days are in high esteem. When you order a piece of work within a specified number of days the rainy days are always excepted, though the labor be done under shelter. In point of vices, knavery and small theft prevail, though not so much as in China. But the laws are very severe; death if the amount stolen is above a certain value; death if it is the second offence. Recently, imprisonment was inflicted on persons for having colored silk-worm eggs, which were naturally white. Torture is plentifully applied to extort evidence or confession, and imprisonment is of the most brutal type; the jailers with impunity starving or beating their victims to extort money from their relatives.

Socially, Japan is a perfect image of middle-aged Europe, inferiors universally feeling the need of protection from and dependence upon their superiors. In the country the villagers cower around the castle of some noble, and expect from him defence against robbers and the lawless soldiery of some neighboring petty prince.

As to the army, the officers obtain their places not by merit, but by birth or arbitrary appointment. The common soldiery form a mass of brutalized slaves, mere machines, knowing nothing of the pleasures of social or domestic life.

And yet pleasure-seeking is the most prominent characteristic of the Japanese. The first luxury of his indolent *soiree* is a bath. Such as have not a private bath resort to the numerous public ones, which, however, are very primitive in construction, not separating the sexes from each other nor from the public gaze. The vice of licentiousness prevails largely, but is strictly policed, and is banished to a specially set-apart quarter of the city.

The Japanese theatre is a reflex of the life of the people, and differs notably from the European theatre in that nothing relating to infidelity to the marriage vows, no duped husbands or doubtful wives, no illicit love is tolerated in the least degree whatever. In a society where adultery is looked upon as an inexcusable crime, anything dealing with or tempting toward it is contraband to the stage. Another popular amusement is wrestling, much after the fashion of the Greeks and Romans. The victor is rained upon by a whole deluge of garments, veils, belts, hats, etc. One feels sure at the view of such a spectacle that the conqueror will inevitably have to turn clothing dealer. But the enigma has another solution: every article of costume has a conventional money value, and all donors have the right of calling the next day and redeeming their gifts.

Legal polygamy does not exist, though practically concubinage prevails wherever inclination and wealth combine to render it feasible. Marriage is not treated very sacredly; it is a mere written arrangement, unsanctioned by legal or religious formalities, between the husband and the parents of the bride. The bride is conducted to her new home, takes charge of the household, directs the servants, leads, in fine, a serious, helpful life. Her first act (strange perversion!) is to sacrifice her beauty, shaving her eye-brows, and painting her teeth black; but this sad custom has its meaning. By it the wife symbolizes to her husband and to strangers in the street that she has renounced completely every desire to please or coquet. Though sacredly observed while continuing, the marriage tie of the Japanese is easily broken, the mutual consent of the contracting parties sufficing. Once in possession of the bit of paper by which the husband restores to the wife her liberty, she readily regains her lost beauty, two days enabling her to transform her teeth to their pristine pearly whiteness, and two months of nature giving back to her her beautiful dark eye-brows.

The true Japanese is of an inquiring turn, and yet has very little knowledge of the events even of his own country. He respects his prince from mere force of habit, and abuses all others. The almanac gives him the names and fortune of the eighteen independent noblemen. These details he knows by heart, and he cares for little more. And yet

in every town there is a place to which the whole population may come daily and listen to an orator recounting battles or legendary history. Almost every body can read and write. There are schools everywhere, in the smallest villages, even along the highways. Though for the higher classes writing, as with the Chinese, is an extremely complex and never completely mastered art, the common people have and make large use of an easy and simple method of writing, embracing but few characters, and answering all ordinary wants.

Mischief-Makers.

O, could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
  Without the village tattling,
How doubly blest that spot would be—
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
  Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might call it all her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
  Forever and forever.
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
  And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts that warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
  What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's heart—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them out again,
  Mixed up with poisonous measures.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales; they say,
"Don't mention it, I pray;
  I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbors then they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
  Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

O, that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
  That every one might know them!
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
  With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
  We ought to love and cherish.

Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
  And angry feelings perish.

Why we Shake Hands and Kiss.

The learned Dr. Humphrey has given us the solution of this frequently conjectured problem. He says:—"It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. Jehu said to Jehonadab:—'Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand?' It is not merely an old-fashioned custom; it is a strictly natural one, and as usual in such cases, we may find a physiological reason, if we only take the pains to search for it. The animals cultivate friendship by the sense of touch as well as by the senses of smell, hearing, and sight; and for this purpose they employ the most sensitive parts of their bodies. They rub their noses together, or they lick one another with their tongues. Now, the hand is a part of the human body, in which the sense of touch is highly developed; and after the manner of animals, we not only like to see and hear our friend (we do not usually smell him—though Isaac, when his eyes were dim, resorted to this sense as a means of recognition) we also touch him, and promote the kindly feelings by the contact and reciprocal pressure of the sensitive hands. Observe, too, how this principle is illustrated by another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to determine whether a substance be perfectly smooth, and are not quite satisfied with the information conveyed by the fingers, we apply it to the lips and rub it gently on them. We do so because we know, by experience, that the sense of touch is more actively developed in the lips than in the hands. Accordingly, when we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings, we are not content with the contact of the hands, and we bring the lips into service. A shake of hands suffices for friendship, in undemonstrated English, at least; but a kiss is the token of a more tender affection."

True repentance is a drop out of the eye of faith.

Recollections of Scotland.

BY THE EDITOR.

The frequent complaints of tourists had led me to approach the British sky and climate with suspicion, but I was not prepared to be so completely taken in. It is a weakness of open-hearted, inexperienced natures to receive the professions of others with credulous sincerity. But experience is a skillful teacher. Dame Nature here plays the coquette most completely. She is so variable and fickle, so disposed to trifle with your sincerity, that it is hard to know when she is in earnest. She will meet your approaches with the smiles and blandishments of pleasant sunshine, only to repulse you with a shiver or a shower. Perhaps I have met her in an unpleasant mood, but I have seen and felt heat and cold, cloudy and clear, rain and sunshine, fruitful and barren weather in the course of one hour. The sky does not look dark and lowering when it rains, but pretends all the while to make an effort to clear up. The rays of the sun penetrate the clouds like a thin gauze of mist, so that even the most undisguised rain does not look so very rainy. Sometimes the clouds dividing the clear blue sky overhead, assure you that this time there can be no possible deception. But scarcely have they lured you beyond the reach of roofs and umbrellas, before they will pour down, without any preliminary notice, an extemporaneous shower that will send you home, repenting your credulity most drippingly. Sometimes the rain-drops twinkle in a cloudless sky, a sa smile twinkles through a tear trembling on a maiden's cheek. So that with all my mortifying situations, I would not willingly have foregone the pleasure it afforded me. For a thing may be physically uncomfortable, while it is æsthetically pleasant.

It was one of those rainy mornings on which no one could mistake the prospects of the weather, that I started from Edinburg for Melrose Abbey and Abbottsford; the former thirty seven miles from this city, the latter forty. Having fully made up my mind to spend part of the day in the rain, I was not disappointed. Melrose Abbey is supposed to have been built by Robert the Bruce, in the 12th century. It was successively injured and rebuilt again during the Scottish wars, and the misdirected zeal of the Reformation destroyed a great part of it. Cromwell and his army passed along here and made a target of it for their amusement, the marks of whose work are still visible. Though in ruins, it still remains a magnificent specimen of mediæval art, and the finest relic of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Originally it was about four hundred feet in length, but one hundred feet of it have been razed to the earth by war and Vandalism. The nave of the building has been entirely destroyed. There is a yard beside it where the monks were in the habit of taking exercise; and along the wall there are still stone benches where they used to study in the open air. It contains a large number of stone busts and statues of eminent saints. Some of these are placed along its massive walls, supporting huge heavy pillars, significant symbols of the position of Christians in the spiritual temple of Christ. Surmounting the pillars and along the ceiling are sculptured flowers. I noticed one of them, surmounting a statue of the Virgin Mary, within whose opening petals a jackdaw had made his dreary domicile. At present these birds are the sole occupants of this remarkable edifice, from whose history poetry and romance have so largely borrowed. A number of the Scottish nobility are buried within its walls, and the grave of the wizard, a prominent character in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was pointed out to me.

From here I went a-foot to Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. Though raining, it was a delightful walk. The road winds through a narrow glen of fertile farms, verdant with all the freshness of early vegetation. Abbottsford is situated at the winding base of a hill. The side from which I approached it, conceals the buildings until one is almost at the entrance. On one side is a meadow bounded by the river Tweed, on the other a large hill, dotted with fields and woodland, all belonging to the Abbottsford farm. The scenery all around is just such as a poet would be likely to choose to kindle and fan his inspirations. The different rooms are filled with most curious and rare

specimens of antiquity; swords, armors, and weapons of knights and ancient warriors—a lamp from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, supposed to be 3,000 years old. The clothes of Sir Walter are carefully laid in a case; his blue coat with yellow buttons, and his white hat, just as Washington Irving described them after his visit to Abbottsford, and which are doubtless the same he then wore. His hat is after the fashion of the fur summer hats worn in America a few years ago.

Wishing to reach the cars by a nearer route, I did not return to Melrose, but took a different course. I had not proceeded far until the Tweed interposed. Whatever the poetic advantages of bathing in such a classic stream might be, I feared that the experiment would unfit me to enjoy the sentiment, especially as my clothes, dripping with rain, did not increase the desire for a hydropathic operation just at that time. Moreover, I remembered the adventure of Bayard Taylor, who, like myself, being unable to find a boat, waded the Tweed, where his companion came well nigh making a submarine passage or perish in the attempt. At all events, I have made it a habit not to meddle with things too deep for me, so I wandered up and down the famous Tweed for several miles, until I finally spied in the distance, on the opposite side, a ferryman and his boat, who soon relieved me from my shivering suspense. He invited me into his lowly cottage, and introduced me to his "guid wife" as "the tallest American he had ever seen." Many an American has he rowed across the Tweed, but they all had been men small in stature. It occurred to me as somewhat amusing that whilst I was making a pilgrimage to noted shrines, and endured all the perplexities of sight-seeing, I could furnish a man, living within sight of Abbottsford, with a sight whose like he had never seen. The kind lady gave me a seat beside her humble hearth; and whilst she entertained me with a mug of milk and a piece of bread—a luxury that could only be appreciated after walking half a day through a cold rain—I tried to entertain her by answering many curious questions about America. He requested me to tell American travelers, and I do proclaim it here, and now, to all whom it may concern, that on and after the first day of May, this place will be made a railway station, so that all who wish to visit Abbottsford, can alight at the Abbottsford ferry, within sight of it. My friend, the ferryman, will row them across the Tweed, and his ladie will give them a resting place at her hearth and a glass of milk, if they desire it.

After another day spent in Edinburg, I set out for the Highlands. For once I had a clear, pleasant spring day, and I felt sure it would hold out so. It seemed to me I had never passed through more delightful rural scenery, which contrasted painfully with the drudgery of a number of women in the fields hauling and spreading manure. I got a glimpse of Linlithgow Palace as we passed along, where Queen Mary was born. Her father, James V., was at the palace of Falkland at the time, suffering from an injury he had received in a recent battle. When he was told the news of Mary's birth, he said: "It (the crown) came with a lass (girl) and will go with a lass," and then turned his face to the wall and soon after died broken-hearted. We soon after reached Falkirk, where Wallace fought his memorable battle in 1298. Next we reached Stirling Castle, where James V. and Mary were crowned. Here are preserved the pulpit and the Communion table of John Knox. The country clustering around Falkirk, was the principal battle-field of Wallace and Bruce. Its soil is rich with the blood of heroes and martyrs, and was the scene of freedom's early trials and triumphs.

At Stirling, after taking a passing view of Stirling Castle, I turned north, through the Highlands for the Lakes. It is a principle taught by all sound philosophy, that we increase our happiness as we reduce our wants, and so I found it. I left home with a light handbag, containing only a number of the most neccessary articles of apparel. I find now that I do not need even this small wardrobe, and seriously meditate the donation of some of it to those who have still less. It is gratifying to an American's habits of republican independence, that he can go wherever he listeth, without being dependent on cars, cabs or porters. So was it to me. At Stirling, I hung the luggage on a staff,

flung it over my shoulders, and sallied off for the Highlands with a nimble step. It was the first of May, on which young men and maidens go a-Maying in America. And many a May-flower greeted me along the heaths and hedges by the wayside. It worked admirably until my feet became sore, and at the end of twelve miles my zeal for walking had measurably abated. I limped over the last mile with insupportable tribulation, my feet burning as if I were stepping on coals of fire. I sat me by the wayside, trying to invent a plan of escape from my pedestrian defeat. The fact is, I had entered upon this expedition somewhat rashly. I overrated my powers of endurance; and now three miles from the nearest hotel, it was a problem of great moment to me, just there and then, how to reach it. Neither lodging nor boarding could be had short of that. I applied for a morsel at a little hut, but the poor woman said they had nothing for themselves. Here, then, I had reached the first trial that was beyond the range of my ordinary experience. Whilst pondering with philosophic composure over my fate, a poor carter came along with a most sorry-looking horse, tottering under a large load of coal. I applied for a passage to the next town, to which he readily consented. It was hard to submit to such a seat, but making a virtue of necessity, I mounted the cart, and was soon on my way again to Callander. Never had I attracted more attention since I landed in Great Britain. Men paused at their toil, women and children ran to the door and stared at me with astonishment. Many curious questions had the carter to answer respecting his extraordinary passenger. For my apparel showed that I had seen better days. I could not help but think of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and our half-starved horse was a worthy representative of Rosinante, whilst my guide treated me with as much ceremony and deference as ever Sancho Panza did his valiant master. These little adventures form episodes in a man's experience, more pleasant to remember than to endure.

A good night's rest restored my usual vigor, and early next morning I was approaching the classic Loch Katrine. I wound my way leisurely through the gorge, where the gallant steed of Fitz James stumbled as his rider pursued in eager chase the nimble stag, fell over a rock and was killed. Right here I had the good fortune to chase a deer, which leaped over the crags and cliffs, and then stopped a while to take a view of his pursuer. A fleet horse might have enabled me to realize the poet's dream. I hired two men who rowed me to the upper end of Loch Katrine, a distance of ten miles. Here, then, I am at length floating on the crystal lake, over which the lovely Ellen Douglas steered her skipping bark.

Loch Katrine is from ten to twelve miles in length, four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in some parts five hundred feet deep. I drank copious draughts of its clear, fresh water, which acted as a stimulant to reverie and sentiment. By the way, the vandal hand of progress is about diverting its sweet waters to the profane purposes of washing and cooking. The city of Glasgow is constructing an aqueduct through mountains, moors and glens, for upwards of thirty miles, to draw from it a supply of fresh water for its inhabitants. We soon reached "Ellen's Isle," the lovely abode of the "Lady of the Lake." It looks like a colored diamond set in crystal, an enchanting little spot, a veritable Isle of Beauty. The lake is set within the enamel of towering, rugged mountains, as if to shelter this oasis from the polluting breath of the world's moral desert. On the opposite side of the island is the spot where Fitz James wandered to the craggy banks of Loch Katrine, when he had lost his way. In his forlorn solitude he blew his bugle, saying—

> "I am alone, my bugle strain
> May call some straggler of the train."

Ellen heard his plaintive notes, and in her little skiff soon reached the shore whence the sound proceeded. The youth concealed himself in the thicket, while he viewed through the branches the lovely maiden. While her face glowed with the lustre of every ennobling virtue—

> "One only passion unrevealed
> With maiden pride the maid concealed,
> Yet not less purely felt the flame—
> O! need I tell that passion's name."

This island is a monument to the innocence and chastity of pure affection, and on this account is a hallowed shrine

around which the pilgrim loves to linger. Her hand would not belie her heart. For she boldly refused the hand of Roderick Dhu:

> "Rather through realms beyond the sea,
> Seeking the world's cold charity—
> Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word
> And ne'er the name of Douglass heard—
> An outcast pilgrim will I rove
> Than wed the man I cannot love."

We passed near the birth-place of Rob Roy, the noted freebooter. Near it stands a little dwelling, in which one of my rowers boasted to have lived for many years. Perhaps he was a descendant of the original McGregor clan.

Leaving Loch Katrine, I set out on foot for Loch Lomond, a distance of five miles. I was agreeably disappointed in finding such a pleasant road through this rough, untraveled country. As I marched along leisurely, wondering whether I was near the lake, I suddenly found myself standing on the summit of the mountain skirting its eastern border, while the silvery lake was spread out far below, like a sheet of spotless white. When Wallace and his band were on their way to storm Dumbarton Castle, he led them on the brow of this hill, and pointing to these spires of Nature rising heavenward, exclaimed: "Who would not fight for such a country?"

Here I took the steamer for the lower end of the lake, a distance of some twenty miles. Amid the many mountains clustering around these lakes, the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Moor are always seen towering high above the rest. The one is three thousand four hundred, and the other three thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. At this time their tops still wrapped in a sheet of snow. They stand among the rest like mighty chiefs among their clans—all are brave, but they the bravest. Each has a tale to tell of some battles fought, some victory won. Every one, both great and small, has been decorated by the drapery of poetry and romance. These mountains have done more for Scottish freedom than any other natural cause. They are the nursery of a hardy independence, and foster generous and noble sentiments. Here the heroes of Albion were taught the alphabet of freedom. Here in these *High*-lands, nature's hieroglyphics of Freedom, where warlike clans rushed together in dire and deadly conflict—here, where these battlements of nature are but the symbolical mementoes of the earnest struggles of brave hearts—here Scotia has trained her brave men and her bards.

Seeking shelter from the chilling breeze behind a warm chimney on the deck of the steamer, sailing down Loch Lomond, I fell in conversation with an intelligent young German. He had acted a leading part in the Revolution of 1848, and was now exiled from his fatherland. He was superintendent of certain iron works in Scotland, but chafed with resentful impatience beneath the burden of his galling banishment. A bright-eyed intelligent daughter of eight years stood by his side. He railed bitterly against the kings and rulers of Europe, and against the clergy, whom he denounced as the servile tools of tyrants. Ministers of the Gospel he called "the police of kings, without whose help king-craft would soon have to perish." He avowed himself an unbeliever in the inspiration of the Bible, a hater of the Church and the Ministry. "What might be your profession?" he at length inquired. "Mine is the profession which you hate and cry out against." He was too much of a gentleman not to feel my rebuke, and with embarrassment repeatedly asked my pardon. "I too have been differently raised," he continued. "While a student at the University I lost my faith. My wife believes as you do, and she is a good and a happy woman."

In railing against the Bible and the Christian religion, he sometimes misquoted Scripture, when the little girl would gently correct him by saying: "No, papa, the verse reads thus," and then she would repeat it correctly from memory. We stopped at the same hotel in Glasgow, and ate our dinner together at the same table. As we sat down the dear child cast a glance at her father, and when he nodded to her, she folded her little hands and prayed a sweet little German table prayer, thanking God for our meal, and praying Him to bless it, just as she was in the habit of doing at home. After dinner I expressed my pleasant surprise at this touching act of devotion performed at his request. He replied: "Her good mother has taught her that. I wish her to believe and do as her mother does

They both are happier than I am." He sighed to get back to his native land, and said he could bear his exile more cheerfully if he were only permitted to visit his aged parents once more before they died. They were both at the verge of the grave, and he longed to receive their dying blessing before they fell asleep.

After spending a few days at Glasgow, I left for the birth-place of Burns. Reaching Ayr, I accidentally happened to dine with an old lady who is a second cousin of the "Ayrshire Ploughman." His monument and birth place are about three miles from town. The latter is a small straw-covered cottage, which at present is devoted to the sale of liquor, a beverage in which poor Burns indulged too freely himself. I rested awhile in the cottage, and saw the recess in the wall in which he was born. Here the budding mind of the boy Burns received its first impressions, where he lived until he was nine years of age. Proceeding a short distance, I reached "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," whose roofless walls stand in dreary loneliness amid the dust of past generations, the old bell still perched in its accustomed place on the point of the gable. Close by is the monument erected to Burns, in the heart of a garden, beautifully ornamented with evergreens and terraces of flowers, that spread a pleasant fragrance round. In the monument are still preserved the two Bibles, which Burns and his "Mary" gave each other at their last parting, as the solemn pledges of their undying affection. Each has inscribed on a blank leaf an appropriate Scripture passage, to remind them of the sacredness of their vows, mutually pledged on the banks of the Ayr. They met no more, and poor Burns poured out his bleeding heart in his "Address to Mary in Heaven," one of the most touching little poems that ever flowed from a mortal pen.

I ascended a flight of stairs, where I had a delightful view. All around me was spread a scene of fields, trees and flowers, and the "Bonnie Doon" rippling torturously along its base, a prospect that seemed to forbid the intrusion of sadness. Yet I felt sad. Burns was poor. His fine sensibilities often bled from wounds inflicted by poverty and neglect. He was at times reduced to the most uncomfortable straits, and was glad to escape from these by the office of Exciseman. He became gauger, and for the pittance of a meager living, served his country as a hunter of whiskey smugglers, a fatal privilege to plunge into greater dissipation. Now that he has gone where he can no longer enjoy the bread that perisheth, and the reward due his genius, there is none too great to do him honor. The most magnificent monuments are erected, the fiftieth part of whose cost would have "stored his pantry," and removed from his heart the corroding worm of care.

On a visit to Edinburg, Burns found the grave of Ferguson, the poet, still unmarked by a monument. Poor as he was, he erected an humble tombstone to his "brother in misfortune." When, a few years ago, a critic in one of the Reviews noticed a visit of Queen Victoria to Edinburg, his imagination called up the shades of Burns and Ferguson to witness the scene. Standing on Calton Hill, where Burns has a monument, and opposite which is the old grave-yard where poor Ferguson lies, they viewed with poetic composure the pomp and pageant of royalty. And it came to pass, as they turned away from this, with Burns' monument and Ferguson's humble gravestone in view, they spoke of their past and present fortunes and misfortunes. Burns could point to his piles of marble reared by Posterity, to which Ferguson replied, "Rather far let me have yon humble stone, which the hand and heart of Genius raised, than the proudest monuments of an interested and unsympathizing Posterity." Burns himself wrote the following lines under a portrait of Ferguson:

"Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure."

And afterwards asks:

"Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasure?"

Descending from the monument, I soon strolled along the—

"Banks an' braes 'o bonnie Doon,"

which led me to "the key-stane o' the bridge," where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost her tail. Tam happened to get on a spree one night in the town of Ayr, as his habit was, and belated himself,

so that he had to go home through a thunder-storm. The lightning making night more hideous, stirred up the guilty fears of his bad heart. At midnight he started for home, "well mounted on the gray mare Meg." After he had passed the bridge, she suddenly stopped, and lo! Tam saw ghosts and spectres grim and ghastly. There is a saying among the common people that evil spirits have no power to follow a person beyond the middle of the next stream. So he wheeled his mare around and made for the keystone of the old bridge, with the whole train of furies after him. Just as the mare approached this stone, hard pressed by these unearthly hobgoblins—

"One spring brought off her master hale
But left beyond her own gray tail."

A short distance down the Doon is the new bridge, on which I stood a long while watching the rippling waves that played down the stream. Then I rambled far down a stream along a road running parallel with it at a short distance. All along it was overhung with a bower, formed by venerable trees. It was about sunset. On one side sheep were grazing and bleating, on the other the Doon winded along, its little waterfalls muttering pleasant sounds; above and around were birds warbling their vesper hymns. Seldom have I tasted such unmixed pleasure, as when I roved through this peaceful solitude in undisturbed meditation. It reminds me vividly of my native Conestoga. I passed a little cottage, the abode of an elderly laboring man. Had it been Saturday evening, I think I would have entered to get an illustration of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." And I passed a rosy-cheeked maiden, which I thought must bear a close resemblance to the "Highland Mary." On my return I entered the old grave-yard in which the church of Alloway stands, which was said to be haunted. It was just about twilight, "the true witching time, when spirits hold their wonted walk." I peeped through the iron doors, but all was silent as death. Having no taste for superstition, my thoughts soon turned to graver themes. The yard is enclosed within an old ivy-covered wall. At the entrance is the grave of Burns' father, "the friend of man, to vice alone a foe." I had a desire to spend the night amid such hallowed scenes at the Burns Hotel, but there was no room in the inn. Now then—

"Bonny Doon, so sweet at twilight,
Fare thee well, before I gang."

This will end my tour in Scotland. Would that the end were not yet. Scotia is a lovely land. I love her history and heroes, her poets and her peasants, her mountains and her moors. Should I live to return to my native land, I will read her bards with greater pleasure, and try to be a better man for having visited the scenery which their genius has embellished and the blood of heroes enriched. In the meanwhile a fond adieu to the—

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountains and the flood."

I took the steamer across the Irish Channel to Belfast, which swung me into a fit of sea-sickness again. It was soon over, but—whew! Commend me to the solid earth. Horace somewhere asks whether a man could ever be brave after he had endured the lash with his hands tied on his back, expecting every moment to be the last. I wonder whether Horace had ever been sea-sick; for no calamity can inflict a more cowardly spirit on a man.

(*To be Continued.*)

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in a course of a year.

The Sunday-School Department.

"Come and sit near me, and let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterwards, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me. I am happy. Think of me and let the thought press you forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible. Let no religious book take its place; through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other. It has been my hourly study, and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion have been drawn from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do in the place of the simple truth of the Bible."

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A Not Uncommon Mistake.—It is related of Goldsmith—inimitable, comical, generous, blundering Goldsmith—that being invited to call on the Duke of Northumberland, he was shown into an ante-chamber, where an elegantly-dressed gentleman made his appearance, whom he took to be his lordship. He accordingly proceeded to address to him all the fine things he had carefully got ready, when, to his chagrin, he discovered that the magnificent gentleman was only a liveried servant. Goldsmith is not the only one who has been taken in by appearances. Probably, when he got to the real Duke he found a very simply-dressed gentleman, without any of the airs of his elegant menial. With most of us it takes several experiences, perhaps, of disappointment and mortification, to find out that all is not gold that glitters.

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"No more prayer in any home or temple for thirty days." It was only a king of earth who issued the decree. But suppose for a moment that God should promulgate such an edict, and send His angels all over the earth to speak in every sanctuary, in every home, in every closet, the divine decree: "No more prayer! Mortals forbidden to pray evermore!" What a horror of darkness would cover the earth! All access to the throne of grace forbidden to mortals! Every lip and heart sealed! No more crying to God, no more casting of burdens upon Him, no more getting of help from Him! An orphaned world! No Father-heart to love and pity, no Father-ear to hear a cry! Yet there are those still in the world who would abolish prayer, and rob men of their refuge.

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The last war between Germany and France intensely embittered the people of both nations. And none more so than persons of culture, wealth and social prominence. One eminent French author rose above the baser passion of revenge. On the eve of a bloody and destructive battle, Victor Hugo addressed the ladies of Guernsey as follows on the war and woman's duty:—"Ladies—what carnage! what a conflict must follow the meeting of these unfortunate combatants! Allow me to address you a prayer. Since the ignorant forget that they are brothers, be their sisters; come to their aid, and make lint. All the old linen of our houses which is of no use can save the lives of the wounded. It will be fine to have all the women of this island employed in the fraternal work; it will be a glorious example and a great benefit. Men do evil; let you women supply the remedy; and since on this earth there are bad angels, let you be the good ones. If you resolve to do so, and commence, in a short time you will have a considerable quantity of lint. We shall then make two equal parts, and shall send one to France and the other to Prussia."

People of business and pleasure often give too little time to their homes and families. Said a Christian lady and wife to us lately: "My dear husband is little more than a boarder and lodger at home. During the whole day I seldom see him save when he comes to his meals." With such habits it is no wonder that home has little attraction for some children. The mother may try her utmost to amuse, entertain and instruct them at home, but they will seek pleasure elsewhere. We know of parents where fathers, engaged extensively in business, give all their time before 9 A. M., and after 6 P. M., to their families and home. They join the younger members of the family in a game of croquet or some other innocent amusement, and show an interest in their music and reading. Wealthy parents vainly spend thousands of dollars to make home attractive to their children, as long as they do not give themselves to them. "Mother," said a four years old boy, "father won't be in heaven with us, will he?"

"Why not, my child?"

"Because, he can't leave the store."

The very name GOD, is a wonderful treasure-house, full of most precious love-thoughts, when we understand its meaning and history. When the old Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity, they sought for some word in their own language which would express the character of the divine being as revealed to them in the Bible. They thought of His kindness, His mercy, His forgiveness, His patience, His love, and asked "What name will best express these attributes?" And so they called Him good; and that is the origin of the name we use to-day. It is simply good shortened into God. What a wondrous treasure mine it is!

A bankrupt merchant gathered together the fragments of his fortune and went to California. He put all that he had into a mill on the bank of a stream. Just when the mill was finished, there came a great freshet and swept it away. When the waters had subsided, the man walked out with heavy heart to look at the ruins. As he walked along the bank, he saw something gleaming in the rock. He looked and found gold. The floods which swept away his mill laid bare a mine of wealth. Such was the first discovery of gold in California. So God often sends floods to sweep away something we love, that He may reveal something far richer and better.

When a man walks through a thick forest, or over a rough way, on a dark night, carrying a lantern in his hand, the light does not shine far ahead. He cannot see his path a mile before him, but he can see about his feet. And then, as he moves on, bearing the light, more and more of his path is made bright, the way becomes plain as fast as he journeys. So it is in the believer's walk through life. The future is dark, but if we carry God's word as a lamp, it is always light about our feet; and as we move on the light moves on. There may be perils and dangers before us, ambushed now in the darkness, but the light will reveal them in time.

As you stood some stormy day upon a sea cliff and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and throw itself thundering on the trembling shore, did you ever fancy that you could stay its course and hurl it back to the depths of the ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden, lowering cloud and mark the lightning's leap, as it shot and flashed, and think that you could grasp the bolt and change its path? Still more foolish and vain his thought who fancies that he can arrest and turn aside the purpose of God.

NEATNESS.—In its essence, and purely for its own sake, neatness is found in few. Many a man is neat for appearance' sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is power in it. When a man consults a physician or lawyer for the first time, or comes to rent a house or borrow money, he will come in his best dress; a lady will come in her carriage. A man that means business and honesty comes as he is, just as you will find him in his store, his shop, his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well; the most enterprising swindlers are fault-

lessly clothed, but countless multitudes are but whitewashed sepulchres. Too many "don't care so long as it will not be seen." Washington Allston, the great artist, the accomplished gentleman, suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he had just remembered that he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be; gave him a feeling of inferiority.

When you see a neat, tidy, cleanly, cheerful dwelling, there you will find a joyous, loving, happy family. But if filth and squalor, and a disregard for the refining delicacies of life prevail in any household, there will be found in the moral character of the inmates much that is low, degrading, unprincipled, vicious and disgusting. Therefore, as we grow in years, we ought to watch eagerly against neglect of cleanliness in person and tidiness in dress.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Keep Home Bright.—Keep home bright, mothers! A lady was at the sea-shore last summer, whose four boys, aged from eight to sixteen years, were the theme of even the busiest tongues. Such manly boys, so obedient, so thoughtful of mother and sister, such perfect gentlemen without a tinge of mannishness. Boys who could act like men in the parlor, but were full of fun and play in the field; who seemed innocent of late hours, rich dishes, and champagne, and yet could be thoroughly at ease while they walked and talked with the girls of their age, or conversed with their elders. The secret leaked out one day. Mrs. S—— spent many of her evenings at home with her boys. She did not tell us so, but we do not doubt for an instant that sweet lessons of politeness, purity, and that highest gentlemanliness, religion, were interspersed with the "little nothings" talked during those "hours."—*S. S. Times.*

Extravagance.—The first lesson in economy is to learn to "do without." The second is to use what one has without waste. These two lessons are very hard to be learned by a people which have always been accustomed to have whatever it wanted, and to treat costly things as if they were common, for fear lest it should not be supposed to be familiar with them. One thing has much contributed to this—the absence of anything like class styles of expenditure. Abroad, a man will not allow his wife and daughters certain modes of dress, unless he can have other things in keeping. A camel's hair shawl and diamonds require a carriage and servants in proportion. The habits of life which fit a particular income are well known. No one goes beyond them without censure. In America, there is no such rule. People live at hotels where waste is the order of the day, and where children are educated in the want of care, and the habit of unlimited ordering.—*Churchman.*

Throwing Kisses to God.

She is a sunny-haired little creature, the pet of the whole household, and she bears the name of the mother of Jesus.

Recently, for a number of mornings, while she evidently supposed that father and mother were still sleeping, she has been observed to sit up in bed, assume an air of strange, mature gravity, kiss her chubby little hand again and again, and then reverently wave it upward.

At length mother thinks she must know what the child means by all this. So she asks, "What is Mary doing?" And the tone in which she is answered is, if possible, sweeter than the words—"Why, mamma, trowing tisses to God."

She is continually telling us how much she loves God—this is one of the ways she chooses to interpret her love.

Can there be a holier altar than the heart of a little child? And we know that our darlings can be priests, else why did God call Samuel? All reverence of the soul is worship. I am sure that God accounts as real homage these loving morning salutations of His little girl and ours.—*Rev. Anson G. Chester, in Church Union.*

GOSPEL LESSONS.

AUGUST 1. LESSON XXXI. 1875.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xix. 41–47.

41. And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,
42. Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things *which belong* unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.
43. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,
44. And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.
45. And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought;
46. Saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.
47. And he taught daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him.

QUESTIONS.

41. What *city?* Why did He weep over it?
42. To what does *thou* refer? What is meant by *thy day?* What kind of *peace?* Who causes the things of peace to be hid?
43-44. Who were the enemies? When was Jerusalem destroyed? What is its present condition? To which Jerusalem do *you* belong? Heb. xii. 22; Gal. iv. 26.
45. What things were *sold* and *bought* in the temple? Mark xi. 15. Why were these things done *in the temple?* Who sold and who bought these things? Will you name the different courts in the temple? In which of the courts was this traffic carried on?
46. *Whose house* was the temple? In what sense had it become a *den of thieves?* Are our churches houses of God? Is it right to hold *fairs, suppers, &c.*, in them?
47. Who were the chief priests? Who the scribes? Who the chief of the people? Why did they seek to destroy Jesus?

CATECHISM.

XXXI. Lord's Day.

83. What are the keys of the kingdom of heaven?

The preaching of the holy gospel, and Christian discipline, or the excommunication out of the Christian Church; by these two, the kingdom of heaven is opened to believers, and shut against unbelievers.

84. How is the kingdom of heaven opened and shut by the preaching of the holy gospel?

Thus: when, according to the command of Christ, it is declared and publicly testified to all and every believer, that whenever they receive the promise of the gospel by a true faith, all their sins are really forgiven them of God, for the sake of Christ's merits; and, on the contrary, when it is declared and testified to all unbelievers, and such as do not sincerely repent, that they stand exposed to the wrath of God and eternal condemnation, so long as they are unconverted; according to which testimony of the gospel God will judge them, both in this and the life to come.

85. How is the kingdom of heaven shut and opened by Christian discipline?

Thus: when, according to the command of Christ, those who, under the name of Christians, maintain doctrines or practices inconsistent therewith, will not, after having been often brotherly admonished, renounce their errors and wicked course of life, are complained of to the Church, or to those who are thereunto appointed by the Church; and if they despise their admonition, are, by them, forbid the use of the sacraments; whereby they are excluded from the Christian Church, and by God Himself from the kingdom of Christ; and when they promise and show real amendment, are again received as members of Christ and His Church.

When scorn'd by Zion, David's Son
  Looked down from Olivet,
The countenance of Christ was sad,
  Those eyes with tears were wet.

O precious tears, most precious blood,
  More costly than the dew
That falls on Hermon's hill, and rains
  That Carmel's flowers renew.

For from those tears and precious blood,
  As from prolific showers,
A blessed garden soon will bloom
  Of heavenly passion-flowers.

Thou, Lord, wilt rise from Calvary;
  And through Gethsemane
From Zion pass to Olivet,
  For glorious victory.

COMMENTS.—41. Jerusalem filled the cup of her iniquity in rejecting Jesus, the long-promised Messiah. Often in her history did she rebel against the Lord, her king, and often cruelly entreat His servants, the prophets. The last and greatest of them, John the Baptist, told her children, however, that the time of *decision* had come; the axe was laid unto the *root* of the trees. The Lord of that Heaven-blest vineyard sends the Gift of all gifts, His only Son. Will they receive Him and live? *His own received Him not.* Jesus foresees the awful curses of the broken covenant about to fall upon that devoted city and people. Deut. xxviii. 15-68. No wonder He weeps.

42. The city is addressed as representing the whole Jewish people. *Thy day* it seems best to refer to the whole period of the *crisis*, embracing the mission of John the Baptist, the manifestation of Christ in His person and works, and the early days of the Apostolic church. *Thy peace*, not simply a negative escape from the impending doom, but that positive peace which is the result of faith in Him who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. God now causes the things of peace to be *hid from their eyes*, but not independent of their guilt through unbelief.

43-44. The *enemies* are the Romans who under Titus besieged and destroyed Jerusalem, A. D. 70. Over 1,000,000 of the Jews perished at this time, and nearly the same number were sold into slavery. It is still "trodden down of the Gentiles," a constant and powerful testimony of the truth of Christianity. The condition of the Jews throughout the world has been gradually becoming better during the last few centuries, and still brighter days await them in the future. Zech. xii. As Gentile Christians we must not forget the solemn lesson taught us by St. Paul, Rom. xi.

45. Probably not doves only were sold in the temple, but other things used in connection with the services, especially during the great festivals, and which could not conveniently be bought by those worshipers who came from a distance. There were four courts in the temple, viz: The court of the *Gentiles*, the court of the *Women*, the court of *Israel* and the court of the *Priests*. In the first of these, the traffic was done, ostensibly for convenience' sake, for unholy gain in fact. It is questionable whether our modern church fairs are one whit less culpable. If our churches are built unto the Lord, they ought to be paid for and used in the same spirit. Who, however, thinks of *holding a fair unto the Lord?*

46. This part of the temple having been set apart to the Gentiles was as holy for that purpose as any other part was for its designated use. The *whole* of it was the House of the Lord, and therefore holy. It was made a *den of thieves* by the persons selling and buying, not simply because they robbed the Gentiles of their rights in occupying the space devoted to their use, rather because the sellers were guilty of unjust practices and boisterous competition; but, above all, in that both parties profanely occupied space that was holy unto the Lord. If the withholding of tithes is robbery of God (Mal. iii. 8), so was this.

47. *Sought to destroy Him.* A blind, unprincipled and confirmed hatred of Jesus possessed these *chiefs* in Israel, whom nothing could pacify and who, with demoniacal spirit, restlessly sought some pretext to put the object of their hatred out of the way.

Poor, but Rich in Faith.

The Rev. H. Venn once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world. He took them to an humble dwelling. On entering it they saw a young man, nineteen years of age, consuming with fever, afflicted with sores, and dying in consumption. "How wretched is he!" exclaimed the children. Mr. Venn then addressed the young:—

"Abraham Milwood," he said, "I have brought my children to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of destitution and disease like yours."

"Oh, sir!" said the young man, with a sweet smile, "I would not change my state with that of the richest, who have not the views I have. Blessed be God, sir, I have a good hope, through Christ, and am happy."

AUGUST 8. LESSON XXXII. 1875.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Luke xviii. 9–14.

9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:
10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.
11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men *are*, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.
12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.
13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as *his* eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.
14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified *rather* than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

QUESTIONS.

9. What is a parable? Unto whom did Jesus speak this one? Were they of His followers? By holding themselves righteous how did they look upon others? Is this habit yet to be found among men?

10. What temple is here meant? Why is it said, *Went up* into the temple? Who were the Pharisees? Publicans were what class of people?

11. Did the Jews sit, kneel or stand in prayer, as a rule? What is the general spirit of the Pharisee's prayer? Like whom did he say he was not? Was there any wrong in actually being better than these, if he was? Did it become him to judge his fellow-men in this disparaging way?

12. How often did he fast? By the law of Moses the Jews were bound to fast only how often? *See* Numbers 29: 7. What are tithes? By giving tithes of all he possessed, did he give more than the law required? *See* Leviticus 27: 30.

13. Where did the publican take his stand when praying? Why, probably? Why did he not lift up his eyes, and why smite his breast? How did he pray?

14. *This man* which one? *Justified*—what does this mean? Why was the publican rather justified than the Pharisee?

CATECHISM.

XXXII. Lord's Day.

OF THANKFULNESS.

86. Since then we are delivered from our misery, merely of grace through Christ, without any merit of ours, why must we still do good works?

Because that Christ, having redeemed and delivered us by His blood, also renews us by His Holy Spirit, after His own image; that so we may testify, by the whole of our conduct, our gratitude to God for His blessings, and that He may be praised by us; also, that every one may be assured in himself of his faith, by the fruits thereof; and that by our godly conversation others may be gained to Christ.

87. Cannot they then be saved, who, continuing in their wicked and ungrateful lives, are not converted to God?

By no means; for the holy scripture declares that no unchaste person, idolater, adulterer, thief, covetous man, drunkard, slanderer, robber, or any such like, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Lord, like the publican I stand,
And lift my heart to Thee;
Thy pardoning grace, O God, command;
Be merciful to me.

I smite my anxious breast,
O'erwhelmed with agony!
O save my soul by sin oppressed;
Be merciful to me.

My guilt, my shame, I all confess,
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesus' blood and righteousness;
Be merciful to me.

Here at Thy cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me.

COMMENTS.—In this parable Christ teaches: The danger of over-estimating one's own righteousness. The virtue in the sight of God of genuine humility of heart over against outward works.

9. *Certain.* These were evidently among His disciples or followers in the wider sense. Their very advantages, resulting from being about Him, laid them open to the danger of looking down upon others.

10. *Two men.* Made to stand here as types of two classes of men, always, to be found. The Pharisee is the natural type of the one class, the Publican well represents the other. The Pharisee sought to do more than the law required, and prided himself on it. The Publican, by his position as tax-gatherer for a hated government, was held to have no merit of his own to bring and, in the present case, was himself fully conscious of that.

11. *With himself.* Seems to refer to the position he took in the court of the temple while praying-alone. *God I thank thee.* The common form of a prayer, and apparently here uttered in only a formal manner. *Am not as other men.* Here the spirit of judging by the outward, and often deceptive, at once shows itself.

12. *Fast twice in the week.* These extra fastings were added to the law by this sect of the Pharisees, just as the monastic orders in the Roman Church now add obligations of their own making to the duties enjoined by the Gospel. So with giving tithes of *all* they had. See Deuteronomy, 14: 22, where the objects of tithing are mentioned. The Pharisee's prayer is not so much an expression of thankfulness to God, as a statement to God of what he had done beyond his duty.

13. *The publican.* Note his position *afar off*; his downcast eye; his feeling of sorrow for his short-comings, as shown in his smiting his breast. And then his simple comprehensive prayer; the natural expression of the contrite heart, the world over.

14. *I tell you.* The Savour himself emphasizes the lesson of the parable. *Justified.* Made righteous, by God in answer to the prayer.

"Go not in the way of evil men, for it is as darkness."

Anecdote of Two Arabs.

Lamartine, the French poet, relates the following anecdote:—"There was a horse the name of which was spread far and near in the tribe of Negdeh; and a Bedouin of another, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. In vain having offered for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. So equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way.

When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you!" The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise: I have no strength left.' Naber touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so 'It is I, Daher! I have got the horse, and am off with him!"

"Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter. 'Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any man how you obtained it.' 'And why not!' said Daher. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been.'

Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life."

AUGUST 15. LESSON XXXIII. 1875.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Mark vii. 31–37.

31. And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.
32. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.
33. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue;
34. And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.
35. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.
36. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published *it*.
37. And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

QUESTIONS.

31. What is meant by *the coasts* in this case? What were Tyre and Sidon? Did the country around them bear their own name? To what sea did He come? Is this sea large? What stream flows through it? Through what section did He pass?
32. *Unto Him*—whom? *They bring*—who brings? What ailed the man brought unto the Lord? Why did they bring him unto Him? Why *put His hand upon Him?*
33. Whither did the Lord take him? And what did He do unto him? Was it necessary for Jesus to do all these things, in order that He might cure the man?
34. What else did Jesus do? What did He say?
35. And what took place then?
36. What did Jesus say they should not do? And what did they do?
37. How were those who saw the miracle affected? What did they say? *All things*—what things? Does Jesus have power to restore those who are *spiritually* deaf and dumb, which He here manifests?

CATECHISM.

XXXIII. Lord's Day.

88. In how many parts doth the true conversion of man consist?
In two parts; in the mortification of the old, and in the quickening of the new man.
89. What is the mortification of the old man?
It is a sincere sorrow of heart, that we have provoked God by our sins; and more and more to hate and flee from them.
90. What is the quickening of the new man?
It is a sincere joy of heart in God, through Christ, and with love and delight to live according to the will of God in all good works.
91. But what are good works?
Only those which proceed from a true faith, are performed according to the law of God, and to His glory, and not such as are founded on our imaginations, or the institutions of men.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke.

But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven!

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

COMMENTS—31. *Coasts of Tyre and Sidon.* The border-land, where the Syrophœnician country touched Galilee. *Sea of Galilee.* A small lake, through which the Jordan flows. *Decapolis.* The section of the *ten cities*, which is the meaning of the word Decapolis.

32. *They bring.* The people of that part of the country. They had heard of Christ's power over disease; hence their action now in bringing to Him a man, deaf and dumb, to be restored. *Put His hand upon him.* Often done by Christ in the case of sick persons. This may have been known to them, and so they come to ask it; though it may have been asked as a matter of course from the almost universal habit among men to put the hands on one seeking to be healed of any bodily disorder.

33. *Took him aside from the multitude.* To keep down the excitement of the multitude, and also to get the undivided attention of the afflicted man. So His putting His fingers to the man's ears and touching his tongue was evidently not a necessity in order to restore the person, but a bringing him into a suitable state of mind for his restoration.

34. *Looking up—He sighed.* An act of intense prayer to the Father. *Be opened.* A word of divine power—spoken as only God speaks.

35. *String of his tongue.* It appears from this that he was not dumb simply because he was deaf, as many deaf mutes are. There was also a defect in his tongue itself. He could now both hear and speak.

36. *Charged them.* In the same spirit in which He had taken the man *aside.* He desired that no wild excitement should be raised. It was natural for the people, however, to publish the miracle.

37. *Astonished.* That one who seemed to them a mere man should work such a cure. *All things.* This conviction the people came to after they had noticed that the afflicted man now both heard and spoke aright; all things, both the hearing and the speaking, the Master had made well: the man deaf, heareth; and dumb, speaketh.

This miracle symbolizes beautifully and truly how the Lord Jesus gives hearing to the spiritually deaf, and speach to the spiritually dumb, when He lays His hand upon them and speaks the word of power unto them.

Tremendous Cost of Ignorance.

President A. D. White, in an address at Ann Arbor, Mich., says: "The material progress of our nation demands that the State make provisions for the higher education. See on every hand the millions of dollars squandered by unscientific engineers. I have seen the traffic of a whole city stopped for days together because nobody could be found able to construct a screw-arch bridge.

"Some years ago, I had occasion to visit on public business, one of the West India islands. The national ship which carried us out had been newly furnished with engines and machinery at an expense of nearly $1,000,000, and yet we were so long making a five days' voyage, that on landing we found our honored obituaries in most of the newspapers. On our return, the engines and machinery were condemned as faulty in construction, and were sold for $50.000—a loss on that single transaction sufficient to rear a better equipped school for the education of civil engineers than the world has ever seen.

"A few years ago, some speculators professed to have discovered a valuable gold mine in California, and commenced selling stock at an assumed value of $1.000.000. Mr. Clarence King, an expert mineralogist, by easy but sure tests, found there was no gold there save what had been purposely put there, and the rich harvest of the swindlers was at an end. How many millions of dollars he has saved to innocent parties by his expose of the Nevada diamond hoax is impossible to compute.

"An eastern capitalist was on the point of investing in an iron mine in Northern Europe. A sample of the ore fell into the hands of a professor in the scientific school at Yale, who applied the proper chemical tests and found so large a proportion of titanium in it, as to render the ore practically worthless. The professor's bill was $200; amount he saved the capitalist $600.000.

"Scarcely a month passes, without a frightful catalogue of losses of life and property through insufficient knowledge on the part of civil and mining engineers."

AUGUST 22. LESSON XXXIV. 1875.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke x. 23–37.

23. And he turned him unto *his* disciples, and said privately, Blessed *are* the eyes which see the things that ye see:
24. For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen *them;* and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard *them.*
25. And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?
26. He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?
27. And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.
28. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.
29. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?
30. And Jesus answering said, A certain *man* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded *him,* and departed, leaving *him* half dead.
31. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.
32. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked *on him,* and passed by on the other side.
33. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion *on him,*
34. And went to *him,* and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.
35. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.
36. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?
37. And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

QUESTIONS.

23. What *things* are here meant?
24. To what kings and prophets does the Lord refer?
25. *Tempted Him*—what do you understand by that? What question does the lawyer ask of Christ? Is that an important question for every one?
26. What law does Jesus refer to?
27–28. What answer does the lawyer give? And is this the correct answer? Where in the Old Testament will you find it in substance? *See* Deuteronomy vi. 5; and Leviticus xix. 18.
29. *He willing*—who? *Justify himself*—for what? What more does he ask?
30. Who fell among thieves? Does Jesus say to what nation he belonged? Between what two cities did it happen? Why were thieves in that section?
31-32. The priest *came down* from whence? What did he do when he saw the wounded man? What did the Levite do? Was this conduct of the priest and the Levite according to their duty?
33-35. Tell what the Samaritan did when he came along?
36-37. What question does Christ now put to the lawyer? Which of the three had shown mercy on the wounded man? Are we all, according to our opportunity and ability to be Good Samaritans to our fellow-men in need? Did Christ Himself do the part of the Good Samaritan unto men while He was on earth?

CATECHISM.

XXXIV. Lord's Day.

OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

92. What is the law of God?

God spake all these words, Exod. xx., Deut. v., saying: I am the Lord thy God, which hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy: six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

93. How are these ten commands divided?

Into two tables; the first of which teaches us how we must behave towards God; the second, what duties we owe to our neighbor.

94. What doth God enjoin in the first command?

That I, as sincerely as I desire the salvation of my own soul, avoid and flee from all idolatry, sorcery, soothsaying, superstition, invocation of saints, or any other creatures, and learn rightly to know the only true God, trust in Him alone, with humility and patience submit to him, expect all good things from Him only; love, fear, and glorify Him with my whole heart: so that I renounce and forsake all creatures, rather than commit even the least thing contrary to His will.

95. What is idolatry?

Idolatry is instead of, or besides that one true God, who has manifested Himself in His word, to contrive, or have any other object in which men place their trust.

COMMENTS.—The parable, vers s 30-37, teaches the duty of loving our fellow-men universally in deed and not only in word. Our actions are to correspond with our creed, which was not the case with the priest and the Levite.

23. *Those things.* Refers directly to the events recorde l in the first part of this chapter; indirectly, to the entire manifestation of God in Christ which was continuously taking place.

24. *Prophets and kings.* Like Isaiah and David.

25. *Lawyer.* One learned in the Jewish law. *Tempting.* Trying to ensnare by the answer Christ might give. It implies that the lawyer did not so much seek to obtain the true answer to his question, as to offer an occasion to the Lord for saying something which might be turned against him among the fanatical Jews.

26-27. *The Law.* The Jewish law, which the lawyer was supposed to know and did know. See, Deuteronomy 6 : 5, and Leviticus 19 : 18.

29. *Justify.* Furnish a reason why he had asked at first, since it appeared from his answer that he did know the very thing he asked. He now claims not to be sure as to who is meant by the *neighbor.*

30. *A certain man.* No nationality is given. He was a man; that is enough. That fast binds him to all his fellow-men whose heart is in the right condition. Jerusalem lay higher up than Jericho. Hence the man *went down* from the former city to the latter. A desert region between these two places was frequently the abode of robbers.

31-32. *Priest-Levite.* Jericho was a place of retreat for both classes. Hence it was a common thing for both priests and Levites to go from Jerusalem to Jericho. The *priests* had to attend to all the more solemn parts of divine worship; the *Levites* were, in a general sense, assistants to the priests. The former were the descendants of Aaron; the latter male descendants of the tribe of Levi.

33. *Samaritan* One not a Jew; one who might be unacquainted with the full import of the law of love to his neighbor.

34. *Oil and wine.* A common remedy in oriental countries.

35. *Two pence.* A small sum, but in that time and country enough to pay for what now much more money would be required.

36. *Neighbor.* In the sense of the command, Leviticus 19 : 18.

37. *He that showed mercy.* The lawyer dislikes to name the *Samaritan;* for as a prejudiced Jew, he disliked all Samaritans. He, however, felt the force of the parable, and had honesty enough to own it.

The Lord's Wall.

Somewhere about fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place.

In a large, commodious cottage, dwelt an aged grandmother, with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that he would "build a wall of defence around about" them, quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house, that it should hide it; but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard, an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over it to them.

"There," said the old woman, triumphantly, "do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us?"

Truly, "with God all things are possible."

"LET love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good."

AUGUST 29. LESSON XXXV. 1875.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xvii. 11–19.

11. And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.
12. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off:
13. And they lifted up *their* voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.
14. And when he saw *them*, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.
15. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God,
16. And fell down on *his* face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.
17. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where *are* the nine?
18. There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.
19. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

QUESTIONS.

11. Who went? What was Samaria? What Galilee? In what direction from Jerusalem?
12–13. Who met him? What kind of a disease is leprosy? Are ten lepers many to be together? Why did they stand *afar off?* What did they mean by asking Him to *have mercy* on them? Why, probably, did they ask *Him?*
14. What was His reply? Why go to the priest? Leviticus 14: 2. Did they go? If they went what happened? Was it an act of faith on their part that they went on the word of the Lord?
15. How many came? What did He do? Is thankfulness for a favor received, or a service done, a duty?
16. Gave thanks to whom? From what place was this one who returned to give thanks?
17–18 What did Jesus say? Ought the others to have come back also and expressed their thankfulness? Why is this one called a stranger?
10. Why was he healed according to the words of Christ?

CATECHISM.

XXXV. Lord's Day.

96. What doth God require in the second command?
That we in nowise represent God by images, nor worship Him in any other way than He has commanded in His word.
97. Are images then not at all to be made?
God neither can nor may be represented by any means; but as to creatures, though they may be represented, yet God forbids us to make, or have any resemblance of them, either in order to worship them, or to serve God by them.
98. But may not images be tolerated in the churches, as books to the laity?
No; for we must not pretend to be wiser than God, who will have His people taught not by dumb images, but by the lively preaching of His word.

Lord, once afar removed from Thee,
The race of Adam stood,
Tainted by sin's foul leprosy,
A wretched brotherhood.

Thou hast come down in love from heaven
To us, O gracious Lord;
And by Thy sanctifying blood
We are to health restored.

Thy mercies on our weary souls
Fall like refreshing dews,
And every day and every hour
Thy gifts of grace renews.

COMMENTS.—This miracle teaches: Christ's power over the worst kind of diseases, as for example, leprosy.

The virtue of faith on our part as a condition in order to receive the Divine blessing.

THE DUTY OF THANKFULNESS.

11. *He went.* This was the last journey which Jesus made through this section of the country on to Jerusalem. It was a long way, and gave Him abundant opportunity for preaching, and manifesting Himself to the people. *Samaria.* The chief city of Israel as distinguished from Judah proper. *Galilee.* A section of country.

12. *Ten men-lepers.* Leprosy is a disease belonging more peculiarly to warm climates. The skin and flesh become sore and rotten, and the strength of the person afflicted wastes away. Not often so many lepers as here mentioned were found together. Persons thus afflicted were not allowed to mingle with others. They were held to be unclean, and their disease contagious. Hence these *stood afar* off.

13. *Lifted up their voices.* On account of the distance they were away, and also to make sure of being heard. *Have mercy on us.* They were naturally anxious to be cleansed. They must have heard of the fame of Jesus as a healer of the sick, and hence addressed him for help. Disease often sharpens our insight into spiritual things, and so these men may have apprehended Christ more corectly because of their affliction than if they had been well.

14. *Show yourselves unto the priests.* Not to be adjudged leprous, Leviticus 13:2; but to be declared clean, Leviticus 14:2. *As they went.* Though not clean yet they obeyed. This required faith. And it was rewarded by their being cleansed in their going.

15-16. *Turned back.* Apparently as soon as he saw that he was healed, and before he actually came to the priest. His heart was full of gratitude to his benefactor, and he must go at once and speak out. *A Samaritan.* On this account supposed by strict Jews to be less pious, and given to acts of piety than themselves, though he is the only one giving thanks.

17-18. *Where are the nine?* Probably all Jews. They had faith to be healed. But then they stuck to the letter of the law in going to the priest. This Samaritan did not forget the letter of the law either; but apprehended, at the same time, the higher duty of thankfulness to God, which he will first express, and then go to the priest and do the other. *Stranger.* Because a Samaritan.

19. *Go thy way.* To the priest now; then to thy home and friends. *Thy faith hath made thee whole.* Because thou didst believe my word when I said, Go show yourself unto the priest, thou wast made whole! When thou believest in me and my words, thou wilt receive whatever thou needest.

Tell-Tale Lips.

I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected for an habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse and make a similiar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face: it can't in the least conceal its sensation. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose on them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, or a full breathing-joy, of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens.—*Leigh Hunt.*

PROVIDENCE is like a curious piece of tapestry, made of a thousand shreds, which single, appear useless, but put together represents a beautiful history to the eye.

As Hard as a Rock.

A frolicsome little boy is playing in his father's yard. There he sports with merry playmates; there his joyous laugh may be heard from early morn to dewy eve. Like most children, he is not unfeeling. An object of distress touches his tender heart and starts the gushing sympathies of his nature. He knows what it is to feel. Years roll rapidly by. His situation is changed. His parents sleep in the grave, or else his wayward steps have borne him from their door. He is gradually drawn within the influence of wicked associations. Evil companionship, like the coils of a serpent, are tightening around him. The calamity befalls him which befell the traveler going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. He "falls among thieves," who do worse than rob him of his purse; they strip him of his character. He becomes reckless, degraded, desperate, regardless of the frowns of God or the good opinion of men. His heart begins to petrify—the flesh is converted into stone. He is now ripe for anything . . . . . Years ago a suspicious-looking vessel might be seen sailing off the coast of South America. It proved to be a pirate cruiser, which for a long time was a terror to our commerce between that country. The vessel was finally captured, its captain placed in irons, and carried to New York. He is tried, condemned, and sentenced to death. He ascends the fatal scaffold, and, apparently unmoved, gazes on the rope by which he is to be hung, as it dangles in the air. Who is this rough, reckless pirate, with hands stained with the blood of his murdered victims, and now about to expiate his crimes on the gallows? This man was once the little boy who sported, with innocent glee, in his father's yard. That tender-hearted child has been converted into a fiend—his once soft heart has become *as hard as a rock.*

Hear his confession just before he was hung. He acknowledged that when he first commenced his career of crime his compunctions were severe, his conscience lashed him keenly. But that after a long experience in his evil ways, his conscience became so hardened and blunted that he could rob a vessel, and murder all its crew, and then lie down and sleep as sweetly at night as an infant in its cradle. His heart, once tender, once alive to generous feelings, had gradually become *as hard as a rock.*

Beware, dear children, of taking the first step in wrong-doing. There is always danger that the first step will be followed by a second, and soon you may go from one thing, and one degree of sin to another, until you land where your heart will be as hard as a rock.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

An Interesting Incident.

A little Indian boy, named Jack, in the Indian school established on the Red River by Messrs. West and Cochran, Missionaries of the English Church Mission Society, was taken very sick. In this condition, one of the Missionaries visited him, and observing a Bible lying under the corner of his blanket, he said:

"Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that—I hope you find good from it."

Weak and almost dying as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his emaciated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, he said, "That, sir, is my friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cochran's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister, across Lake Winnepeg, (about 200 miles off,) where I remained two months. When I was half way back over the Lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned around, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro in my canoe before I could reach the place: but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again; and ever since that time it has been near my breast. And I have been thinking that I should have the blessed book buried with me; but I have thought since, that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

While speaking thus, he was often interrupted by his cough; and when he had finished, sank down on his pillow entirely exhausted, and soon after died and went to his reward.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1875. NO. 9.

Ramblings along the Rhine and in Switzerland.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Germans pleasantly live in villages, called Dœrfer. Only on very large farms are the farm-buildings on the premises. The farm is then called a "Bauern Hof." The Dorf is a village of farmers. Around the town lie small farms, in fragments of from an eighth of an acre to an acre. These are scattered to the north and south, east and west, of the villages. Rarely does one find a farm, of a hundred acres. Then it is a Hof. Indeed, a farmer with ten acres is considered well off. And this quantity of land is most likely cut up into private patches of less than an acre, set in among other people's plots, like the parcels of a quilt. Some approach so near to a line that they are forbidden to make them any smaller. Fences are unknown here. Not even along the highways are they found. Wood is too scarce, and the smallness of the fields would take too much of it, even if it were abundant. Over narrow foot-paths, along the edges of the fields, the farmers reach their grounds. The most of them have to carry their produce out some distance to the wagon roads, and many carry all of it home. Not an inch of ground is wasted. Every little spot is made to tell, to produce something, if it is only a blade of grass. Even along the edge of the foot-paths, the busy women-reapers carefully cut off the few scattered stems of grass.

The cattle are kept and fed in the stable all the year round, save when the herdsman or shepherd takes them to the Dorf Wald or village forest. To let them run at large in a grass field would be too wasteful. They would tread many a good blade under foot. Besides, who could keep his cattle from running into other people's fields, without fences? During the grass growing time, the women daily cut grass with the small German sickles, bind it in great bales larger than themselves, which they bear home on the head. Often they bring the feed a distance of one and two miles. Morning and evening the streets are alive with these women bearing heavy burdens. The men meanwhile are engaged in still heavier work.

Their stock of cattle, like their farms, is small. A few farm with horses, more with oxen, most with cows. In Belgium I saw donkeys struggling along laboriously in carts, large enough to carry a dozen animals like themselves. In Holland, four and six dogs, hitched to a wagon, dash through the streets with apparent ease, and in some of these German villages, I have seen a cow hitched to a truck wagon, galloping along as if she had been specially created for that purpose. My cousin Yost has two large, sleek, yellow cows, well fed and groomed, with which he works his ten-acre farm. Besides being good milkers, they perform his work in the plow and wagon, as well as horses could do it.

A German Dorf usually contains from one hundred to fifteen hundred people.

How could from one hundred to three hundred American farmers, with their large dwellings out-buildings, barns and stock of cattle, thus dwell together in unity? The home of a

German village, like its farm, is confined to a small space. Usually it is on a square plot of ground. Both the house and the barn stand on the street. Between them is the yard—the barn-yard and the house-yard in one—the whole small. From it, man and beast enter their respective abodes. The house and barn front and open on one and the same yard, not on the street. You seldom find a street entrance to the house. It is reached by passing through a front gateway into the yard. The village is built compactly. Few houses have two stories. Man and beast dwell in closer proximity than with us. They work harder, and get much more out of an acre than American farmers. Many a German farmer raises more from ten acres, than an American from fifty.

Every village has a forest, where the villagers get their fuel. The Fœrster assigns each his share of fuel. The forest is also the village pasture ground.

Every village has its geese-herd, swine-herd and shepherd. Every morning these respective functionaries blow their horns along the street, when geese, swine and sheep come running out of every gateway and alley, each to join its kind, to be led on a common village pasture. Long lines of gabbling geese run through narrow fenceless footpaths, without daring to touch a single blade not their own. The shepherds sometimes remain on the neighboring hills for whole weeks. At night they commit their flocks to their dogs. These animals, not very unlike sheep in color and hair, possess a remarkable intelligence and faithfulness. I have seen the shepherd walking carelessly ahead of his flock, while the dogs would run guard on each side. The hungry sheep were tempted to browse among the rank wayside grass, while the faithful dog would check the slightest attempt at depredation. Landed property is pretty equally distributed. With rare exceptions the poorest have a few patches upon which to raise their bread, and the richest have seldom more than twenty acres. In this valley good arable land sells from five to eight hundred gulden an acre, just the bare land; for dwellings are distinct property altogether.

The villages are almost as close together as our farm-houses in America. Within four miles of Freilaubersheim, there are at least twelve villages, containing a population of from five to fifteen hundred each. Every village has its chief magistrate called Burgermeister, assisted by an adjunct and a town council. Next to the pastor, the Burgermeister is the most important man in the community, and in some respects even above him. Every marriage must be solemnized by the Burgermeister, before it can be done by the pastor. The latter is optional, but by the omission of the former the bridegroom will forfeit his citizenship. Moreover, whether villain or saint, he is chief member of the church council—an office corresponding to the eldership in the Reformed Church of the United States. Usually my first acquaintance in the village was the minister, and then the Burgermeister. I always found them a gentlemanly and hospitable class of men, worthy to be at the helm of their little commonwealth. Every village has a Protestant and a Catholic Church. Sometimes both congregations worship in the same building. Each has a distinct school, in which the pastor is required to give religious instruction. Notwithstanding their many oddities, I found much to admire and love in the simple German habits of these rural villages. In this region, many of their names end in *heim*, such as Bosen*heim*, Ingel*heim*, Baden*heim*, &c. In itself an indication of the predominant home-feeling of the German family. Their home attachments are intensely strong. Many still live in the house in which their ancestors have lived for five hundred years, and very probably they may remain a family inheritance for five centuries more. For German homesteads are not as evanescent as those in America. Nothing but necessity can compel them to part with their two-fold inheritance—their dwelling and the good name of their ancestors. Though devoted to severe and constant toil for a bare living, they are always cheerful and contented. Often did their unsuspecting hospitality press me to their homely fare, where old and young were entertained with mirthful and mournful tales.

"Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

THE CITY OF HEIDELBERG.

I approached the city of Heidelberg with feelings not very unlike those with which a Romanist approaches Rome. Not because I expected to find a Reformed Pope there, but on account of its history and associations. The capital of the old Palatinate, the home of the trials and triumphs of the founders of the German Reformed Church, which has given to it a Catechism, the purity and catholicity of whose doctrines have endeared it to men of every creed; these considerations furnish an apology for indulging in a short denominational digression. It was very reasonable that the distinctive tendencies represented by Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, should be brought to grapple with each other in serious contest on some geographical intermediate field. And since one representative was in Geneva, one in Wittenberg, and the other in Zurich, it was natural that this contest should be carried forward in south-western Germany. Its first occasion resulted from the immigration of fugitive congregations. Their most prominent representative was John Von Laski, a native and nobleman of Poland. Personally acquainted with Zwingli and Erasmus, he saw the necessity for a Reformation, but thought it should take place in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. After many efforts he found this impossible, declined the acceptance of a Bishopric, and fled an exile for the rights of conscience, to the Netherlands. Banished from here in 1549 by a special Imperial edict, he took refuge in England, which the liberal reign of Edward VI had made an asylum for all the oppressed. The fugitive congregations in London chose Von Laski as their superintendent. But when the Catholic Mary ascended the throne in 1553, they were forced to the alternative of returning to the Catholic Church, or leaving the country. Von Laski and one hundred and seventy-five of their number emigrated to Denmark. But unaccustomed to the phraseology, though believing in the substance of the real presence in the Eucharist, they incurred the suspicion of the Danish Lutheran Magistrates and Pastors. They were denounced as "Martyrs of the Devil," thrown into prisons, and in the depth of winter persecuted from city to city. Finally, when their numbers had greatly diminished by the dire diseases resulting from these cruelties, Von Laski and his surviving flock found a refuge in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in April, 1555. The year before, a French fugitive congregation had found a refuge here, which to this day has a flourishing existence under Pastor Bonet. Von Laski's flock was the origin of the present German Reformed congregation, of which Drs Suedhoff and Schræder are the pastors. A few years after their arrival the predominance of ultra-Lutheranism brought upon them renewed persecution. They were compelled to hold public worship in Bockenheim, a neighboring village, until the present century. This induced many to emigrate into the neighboring Palatinate, where they organized congregations in Heidelberg, Mannheim and many other towns. This little fugitive flock, like the early Puritans of New England, hunted and persecuted from country to country, though repeatedly crushed by sectarian bigotry and the civil arm, had a vitality which could not be destroyed. In the Providence of God it was the little mustard seed planted in the Palatinate, now grown to a large tree, whose spreading branches furnish a grateful shelter to thousands in both hemispheres. Great and good men helped to nurse and prune this tree; Calvin, Zwingli, Œcolampadius, and many others. Though comparatively a "little flock," with which others have meant it ill, her Father's good pleasure has never been withdrawn. In 1635 the Palatinate passed into the hands of Jesuit Princes, who, for nearly a century, resorted to every conceivable cruelty to eradicate the Reformation. This persecution drove many pious exiles to America, to whom we are indebted for the first organization of the Reformed Church of the United States. Our early pioneers were mostly men from the Palatinate, whose praise is still in all the churches.

During the sixteenth century there was a celebrated law school at Bourges, on the banks of the Eure, in the interior of France. It happened that a German prince, Herman Louis, son of Frederick III. of the Palatinate, was at

that time a student there. On the 1st of July, 1556, this prince, in company with his teacher, was prevailed upon by a number of drunken students to cross the Eure in their boat. A young student of Treves, the son of a baker, stood by and warned them not to risk their lives with such men. Still they went. The boat was upset, the teacher could swim, and vainly endeavored to save their lives, but they found a watery grave. The baker's son, eager to save the life of the young prince, leaped into the stream, but was also drawn out into the deep by the rushing current. In the agony of death he made a solemn vow, that if God would save his life, he would preach the Gospel to his countrymen at Treves. A servant of the drowned prince saw his head, and thinking it to be that of his master, seized and brought Caspar Olevianus, the baker's son, ashore. To redeem his vow he studied theology successively at Geneva, Lausanne and Zurich, and became a teacher and pastor in his native city. His zeal and success soon provoked persecution, and he together with the prominent members of his flock were imprisoned, In the meanwhile the father of the drowned prince had become Elector of the Palatinate, and called Olevianus from his dungeon to a Professorship in Heidelberg. Afterwards he became pastor of the church of the Holy Ghost, and during his pastorate he and Zacharias Ursinus, who also was professor in Heidelberg, composed the Heidelberg Catechism.

On a Sunday morning in 1545, a large congregation assembled in the church of the Holy Ghost in Heidelberg. When the priest commenced to celebrate Mass, the multitude with united voice commenced to sing that beautiful hymn of the Reformation:

"Es ist das Heil uns kommen her."

The priest speedily left the church, and the congregation, with an aged Evangelical pastor, held reformed worship. On the first Sunday of the following year, third of January, the Holy Supper was first administered according to the Protestant custom. On the third of January, 1846, the citizens of Heidelberg held a tri-centennial festival to commemorate this event. Still the cause of the Reformation had to endure an unequal and uncertain contest until 1556, when Otto Henry succeeded to the Electorate of the Palatinate, and took up his residence in Heidelberg Castle. He was a mild, generous young prince, and had previously endured a six years' exile, as a penalty for his zeal in the Reformation. He gave an asylum to Menno Simon and his party, who had been cruelly persecuted, not because he agreed with them. but because he considered them equally entitled with others to the enjoyment of the rights of conscience. On the 4th of April, 1556, Otto Henry formally introduced the Reformation into the Palatinate.

This event was commemorated in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which includes the old Palatinate, on the 29th of June last, (1856.) by a tri-centennial festival. Providentially I arrived at Heidelberg in time to attend these festivities. The dawn of this festive day was announced by a band from a lofty belfry. In the morning I attended services in the church of the Holy Ghost, in which Otto Henry and a number of other Electors of the Palatinate are buried, of which Olevianus was pastor, and immediately before which is the market place, where the University of Heidelberg gave Melanchthon a public welcome.

Pastor Plith preached an instructive sermon, on a few events connected with the day, which it commemorated. How these Germans praise! I have heard more cultivated singing confined to a few, but never did I hear such soaring outbursts of sacred song. A mighty organ under the hands of a performer who seemed to have the instrument under his absolute control, a large band warbling notes of profound sweetness which softened the harsher peals of the organ, the organ gallery thronged with crowds of school children, who sang with all the pious, cheerful mirth of their innocent hearts, and the vast congregation, crowding aisles, galleries and benches, singing as with the voice of one man every syllable with clear and intelligible distinctness; all these combined, produced a most enchanting song of praise, which the most stubborn heart could not resist. At 11 o'clock I attended another service in St. Peter's, to whose door Jerome of Prague attached his celebrated theses,

and in whose immediately surrounding church-yard he expounded them to a multitude of hearers. The church was hung with garlands, the symbols of festive joy. Dr. Schenkel, professor of the University, and a man of distinction in theological science, preached on Rev. iii. 11. To a musical voice he unites a clear style and impassioned fervor, which makes him an effective preacher. Still, in the midst of these joys I could not resist serious and sad reflections. What will be the condition of Europe, of the World, of the Church at the recurrence of the next similar festival? Or will the threatening convulsions of society produce a future which will point the finger of derision at this event? Will not these very churches be razed to the earth by the hand of war, and counted to the mouldering ruins of the past? Another generation, possibly of a far different stamp, will be the actors of that future stage, and the thousands that praised and rejoiced this day, will then praise in heaven, or wail in woe.

THE BERNESE HIGHLANDS.

One of the German guide-books says:

> "Wer reisen will,
> Der schweig fein still,
> Geh steten Schritt,
> Nehm nicht viel mit,
> Tret an am fruehen Morgen.
> Und lasse heim die Sorgen."

Or in other words:

> "To travel pleasantly,
> Speak sparingly;
> Walk slow and straight ahead,
> Lie not late abed;
> Take no cares along,
> Leave luggage at home."

Which good counsel I thitherto and thereafter obeyed. An Alpen stock with a sharp iron point, a traveling pouch about twelve inches square, a cloak and a plain, well-worn suit on my back, constituted my whole outfit for a tour of the Alps. Longer distances I would travel by rail, hack or steamer. But mountain-climbing and the jaunts through the narrow winding valleys, I performed afoot. Thus equipped, I started on a tour to the Bernese Highlands, beginning with lake Thun and Interlaken. The latter is situated between two lakes, as its name implies, and besides its picturesque Swiss cottages, has a street of boarding-houses and hotels.

During the summer it is so much frequented by the English, that it almost has the appearance of an English village. A walk of a few hours brought me to Lauterbrunnen, (All-wells), a valley which doubtless receives its name from its numerous springs and waterfalls. There are some twenty of the latter, which fall wildly over its walls. The largest falls from a perpendicular height of over nine hundred feet. It is said to be the highest water-fall in Europe. Long before it reaches the base, the wind diffuses its waters into clouds of spray, which, as they descend, fall gently on the rocks below, and are again condensed into a stream that tumbles wildly away down through the narrow valley. When the morning sun shines on the spray, it looks like thin transparent gauze, dipped in the colors of the rainbow, rolling and repeating its folds of splendor, like a cloudy kaleidoscope, into ever changing combinations of beauty. The village is thinly scattered over the barren valley, from which the toiling peasants with difficulty get their scanty living. I called on the village pastor, a man of no mean attainments, who was whiffing his pipe with an air of unmingled contentment. His parish includes three other villages besides, whose people worship in the Lauterbrunnen church. The others are high up on the mountains. Every Sunday morning, long lines of toil-worn mountaineers climb down the steep paths to worship God in the sanctuary of the valley. When they have a funeral, the corpse is brought down on a mountain sled. I met some of his parishioners living eight miles up the mountain, who told me that they attended worship every Sunday, especially during the summer, unless providentially prevented.

I was reminded by my guide-book to take with me into the Highlands a plentiful supply of patience and small change, two articles which I found of indispensable necessity. These poor people who have to struggle so hard for their bread, are tempted to seek relief from the hand of charity. Here some beg because it is profitable, and others because they must. Some post them-

selves along a rugged path with a worn-out hoe, and when they see a traveler approaching they set themselves to scraping the dust and stones out of the road with all their might. A labor for which their only remuneration is the tribute of travelers. Others have long Alp-horns and pistols, with which they raise their undemanded echoes for the amusement of tourists, of whom they ask a fee. Here and there a cluster of ragged children, the very pictures of wretchedness, issue out of some gorge or cabin, and whine around you most pitifully for a gift. In some places the pastures are enclosed, where the path leads through little gates. Here beggars watch for travelers, from whom they ask a charity for opening the gate. Such a state of things would be a disgrace to many a community, but the general poverty of the soil, upon which they solely depend for a living, furnishes at least a partial excuse for this pauperism.

From Lauterbrunnen I ascended the Wenger-Alp, after an early breakfast at the inn, whose excellent bread, butter and honey I still remember with pleasure. Near the pass of the summit, five thousand three hundred feet high, is a small hotel, where I paused a while. From here I had a view of the Jungfrau, thirteen thousand feet high, whose head is "veiled in everlasting snows." It was separated from where I stood by a narrow valley, so deep and dark that its base could not be seen. Though perhaps eight or ten miles distant, it seemed comparatively near. Several times dark clouds clung around its steep sides, while the sun dazzled on its snow-crowned head with cloudless splendor. I thought of the beautiful image of the godly parson in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast, the rolling waves are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Sometimes white clouds hung around its crown, like curled locks and ringlets from the head of Innocence. As the sun approached the meridian, its rays softened the snow and ice, which broke loose from their holds towards the top, and as they tumbled downward, tore off other masses, thus increasing with every leap, until they formed "the awful avalanche." At first I heard a noise like the rolling of distant thunder, then the confused fragments of snow and ice, disappeared in a gorge, almost like a waterfall. The noise increased until the claps of thunder cracked around the cliffs, and rolled across the valley, with sounds that carried terror to my heart. Far below the avalanche reappeared, flinging about clouds of ice and snow, until it would be lost in the valley, whose deep bed was out of sight. Owing to the distance, these avalanches appear comparatively small, though in reality very large,

From here I crossed the pass down into Gruendelwald. Descending the mountain, I met many vendors of cheese, strawberries, and milk; and further on, two Swiss minstrels with a guitar. There is a simplicity and sweetness in the pastoral melodies of Switzerland, seldom found elsewhere. I have frequently heard and admired them from poor, ragged street-singers in America. But here were two maidens, neatly clad in Swiss costume, in the heart of Swiss scenery, where the bells of Alp-herds twinkle musically around them, mingling pleasantly with their voices, while before them was spread out a rugged scene of mountains and valleys, ripe grain fields and fields of ice. Here I fully realized all my former dreams of poetry and song as it still exists in its unmixed simplicity on the Alps. Their clear-ringing voices fully compensated for the muttering sounds of their tuneless guitar. "The Swiss Mountain Boy" had ever been a favorite with me, but here it had charms I had never heard before. I asked for the "Schweitzer-Heimweh," and unintentionally let them know that I was from America, upon which they threw up their hands with wonder, the one artlessly exclaiming to the other as she gazed at me: "Ach Gott, was gibt es grosse Leute in Amerika." Though I freely conversed with them in their own tongue, in their simplicity they seemed to forget that I understood them, for they would make observations to each other about my appearance, which they seemed to regard as an American standard.

The village of Gruendelwald extends

for miles up the mountains and through the valley. The inhabitants seem to live entirely from their flocks. Their frame dwellings are of a uniform style, with projecting roofs running over two, and some over three balconies. One side of the house has barely one story above ground, while the others have three. Some of the buildings have inscriptions in homely verse on the outside front, but not without sense. The following is from the year 1700, on a dwelling, worn pale by time, but apparently not half worn out:

"I have built my house along this public street,
And must let fault-finders find-fault, and haters hate,
Though enviers may envy, I put my trust in God,
The treasure He provides, the wicked ne'er shall rob."

Gruendelwald can boast of several large glaciers. On the wall of the village church is a simple stone which marks the grave of an unfortunate clergyman from the Canton of Vaud, who on a visit to one of the glaciers in 1821, ventured too far on the ice, and fell into a fissure one hundred and twenty feet deep. After a labor of twelve days, his corpse was taken out and laid on their God's acre.

The lake of the four Cantons, on whose borders is the city of Luzerne, has become celebrated from its association with Schiller's Tell. The variety of mountains which rise abruptly from its banks, imparts to its scenery an exceeding grandeur. Our steamer paddling around their turns and windings, looked like a puffing little toy beside these giant piles. On one side was the Righi, cut off from other mountains, standing out in solitary majesty, like a forepost of a strongly fortified kingdom. On the other rose the bald Pilatus, whose prickly horns and rough uncovered cliffs remind one of a strong fortress in shattered ruins. On the left bank of the lake is a small village scattered over a sloping valley, formed by a depression between two peaks. Though containing only about one thousand inhabitants, it was a free and independent State for three hundred years, the smallest independent government in the world. It fell a victim to the French Revolution of 1798, and now forms part of one of the neighboring cantons. Then comes Rütli, a little meadow, green with trees and herbage, sloping down to the edge of the lake, on which on the night of the 8th of November, 1307, thirty-three men from three neighboring cantons, formed a solemn league, which led to the emancipation of Switzerland from the bondage of the house of Hapsburg. On the opposite shore is a small chapel on the verge of a steep rugged bank, which marks the spot where Tell leaped out of Gessler's boat. I passed the deep cut of the road beyond the Righi, where, soon after, his deadly arrow pierced the heart of the oppressor. Half an hour's walk from the end of the lake is the village of Altorf, where formerly stood the linden tree under which Tell's child was placed when his father was compelled to shoot an apple from his head, at the distance of a hundred yards. Before the father, whose bosom heaved with half-suppressed agony, took his aim with painful ease, he tried to calm the mind of his boy by telling him of the joyful home beyond the grave, the "land where there are no mountains." The reply of the child is beautifully descriptive of the undying attachment of the Swiss to their wild mountains:

"Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche."

ON THE RIGHI.

On my return I stopped at Waggis, from where I ascended the Righi. There is but little shade along the ascent from this side, so that three hours' climbing under a mid-day sun made me feel and appear as most persons do, when they labor hard in warm weather. I dismissed my garments one after the other, and at last hired a boy to carry them, and still I was dripping with perspiration. But when I reached the summit, the breeze soon made me uncomfortably cold. Fearful that the hotel on the top was already crowded, I took lodging a half an hour's walk below, at Righi-Staffel. I spent several hours on the top. The atmosphere was unusually clear, so that I had a full view of the vast world it overlooks. To the south and east are the Alps, through whose ridgy, shivered tops I could see into the upper snowy valleys, which mortal feet have never trod. When the clouds lowered towards evening, these pyramids reminded me of the

white tents of a large encampment. To the north and west is an uninterrupted view from sixty to eighty miles. The whole looked like a checkered map; the distance dissolved the mountains to a level with the plain: the numerous villages were dots grouped together among the yellow grain fields, foliage and grass; the lakes, ten in number, glistened like large pearls set in this diversified landscape. Suddenly thick clouds of fog started up from below, as if they had escaped from some cavern in the mountain. They swept around us like a sea of vapor, entirely concealing the beautiful world below. Now and then the green fields could be seen through a crack or thin web, but soon it would close up again, and all was gone.

Then we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. I leisurely repaired toward my lodging to await its approach. The heavens seemed to prepare for a grand effort. Soon that death-like calm which always precedes a thunder-storm, settled on the mountain. The Alp-herds came from all directions towards their sheds, their bells tinkling softly and sweetly between the claps of thunder. Herdsmen strolled after them up the mountain, singing merrily with ringing voices, as if they felt unusually joyful beneath this element of terror. For awhile a cloud lingered below us, darting about its flashes with terrific splendor. "Above the storm's career" I could watch its progress with composure. The rain fell so stream-like that it seemed strange the cloud did not empty itself. Then it approached the mountain and rolled its black heaps towards the summit. Those above lowered until they seemed to approach. Then they flung their fiery bolts athwart the heavens and around the mountain. Sometimes it seemed bathed in a sea of liquid light. The large drops that fell heavily on the earth announced their approach, and I regretted that I was compelled to seek shelter from the rain. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene had made me insensible to danger. The clouds swept their torrents around and over us for several hours in a furious storm. While it was raging, travelers continued to arrive. Ladies on horseback in a most hapless plight, almost breathless from the drenching, violent storm. Guides and footmen had the appearance of half-drowned men, waving their brimless hats and inverted umbrellas as the trophies of their severe struggles, while others denounced mountain climbing in general, and that of the Righi in particular, and declared that they never would be caught in another thunder-storm on the Alps.

Our hotel was full of all manner of confusion. Those of us who had arrived early, found our beds stripped of half their comfort, to cover floors and tables for the repose of the later and less fortunate. The following morning all hoped to see the sun rise from the summit, but the clouds had not disappeared. Thus our fate was that of most other travelers, not to see the splendid sunrise from the Righi. But we saw a thunder-storm, which perhaps was still grander. There are few mornings that its top is not enveloped in a cloud. The Righi is not so much celebrated for its height (five thousand six hundred feet) as for its unrivalled view, which it owes to its isolated position, in one of the most beautiful regions of Switzerland. The top is covered with a thick coat of grass, forming large pastures. In some places winding terraces and paths have been constructed to make them accessible for larger cattle, of which it contains four thousand head. I descended from the Righi, on the opposite side, in a little over an hour. There is usually more of a breeze in descending than ascending these mountains. There is not much difficulty in getting off; if a person will only lift his limbs, the downward pressure will make the step for him. It requires a little effort to keep the right side up, but even in the event of a tumble, the motion will not be much impeded. In descending the great St. Bernard, I passed over a field of snow in a few minutes, which the day before required an hour of the most determined exertion. Every step I made, carried me four or five. I found that the best plan in descending the Alps, to use a horseman's phrase, is "to draw the rubbers, then crack the whip."

ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

At length I am enabled to hail from the summit of my wanderings, the highest human habitation in Europe, seven

thousand five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. But in this world of ups and downs, or, to use a more scientific expression, of diurnal revolutions, high and low are but relative terms. It is even geographically true that the high are brought low, and the low are exalted from day to day. So that while I labored hard to climb up here, I was soon after whirled to the lower parts of the earth again, below one-half of my fellow-beings. I started from Martigny yesterday morning at 4 o'clock, and reached here at 4 P. M. The road wound through a succession of valleys, bounded by mountains, into which the sun did not shine until it was three hours high. At one place the road was tunneled through the corner of the mountain, on which rested a lofty mass of superincumbent rocks, unsupported by props or arches. At the lower end of the valley the farmers were busy reaping their harvests, but as the road ascended, the harvest became less ripe. Gradually I came into the region where there was nothing but grass, scant and scarcely fit to mow, and finally to where there was neither grain nor grass, only here and there a green spot along the steep mountain, on which small flocks of goats were clambering for a living. High up along the mountains are small villages, perched here and there along steep and dizzy heights. They look as if the smallest force could start them rolling down into the deep valley.

Farmers can use no sort of wagons. They convey their produce home on mules, and those little Alpine indispensables, donkeys. I met with large moving bales of hay yesterday, which I at first thought were on wagons, until I discovered legs under them instead of wheels.

The scenery is such as can only be found in Switzerland. The mountains are high, rough and abounding in abrupt changes. At Orsienes, about one-third of the distance, the view opens upon the snow-clad cliffs of Mont Velan, whose prickly tops look as if they might have trickled through fissures in the ceiling of the universe. Here the road to St. Bernard winds to the right into another valley, through which it rises rapidly. Passing through this I found it intensely hot. The burning sun beat apon the smooth treeless mountain-side, with no branch or brushwood for a shelter, while the cold, glistening snow looked down from the summit, as if to mock the quick throbs of my palpitating heart. I rested in several villages along the road, but had not much time to lose. After I had left the last village, most probably the "Alpine village" in Longfellow's "Excelsior," I passed along a forest of meagre, stunted pine, and after that no shrub, living or dead, was found any more. When I reached the last steep ascent of the mountain, I fell in with a clerical Presbyterian brother from Philadelphia, who was on a mule, with a guide. I had neither. To have made this ascent in the morning, might have been comparatively easy, but after coming over twenty-five miles up hill through the hot sun, it was by no means an easy task. I got along pretty well, until I reached the region of snow and ice, about a mile and a half from the summit. The ascent became steep, the snow-paths soft and unbeaten, and, worse than all, the atmosphere became so rare, that the least exertion would set me panting for breath. Over the last mile I had to rest every few rods to take breath, and then could with difficulty get along. When I reached the top I found it cool enough, but a comfortable fire on the hearth, and a table spread with a variety of refreshments, together with the many marks of sympathy and kindness from the fathers of the Convent, soon dispelled all my fatigue. And a refreshing night's rest in a bed and room over six thousand feet higher than the one I had the night before, has restored me to my usual buoyancy of body and spirit.

One hundred years before the Christian Era, the Romans already crossed the Alps along this road through the pass of St. Bernard, and as such it has been used ever since. In 1800, Napoleon Bonaparte crossed through here into Italy with an army of thirty thousand men, with much difficulty and labor. Through the winter its passage has always been attended with much danger, on account of the prevalence of snow-storms and severe cold. This induced St. Bernard of Menthon to found a Convent in this pass on the summit, in 962, for the relief of travelers and others who are in distress. He made it the constant duty of its inmates, from ten to fifteen monks,

belonging to the order of St. Augustine, and servants, gratuitously to accommodate and nurse travelers, and during the snowy seasons, which here continue at least nine months in the year, to search the different mountain paths to rescue the needy and distressed. Besides these the aged and infirm find an asylum here. The establishment is supported at a great expense by contributions from France, Italy and Switzerland, and what little travelers may drop into the charity box. No regular pay is received from any person. They spread a good table, and have comfortable beds and rooms for all the visitors and travelers through here, which during the summer are numerous. All the provision must be brought up from the valleys below. The monks have a little garden, in which they sometimes raise a few stunted vegetables towards the end of the summer, but not without much care and labor. Sometimes the thermometer falls below zero in August. Their firewood must be brought on horses and mules ten miles up the mountain, and to lay in a stock for one year, employs twenty of these animals for three months.

From November until May a trusty servant and one of the monks daily descend half way down the mountain in search of perishing travelers, whom they nurse, and cure their frozen limbs in their asylum. And often their large St. Bernard dogs go out alone with provision baskets hung to their necks in search of the distressed. Many a half-starved, half-frozen traveler has been scraped out of the snow, and received meat and drink, through the kindness of these noble animals. They seem to be constantly on the look-out for an errand of mercy.

The scenery of St. Bernard, though praised by many, has little to commend it.

> "Oh Solitude, where are thy charms,
> Which Sages have seen in thy face!"

And such a solitude! A dread sterile world of rocks, with neither tree nor plant to relieve its barren aspect. The view is hemmed in all around by high rocky peaks, as bare and bald as the walls of the Convent. With no human habitation in view, not a glimpse of the living busy world below, where the weary eye can see nothing but the bald rocks, the snow and the heavens. And yet there is one star which twinkles with inviting cheerfulness into this night of desert desolation. Let a man climb thirty miles through a burning sun and sultry atmosphere up this ascent, and reach the summit at the point of exhaustion, and then after suddenly getting into this region of winter, sit down by the crackling hearth, "glowing warm and bright," and receive the cordials, refreshments, and words of cheerful sympathy from these "good Samaritans," and let him witness their kindness to the old and infirm, and he will find something here, which many a Jew and Levite, though of greater pretensions, fail to impart. This is the only green plant on this bleak summit, which makes its dreariness glad, this wilderness blossom as the rose; a plant of living, fruit-bearing charity. These men of very superior intelligence spend the noon and evening of their days in a state of total self-forgetfulness, and often amid circumstances of severest trial, in acts of unrequieted mercy. We need not be ashamed to pay a tribute of grateful esteem to their deeds of kindness. Their register contains the record of many a thankful heart, by Jew and Gentile, bond and free, who have had the happiness of feeling the genial warmth of their hearth.

A person cannot help but recognize along this route the scene of Longfellow's Excelsior. Far below, on the verge of vegetation and sterile rocks, is the "Alpine village." Then a small forest of pine trees, where many a "withered branch" can be seen. Far below "the roaring torrent deep and wide," tumbles wildly along, parallel with the footpath. "The twilight cold and gray," is piercing cold even in mid-summer; "the faithful hound," bounds in all directions over these bleak rocks after objects of mercy. And this morning the early devotions of the monks brought the whole scene with vivid pleasure before my mind.

> "At break of day as heavenward
> The pious monks of St. Bernard,
> Uttered their oft-repeated prayer,
> A voice cried through the startled air,
> Excelsior."

Blessed are the undefiled that walk in the way of the Lord.

To Death.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

O Death! thou hast but served to make more bright
The glory sought by thee to render dim.
'Tis seen, indeed, the ravage of thy might,—
This voiceless form, so naked, stark, and grim,
Is branded thine; and thine the shriek and groan
Of agony, the plea of misery,
And every shape that heaven and earth make known
Of stunted life and foul deformity.
And yet, this love of Him, who dying gave
His blood to quench the curse and pour the stream
Of joyous light into the yawning grave,
Doth glorify all this, e'en as the sun's bright beam
Touches and turns to stars of shining grace
The sightless balls that roll through endless space.

Idolatry.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

When Christianity appeared on earth the whole world was given up to idolatry. Magnificent temples dedicated to one god or to another had been erected everywhere. Many were models of architectural beauty. To-day their ruins are the subject of wonder and admiration. One of these, called the Pantheon, standing on the summit of Athens, was built of pure white marble and surrounded by columns thirty-four feet high. It was two hundred and thirty feet long, one hundred and two feet wide, and sixty-eight feet high. It is spoken of as being perhaps the most perfect building ever raised. When we think of the wonderful specimens of architecture given in our own times, and yet hear this ancient building spoken of as surpassing them all, we may form some conception of its beauty.

The religious services of the heathen were not celebrated as with us, every seven days, but at irregular intervals. Of their festivals, however, there were so many that one almost wonders how the people found time to do anything besides enjoying them. With the Romans there were between fifty and sixty every year. One continued ten days, another five days, a third and fourth eight days each. During these times business and labor of every kind were suspended. Arrayed in their holiday dress, and crowned with flowers, the people passed the hours in worshiping, feasting, and amusing themselves. When our sacred days come, the very atmosphere seems pervaded with a holy influence. The implements of labor are put aside, the shops are shut, the saloons closed, the theatres deserted, the streets are quiet. The world has folded its hands and for a few hours rests. But directly the opposite of this was the character of the sacred festivals of the heathen. They were days when the evil passions and propensities of men, instead of being curbed, were set free. Dancing, feasting, wild hilarity, and often utter abandonment to the grossest sensuality, marked the day. Then the theatres were opened, then the plays began, there were chariot races and gladiatorial shows, and amusements of every description. It was upon a scene of this kind that St. Paul, no doubt, looked, when he felt his spirit stirred within him, and he was impelled by an irresistible impulse to preach Jesus Christ.

But the idols of the heathen will perhaps give us a better idea of the character of the people and their religion than anything else. Sometimes these were beautiful, but again most horribly ugly. The Hindoos especially seem to love to represent their god under the most distorted forms. From one end of the country to the other deformed and grotesque images can be seen carved in the stones of the grottos or standing in rude block-like statues in the temples, or coarsely painted on the walls. Figures of men with heads of elephants or of other animals, or with six or seven human heads, sometimes growing in a pyramid one out of the other, sometimes with six heads coming from one shoulder,—grizzly and uncouth monsters like nothing in nature, yet too grotesque for symbols,—such are the objects of Hindoo worship. In a museum of the city I remember seeing an image, brought, I judged, from some part of Asia. When my eye first fell upon it, I was fairly startled by its appearance. It was in a half-reclining posture, and was probably twelve or fifteen feet long. The face was distorted with rage, the eyes glaring, the mouth, wide open, revealed tusks like those of a boar. The body was almost entirely naked, and in its

hand it grasped a tremendous club, seeming thus to threaten with death any who dared to approach it. Yet before this monstrous giant gentle-hearted women and innocent little children had humbly bowed and to it paid their worship.

What a contrast between a being such as this and the God revealed to us in our blessed Saviour! All that we can conceive of in this world of beauty or truth, but faintly portrays His loveliness. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." No anger, no malice, no revenge is seen in His face; His voice is gentle and persuasive. As patient as a mother with her child, the Lord deals with His children, bearing with all their evil, ever ready to forgive, standing with arms outstretched, ever yearning to draw poor humanity to an eternal home of rest and peace.

With the Romans and Greeks, who had advanced very far in the arts and sciences, idols were of the most beautiful form conceivable by the imagination. Some of these are still preserved in the art galleries of Europe. One of the most remarkable is the god of inspiration and genius, called Apollo. So perfectly beautiful is this statue that no work in sculpture of modern times can at all compare with it. When seen by torchlight the impression it leaves upon the mind is said to be truly wonderful. One limb, one feature, one expression after another is brought out as the torch moves, until the whole form appears instinct with life, until it stands before the visitor a perfect embodiment of all that is light, graceful, inspiring and passionate in music and poetry. It is a work of wonder so far surpassing everything else of the kind, that in it the inanimate marble appears to take a soul and breathe, and move, and live before the eye. Of another idol, the great Jupiter of the Greeks, a celebrated writer thus speaks: Within a Doric temple sixty-eight feet high, ninety-five feet wide, and two hundred and thirty feet long, and covered with sculptures in marble, the god was to be seen. He was seated on a throne made of gold, ebony and ivory, studded with precious stones. He was so colossal that though seated, his head nearly touched the ceiling, and it seemed as if he would bear away the roof if he rose. There sat the monarch, his head, neck, and arms in massive proportions. The lower part of his body was veiled in a flowing mantle. In his right hand he bore a statue of victory, in his left a sceptre crowned with an eagle and composed of every kind of metal. Around him in attitudes of grace circled the hours and seasons, represented by statues of beautiful women. All seemed to do homage to the great Jupiter. On his face, it is said, there was a marvellous expression of blended majesty and sweetness. This is known to us not only by the accounts of eye-witnesses, but by numerous imitations and copies in marble that have come down to us. One cannot fail, it is said, to see even in these copies a wonderful expression of power, wisdom and goodness. The head, with leonine locks of hair and thickly rolling beard, expresses power; the broad brow and fixed gaze of the eyes, wisdom; while the sweet smile of the lips indicates goodness. The statue, composed of ivory, was forty feet high, and seated on a throne of twelve feet. To die without having seen it was regarded by the Greeks as one of the greatest calamities of life.

While the monsters of the heathen show how false may be the conception of God formed by men, this wonderful image tells us how, even in the hearts of those to whom the Almighty had never made any special revelation, lies the consciousness of His goodness and power, and how slight is the ground upon which men can plead ignorance as an excuse for wickedness. This image spoke more plainly than words, that God was the enemy of all that was bad and the friend of all that was good, Yet how little in the lives of its worshipers do we see this revealed! At the last day even, the dumb idols of men will rise up and condemn them.

But not content with representing God under the form of a man, St. Paul tells us "they changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things." And reading this, we at once recall to mind the golden calf set up in the wilderness, before which the Israelites bowed in adoration. But a greater confirmation is given us in the custom of the Egyptians, from whom the Israelites learned this. With them all

animals were regarded with reverence. Even the beetle was considered sacred. Speaking of their religious temples, an ancient writer says: "The walls shine with gold and silver, and with amber, and sparkle with the various gems of India and Ethiopia; and the recesses are concealed by splendid curtains. But if you enter the penetralia, and inquire for the image of the god for whose sake the fane was built, one of the attendants on the temple approaches with solemn and mysterious aspect, and, putting aside the veil, suffers you to peep in and take a glimpse of the divinity. There you behold a snake, a crocodile or a cat, or some other beast,—a fitter inhabitant of a cavern or bog than a temple." So sacred were dogs and cats, that when one of the latter died every individual of the family to whom it belonged shaved his eye-brows, but on the death of a dog, they shaved not only the eye-brows, but also the head and every part of the body. The cats were buried in sacred buildings, and to-day immense catacombs have been found in Egypt filled with their mummies.

In India the cow is held sacred No one is allowed to injure or kill one for any cause. If any person is so unfortunate as to destroy one of these sacred beasts, he is condemned to suffer the following penalty in order to expiate his guilt: "All day he must wait on a herd of cows, and stand quaffing the dust raised by their hoofs; at night, having servilely attended them, he must sit near and guard them. Free from passion, he must stand when they stand, follow when they move, and lie down near them when they lie down. By thus waiting on a herd for three months, he who has killed a cow atones for his guilt." At a particular season they worship the cow, pouring water on her feet and putting oil on her head. But the Hindoos go further than this. They worship the river Ganges. To it the people come in crowds, bearing sacrifices of flowers, incense and clothes. To bathe in the river cleanses one from all sin; and he who dies whilst in the water is sure of going to heaven. For this purpose many sick persons are brought a long distance by their friends or servants. After the weary journey is accomplished the invalid is laid upon the quiet bank of the stream to await the approach of his last hour. Beside him, even within reach of his hand, flows the calm clear tide. A sense of peace pervades his heart as his eye rests upon it. The expression of anxious concern fades from his countenance as the cool breath of the river fans his wasted cheek. No more doubt; a haven of eternal rest is his. He will draw his last expiring breath lying upon the bosom of the sacred stream, and with the passing current, float into Paradise.

Every Hindoo family has its own particular god. If the family is poor, the god is small and made of clay, or some other cheap material; if the people are rich, gold and ivory, and precious gems are not considered too costly to be fashioned into the dumb divinity. As so many gods are in demand there are artisans whose special business it is to manufacture them. A supply is always kept on hand in their shops, and there, from a great variety of all shapes and sizes, and every degree of value, the man in search of a god can select one. However, I am a little too quick; it is not quite a god when it is bought, for it must pass through the hands of the priest before reaching that height of sublimity. The priest takes the image, anoints it with oil, prays over it, blesses it, and thus the divinity adopted by the family as their guardian spirit is conjured into the thing, and it becomes a god. With extreme reverence it is then placed upon its throne, and to it are offered fruit, flowers, and whatever else may be thought acceptable. The poor set apart a corner of the room for their sanctuary, those better off allot an entire apartment, while the rich, often in their beautiful gardens where it will be embowered in trees and surrounded by brilliant flowers, erect costly temples, and employ priests to be in daily attendance. Regularly every night the priest comes, takes the god, undresses him, and puts him to bed, and regularly every morning he appears again to waken the god, give him a bath, dress him, and give him his breakfast.

The custom of worshiping a river finds some resemblance in the habit of the ancient Germans, who worshiped the great trees of the forest. A monstrous oak with its towering head, giant arms, and mighty trunk was regarded as being sacred to their god Thor, god of thunder. There is something sublime in the appearance of great trees. Especially

must this have been so with those of olden times, which grew in forests where the sound of the axe was never heard. These, bearing every evidence of having lived for hundreds upon hundreds, and even thousands of years, they stood without showing any signs of decay, but only vitality, enduring vitality, in every twig and leaf. When the rude savages saw them thus, and knew that they had been standing for many generations, saw how the hurricane and the storm, the cold breath of winter and the hot blasts of summer had no power to affect their strength, it is hardly to be wondered at that they began to regard them as being under the special protection of their god, or yet, as having some divine power in themselves.

One of the most noble of the Christian missionaries who first preached to these people found that the greatest obstacle in the way of converting them was a majestic oak which grew near the place in which he was. He was an earnest, eloquent man, one whose whole soul was in his cause, yet, though he preached with great force to the simple people, the great oak spoke in more convincing tones. Whatever influence the preacher's words had was dissipated at once by the appearance of the venerable tree; its majesty held the people spell-bound to their ancient worship. At last Boniface, the missionary, resolved that he would teach the people in a very practical manner, that their faith was placed in a thing which could neither protect itself nor them; he resolved to cut the tree down. When the day came, the people gathered to the place in immense crowds. Thousands assembled on the spot. They were confident that the tree would not fall; they perhaps expected to see lightning flash from its dark foliage and destroy those who had the temerity to molest it. Yet their hearts were filled with rage at the thought of any one daring to raise a hand against what they regarded with so much reverence. The axes were brought, the woodmen approached, a death-like silence pervaded the vast assemblage; all waited to see their god destroy his enemies. But the keen axe struck the great trunk and no lightning shot forth. The heathen began to wonder. The axes were rapidly plied, and the wonder grew to consternation. And when at last the giant oak fell crashing to the ground, the poor people knew not what to think; they were confounded. Hastening then to make good the impression he had produced, Boniface had the tree sawed up, and built into a church; and from that church he preached Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of all.

But in their base superstition, men have gone even beyond worshiping rivers and trees. Heliogabalus, one of the Roman emperors, worshiped a stone. Not an ordinary stone surely? It was extraordinary in one thing only, and that was in having fallen, it is said, from heaven. Descending to earth in such a mysterious manner, it was taken up as a messenger from the gods, a handsome temple was erected for it and a number of priests appointed to attend it. If we were to worship all the stones that fall from the clouds there would be no end to our gods, for every one knows that it is a common thing for meteors in their wild flight to come within the range of the earth's attraction and be drawn down upon our globe. This stone was probably of that character. Whatever may have been its virtues, of one thing we are certain, it merited divine honors no more than the cobble stones with which we daily pave our streets. But Heliogabalus had so much superstitious reverence for his stone that he carried it with him wherever he went. When he entered Rome at the time of his coronation, he bore it with him. He came seated in a chariot made of ivory, and finished off in gold; he was clothed in royal purple and bespangled with diamonds and precious gems, but before him, upon a costly cushion, lay the god he worshiped, the precious stone which fell from heaven.

Thus from seeing God worshiped under the image of a man, we have descended step by step until at last we find intelligent beings bowing down before senseless, inert stones. Thus we have a practical illustration of what St. Paul says: "When they knew God they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

Song of the Brook.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.
I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I glide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.
And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Religion for Week-day Use.

BY LEWIS H. STEINER.

Some years ago a Scotch clergyman preached a sermon, before Queen Victoria, on "Religion in Common Life," which was afterwards circulated widely on both sides of the Atlantic. The object was to show how God could be served in our daily business, and that He could be glorified in it by every one. A sentence in an address delivered by Dr. B. A. Gould, on the Observatory established at Cordova in the Argentine Confederacy, in reference to the religion of the natives, brings this subject up in a very strong light. Dr. Gould says: "With not the slightest lack of what is called religion, they have a melancholy want of morality, and discriminate broadly between the two, which indeed they consider to have little to do with each other." These South Americans represent a large class of our own people, who look upon religion as something for specific times (Sundays and holydays) and specific places (churches, prayer-meetings, &c.), but have no conception of any use that can be made of it at other times and in other places. To such religion is not adapted for week-day use, and their lives do not illustrate the truths of the profession which they make before men. Now this divorce of morality from religion is so unnatural, and even shocking, when looked at calmly and thoughtfully, that it can only be explained as the result of long indifference to the real nature of religion itself, which cannot exist without morality. Indeed, the latter is the body through which its existence can only be demonstrated. Without morality, without works, it is a mere phantom, a *Fata morgana*, arising at irregular intervals before gazing and, it may be, astounded eyes, but unreal and deceptive. Without a manifestation of its vivifying influence upon every act of a man's life, there is no proof of its presence. It is not life-giving but death-bringing, not tending to the amelioration of humanity but to its deterioration through means of dull, dead, lifeless formality.

But this formality does not show itself only in those who confine their religion to the use of forms, without striving to penetrate their meaning and to ensoul them. It is no less present in those who reject prepared forms, and delight in the spasmodic indulgence in highly-excited feeling at fixed intervals. The Pharisee of the nineteenth century is not only confined to the class which thanks God for its superiority to the poor Publican, and finds its keenest delight in recounting how strictly it has adhered to the letter of the law. He is found among those who eschew the restraints of forms, and find their greatest satisfaction in occasional indulgences in all the irregular manifestations of emotionalism, in which they conceive they attain unto a higher state of religious purity than is possible with those who labor to live a *life* in Christ. He is found among the avowed formalists and also among those who boast of their rejection of forms and their advocacy of emotional information. And in either place he manifests to the world the same indifference to, what we style, Religion for week-day use.

A man's religion must not be confined to reading his Bible—although that is a precious privilege to a toiling human being; to hearing earnest, spiritual sermons, although that is a blessing which

every man should esteem highly; to spiritual intercourse with his fellow-beings when souls beat in happy union with souls—although that is a boon which commends itself to our warmest affection; or even to private communing with our God and Father in the silent hour when we are separate from the noise and bustle of life—although that is indispensably necessary to the Christian soul. Religion must not be confined to Bible-reading, sermon-hearing, to public or even to private prayer. Wherever it is found, it must enliven every act of a man's life, and show in each that an upright soul is striving to do its duty. It must show its influence in the week-day as well as on Sunday.

The short-comings of Christians in this regard, are as painful as they are frequent. The world has the right to judge a man by his acts, just as it determines the value of a tree by its fruits. It has no other mode of getting at the sincerity of a man. It cannot read the heart, and has no power to scan the mysterious impulses that prompt men to action, but it has the ability to scan *actions*, and by them to judge of the actor. This judgment must necessarily result in conclusions as to the value of the religion itself the latter professes, as well as to the sincerity or insincerity of his professions.

Hence not only fidelity to one's Christian vows, but our duty to live so that our lives may adorn our professions, requires that the Christian spirit should not be shown alone on Sundays and Holy-days, in churches or other places for public or private worship, but should enter into our daily labors, no matter what these may be, or what the position they may occupy in the arbitrary scale of respectability by which society measures men's employments. The religion that exhausts itself before it reaches these is not worth laboring for, because it is not able to assume such a shape as may bear fruit.

When the Christian is found not to differ from the world in its ways, but to show himself inordinately greedy for gain, fond of "driving a close bargain," indifferent to his pecuniary obligations, clamorous for self-advancement politically or otherwise, and totally indifferent to the means by which he can secure the same, unmindful of the necessity of keeping his engagements or contracts, and requiring an argus-eyed supervision in business relations to keep him from over-reaching, the world sneers not only at him, but at the religion he professes.

The old monk, and his predecessor, the hermit, strove, by separation from secular duties, and contact with the world, in solitude to work out his salvation. But his error was on the other extreme. We must live, move, and have our being with our fellow-men. To them we owe duties, and these duties need not, can not, conflict with the full development of the Christian character.

To this end every youth may apply himself—to show how his Christian life shall manifest itself in his walk and conversation among men. Whatever be his sphere of labor, let him feel that he must devote himself to it, honestly, earnestly, truthfully,—that over-reaching in a bargain, indifference as to the accurate performance of a contract, selfish ambition for personal advancement, and want of recognition of the worth and merits of others, dallying with policy instead of honest marriage to truth,—are all so many indications that the enemy of souls has not been routed from his hiding-place. What the age wants more than anything else just now is honesty of purpose, earnestness, unwavering truth, and unfaltering integrity. These will elevate the low grade of morality that has been attained in the professions and the trades, and will also elevate our national reputation, because where Christian men lead Christian lives—there respect is commanded and the world freely affords it. But these will also show that Religion is our business night and day, from the beginning to the end of the year, and cannot be assigned to certain hours or days, but to attain its full value, must be with us all the time, even down to the last moment of our lives.

The Follower.

We have a youngster in the house
  A little man of ten,
Who dearest to his mother is
  Of all God's little men,
In-doors and out he clings to her';
  He follows up and down;

He steals his slender hand in hers;
He plucks her by the gown.
"Why do you cling to me so, child?
You track me everywhere;
You never let me be alone."
And he with serious air
Answered, as closer still he drew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Two years before the boy was born,
Another child, of seven,
Whom Heaven had lent to us a while,
Went back again to heaven.
He came to fill his brother's place,
And bless our falling years;
The good God sent him down in love
To dry our useless tears.
I think so, mother, for I hear
In what the child has said,
A meaning that he knows not of,
A message from the dead.
He answered wiser than he knew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Come here, my child, and sit with me,
Your head upon my breast;
You are the last of all my sons,
And you must be the best.
How much I love you, you may guess,
When, grown a man like me,
You sit as I am sitting now,
Your child upon your knee.
Think of me then and what I said
(And practised when I could);
"'Tis something to be wise and great,
'Tis better to be good.
Oh, say to all things good and true,
'My feet were made to follow you.'"

Come here, my wife, and sit by me,
And place your hand in mine
(And yours, my child): while I have you
'Tis wicked to repine.
We have had our share of sorrows, love;
We've had our graves to fill;
But, thank the good God overhead,
We have each other still!
We've nothing in the world besides,
For we are only three;
Mother and child, *my* wife and child,
How dear you are to me!
I know—indeed I always knew,
"My feet were made to follow you!"

—*Harper's Monthly.*

On Naming our Children.

But the present question is "What are we to call our baby?" Sometimes the mother, in her hour of joy and thankfulness, as a mark of affection for her husband, says, "We'll leave it with father." Sometimes the father declines the privilege. In other households it is the custom for the father to name the boys and for the mother to name the girls. In others the elder children are consulted, or the sponsors, or some rich relations, or some valued friend. So that it often happens that much time is spent and many opinions advanced and many suggestions offered before the decision is made. And when the decision is come to, it is not always the best. People's tastes differ widely on the matter of names. What is very sweet and suitable to old folks, may be very unbecoming and harsh to the juveniles. "Mary" is music itself to many persons; it is plain and common to others. For my part, give me "Mary" before all other names for our gentle sisters. "Mary" is a perfect name. It is never out of place or out of season, either in the royal palace or in the laborer's cot. It becomes a servant as much as a queen. Parents can never be wrong in calling one of their girls "Mary." She never will be ashamed of it. Only, if your bright little girl is to be baptized "Mary" do not add "Ann" to it, unless your taste be different from mine. It stands best alone as the queen of names, requiring no additional grace, Then, if the consultation be concerning a boy, is there no name for him equal in fitness and excellence to Mary? I think there is. But it is not Jonathan, or Isaac, or Timothy, or Nicodemus. In their places these names are good. In the Bible they sound neither strange nor inappropriate. Take them out of the Bible, and immediately they seem to lose their fitness. I would be very careful and sparing in using Scripture names. Some are never undesirable, but many are. We never mention some in connection with living persons but with a smile or shudder. Why it is so we cannot easily explain. There is no particular reason for it, perhaps, but I cannot become reconciled to the indiscriminate uses of Moses, Abraham, Solomon, Ezekiel, and Titus. When one sees in the street a drunken, blaspheming man bearing the name of Aaron, or a ragged, dirty urchin, just come out of jail, called Jacob or Paul, we cannot fail to notice an incongruity and a combination which ought never to have existed. Let parents, then, exercise a little discretion in adopting biblical names. Your infants, when brought to the font, are entirely in your hands; they are unconscious of what is passing.

Do not give them names of which they may live to be ashamed. Do not put a stigma upon them which they can never throw off. Remember that their future may be in a measure affected by their very names. It may hinder their advance, or it may promote their welfare. I once knew a family in which almost evey member had a Bible name. The family is chiefly remarkable for this fact Whenever a fresh baby saw the light the father, who took the business of naming entirely in his own hands, invariably opened the family Bible, and searched its pages until he had hit upon a name to his taste. The result of these frequent studies was that the sons were called Lot, Ezra, Jehoshaphat, Amos, Lazarus, and Titus. They are to be pitied, poor fellows. As for Lazarus, (who is not a beggar covered with sores,) he would give half he possessed to get rid of his name. He always tried to disguise it under the abbreviation of "Lazzie," and if contractions of this kind were ever legitimate and laudable, there surely never was a case so urgent as this. As I have said before, some of the sacred names are most suitable in this day We never grow tired of John, James, Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth, Samuel, Mary, and Ruth. But we cannot say that of others.—*Our Fireside.*

Home Mission Hymn.

BY C. W. E. SIEGEL.

O day of Christ, arise and shine!
  Awake with Thee Thy slumb'ring Bride,
That, clothed in beams of truth divine,
  Her voice proclaim the Crucified.

With ripened waves of golden wheat
  The harvest-fields of earth are white,—
O Zion, hear what hosts entreat!—
  Go, make them garnered sheaves of light.

Benighted nations knock and wait,
  For light and truth, before the door;
And they who stood in Zion's gate,
  In homes beyond the deep, implore.

For heavenly bread Thy children call,
  O Father of the fainting give;
And make the Gospel manna fall,
  That famished souls may eat and live.

Sweet manna of the Saviour's name,
  Bedew the dreary wastes of earth;
Thou royal food that angels claim,
  O fill the soul's immortal dearth.

Till breaths of heav'n's diviner air
  Upon each waiting soul shall blow,
And bring the sweets of answered prayer,
  Which only Christ's beloved know.

Till all the gathered tribes of God
  The kingly courts of Salem fill;—
With palms and song shall take the road,
  That leads to Zion's heavenly hill.

Till all the jewels of love divine
  Shall sparkle in the Saviour's crown,
And Christ's eternal day shall shine,
  Where still the powers of darkness frown.

Fortunes of the Presidents.

Washington left an estate worth nearly $300,000.

The elder Adams left a moderate fortune at his death.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. If Congress had not purchased his library at a price far above i s value—$20,000—he would with difficulty have kept out of bankruptcy at the close of his life.

Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. The fortune of his widow was increased by the purchase of his manuscript papers by Congress for $30,000.

James Monroe, the sixth president, died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives, in the cemetery between Second and Third streets, near the Bowery of New York city.

John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and a small inheritance. He was methodical and economical.

Andrew Jackson left a valuable estate known as the Hermitage, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tennessee.

Martin Van Buren died rich. His estate was estimated at nearly $300,000.

James K. Polk left about $150,000.

John Tyler was a bankrupt when he became President. He husbanded his means while in office, married a rich wife, and died wealthy in worldly fortune.

Zachary Taylor left about $150,000.

Millard Fillmore died a wealthy man.

Franklin Pierce saved $50,000 during his term of service as President.

James Buchanan died a bachelor, and left an estate valued at $200,000 at last.

Abraham Lincoln left about $75,000.

Andrew Johnson had saved about $30,000 at the close of his Presidential term as residue of salary, deposited it with J. Cooke & Co., and lost it.

President Grant is estimated to have upward of a million.

The Sunday-School Department.

Bishop Hare relates a very interesting incident, showing the effect that has been produced upon the minds of the Indians at the Yankton Agency, Dakota, by the religious instruction they have received from the missionaries. He says: "A remark made the other day by one of our Christian Indians led me to the happy thought that our efforts for the children may be doing a work for their parents of which we do not always think. He came to ask me to baptize some grand-children of his. I asked, 'Are their parents Christians?' 'No,' said he, 'they are not, but I am.' He continued: "I have noticed that old antelopes are very wild and scary, and our hunters find it very hard to catch them. So they catch the young ones. The old ones come to seek their young, and then our hunters catch them too. And I thought if you would take and baptize these little grand-children of mine, you might catch their parents, too.' In the hope of this good Indian let us labor on, praying and working for the young, in expectation that the Saviour whom we serve will give us a double blessing, first turning the hearts of the children to Himself, and then turning the hearts of the parents to the children."

A close-fisted church-goer paid his pew-rent reluctantly, saying that he should waste no more money in that way. Nothing could change his resolution. He stayed away from church, and his sons followed his example. They soon formed bad habits. The old man saved his pew-rent; but his boys squandered all his property, which they managed to get into their hands; and in his old age he was turned out into the world houseless and penniless. His five dollars had cost him over eight thousand dollars, and who can estimate all the other losses?

What am I Good for?—Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two, and another one. So it is among men to-day. Our "talents" may be compared with money, with education, acquired art, natural gifts, or with an opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two, or five talents to the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judges righteously. Are we so living to-day that we can ask or hope for God's blessing on the course we are pursuing? This is our right, our privilege, and our duty. We may count our passing moments as unimportant, as they may appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up, or be left behind; each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when if our time has been frittered away, we are punished in a "hell" of regrets for lost time and lost opportunity."

I have read this touching story of the late war. After a great battle, the name of a certain young soldier was found on the list of the killed. There was one heart on which the sad tidings fell with a crash like that of the avalanche as it falls from the mountain upon the sleeping village in the valley. At first she hoped that it might not be true, but as weeks passed on, and no tidings came, hope died in her heart. Weeks passed into months, till nearly a year had gone by, when one day a letter came bearing the familiar hand. Tearing it open, she found but a few hastily-written words; but they were from him she had so long mourned as dead. He had been wounded and taken prisoner. He had suffered terribly, but was now released, and was on his way home. Scarcely had she read the few words in bewildered joy, when

she heard the old step on the porch, and the noble form of him she loved stood before her, bearing the scars of battle and an empty sleeve, but still living. If he had actually been dead, and had been raised up from the grave, her mingled astonishment and joy could not have been deeper. This incident may help us to realize the feelings of the disciples when Jesus appeared to them after His resurrection.

Daniel Webster on Sabbath-schools.

The following letter, written by one whose name our land honors and is honored by, will be read with interest by Sabbath-school workers. It is furnished by John S. C. Abbott to a New York journal.

MARSHFIELD, June 15, 1852.

PROFESSOR PEASE:

Dear Sir,—I have received your very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the New York Sabbath-school Association, and read it with great pleasure and instruction. It is gratifying, very gratifying, to learn that in a city, where vice and immorality run riot with impunity, a few humble Christians have devoted their time and energies to the cause of religion; and I fervently pray that your labors may be crowned with success.

The Sabbath-school is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value. As a civil institution it is priceless. It has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time.

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could have induced him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied:

"Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise."

Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, yes, firmly believe, that their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. When engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears. Turning to the Sage of Monticello, I remarked,

"How sweetly, how very sweetly, sounds that Sabbath bell!"

The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied, "Yes! my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart; it calms our passions, and makes us boys again."

Here I observed that man was an animal formed for religious worship; and that notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as unmovable as truth itself; that man, in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality; and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of nature in saying,

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that the Sunday-school (he did not use our more correct word Sabbath) presented the only legitimate means under the constitution of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked.

"Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed, that a religious education was the cheap defense of nations. Raikes has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge. Perhaps when I am cold he will obtain his reward. I hope so. I earnestly hope so. I am considered, Mr. Webster, to have little religion; but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes he was *clarum et venerabile nomen.*"

I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry

than in the best productions of Greece and Rome; that the "harp upon the willows of Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee.

But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath, spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals.

Thanking you for your report, and heartily concurring with you in the truth of your quotation, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,"

I remain, with high regard, your friend, DANIEL WEBSTER.

Woman in Ancient Rome.

In the days of Juvenal there were other causes which had conspired to place women in a position of far greater independence in regard to their husbands. During the later times of the Republic, the ancient and solemn form of religious marriage, by which the wife passed as it were into her husband's family, and became subject to his father, had fallen into desuetude. The ceremony was long and inconvenient, and the increasing levity of women would not brook so complete a loss of independence. So entirely had this ceremony gone out of fashion in the time of Tiberius, that, according to the testimony of Tacitus, considerable difficulty was on one occasion experienced during that reign before a chief priest could be found whose parents had, as the religious canon required, been joined together according to the forms of this most ancient and binding rite. In the place of this old covenant of marriage, a new custom gradually arose by which the woman did not cease to be a member of her father's household, but was, in technical language, merely entrusted as a temporary deposit to her husband. As a consequence of this, the position of women tended to become one of great practical independence; for while the husband had no legal authority with which to back his wishes or his commands, the head of the family to which his wife belonged by birth would naturally hesitate to interfere with the conduct of one who had to all intents and purposes become a member of a different family. The very fact of this independent position of the weaker sex would in itself have gone far to shock the feelings of Juvenal, who, of all Roman writers with whom we are acquainted, was the most conservative, and clung most fondly to the manners and customs of his fathers, under which Rome had learned to rule the nations of the earth. But matters did not end here. The practical change in the conduct of women was even greater than the change that had developed itself in their legal position. Many causes had been at work to bring this change about. The education which the Roman considered proper and decorous for his daughters was the same now, as it had been in the early days of the Republic, when, amid a tribe of herdsmen and shepherds, the highest praise that could be placed as an epitaph on the tomb of a deceased matron was the statement that she who lay beneath had led a sober and pious life, had regulated her household with diligence, and had presided ably at the spinning-wheel, untouched by foreign manners, careless of what occurred abroad; and, finally, that she had been the wife of only one lord and master, and had never sought a second matrimonial alliance. Innocence such as this, grounded on simple habits, and preserved by ignorance, might indeed be maintained by the rude farmers of Latium—among the citizens of what was then merely the capital of an Italian tribe. But when once the highly cultivated nations of the East began to pour their treasures into the open bosom of the Queen of the Mediterranean, such innocence and ignorance could no longer be of any avail, even had men been in earnest in their endeavors to preserve them. "Conquered Greece led her conquerors captive," in morals no less than in philosophy and in art, and now the softer manners and the looser morals of the Ægean were transferred to the hills among which Curius had tilled his farm, and Camillus driven his oxen.—*Edward Wilford, M. A.*

What Shall we do with Our Daughters?

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Give them a good, substantial, common-school education.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them to make skirts.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and parlor.

Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.

Teach them that the less they live within their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen.

Teach them a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them to do the marketing for the family.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them every day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them a good, steady, greasy, mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oil-pated loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them to climb apple-trees, go fishing, cultivate a garden, drive a road team, or a farm wagon.

Teach the accomplishments—music, drawing, painting—if you have the time and money to do it with.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money, of the beau.

Teach the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time let them marry.

Rely upon it, that on your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

She Gave Them Herself.

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young, I thought the very best thing I could do for them, was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk to them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times: I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time to sit down now and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever He has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself."

Good Proverb.—The Arabs, who have many good proverbs, have one which is found true and truer the more experience we have of life. "While the word is yet unspoken," they say "you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you."

When Henry the Great of France was advised to proceed with rigor against some disaffected towns, which had fallen into his hands, he replied, "The gratification which may be derived from revenge is but momentary, while the pleasure of forgiveness is everlasting."

Anecdote of Mendelssohn.

Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and an organist. Under his hand each instrument "discoursed" after a manner as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the key-board than something that can only be explained as similar to a pleasurable electric shock, passed through his hearers and held them spell-bound —a sensation that was only dissolved as the last chord was struck, and when one's pent-up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a gulp or a sob.

An anecdote relative to this feeling I may here introduce, as told me by Sir Michael Costa. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the church of Friburgh, in which building the organ is of such world-wide celebrity that few persons—especially those who lay claim to any musical taste—leave the town without going to hear it. At the time referred to the custodian was somewhat of a bear, and most determinedly refused, either for love or money, to permit any stranger to place his finger upon the keys, although he himself had not the slightest pretension to the designation of an organist; and so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been "sold," and that all Murray and other guide-books have stated was nothing better than a "delusion and a snare." Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or by crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ was made of. For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working upon his weak points of character—for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent that seemed to be beyond the possibility of realization. Every one who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestation of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by one of these peculiarities of his "native worth," in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred.

Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first quietly using the other in drawing the stops, and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play. The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was, however, only momentary; for he soon stood as it were spell-bound, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain who the master spirit was that made the organ speak as he had never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man's astonishment, or let events take their course, or to enlighten him at once, decided upon the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm and gasped out, "Who, in heaven's name, is that man?" But when he answered slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. "And I refused him to touch my organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again, as if some mighty spirit had entranced him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

How to Educate.—Mirabeau was once asked what was the best way of teaching popular liberty? He replied, "Begin with the infant in the cradle, and let the first name it lisps be Washington." So we would say to Christian parents, the best way to teach your children the knowledge of that liberty which makes them free, indeed, is to begin in the cradle, and let the first name you teach them to speak, be Jesus.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

SEPTEMBER 5. LESSON XXXVI. 1875.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Matthew, vi. 24–34.

24. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other: or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

25. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26. Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27. Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28. And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?

31. Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32. (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day *is* the evil thereof.

QUESTIONS.

24. What does our Saviour say about man's service? If two masters agree in their commands, cannot a man serve both? What kind of masters, then, must they be whom a man cannot serve? Why cannot a man serve two such masters? What masters of this kind does Christ mention? What is the meaning of *mammon?* How much of our service does God require? Matt. xxii. 37.

25. What does Christ say in this verse? What is the meaning of *take no thought?* Is it wrong to think at all about worldly things? If not, what, then, does our Saviour mean? If the life is of more account than meat, and the body than raiment, what is the conclusion to be drawn from this?

26. What illustration does our Saviour give of our heavenly Father providing food? Are we much better than the fowls of the air? In what respect are we better than they?

27. What question does our Saviour ask in this verse? What is a *cubit?* What is meant by *stature?* Can we add to our height by any amount of care and anxiety? If we cannot do this, can we procure any earthly good by anxious care? If we are to succeed in anything, who must help us? Should we, then, not always trust in Him?

28, 29. What illustration does our Saviour give in these verses of our heavenly Father providing raiment? What kind of *lilies* are here meant? With whom are they compared? What is meant by *Solomon in all his glory?* Who gives to the lilies of the field their superior glory and beauty?

30. What conclusion does our Saviour draw from God's clothing the lilies? Should we, then, not trust in God for raiment as well as for food? If we do not thus trust in Him, is it not evident, that we have but little faith?

31. What questions does our Saviour say we should *not* ask in an anxious spirit?

32. Who seek *anxiously* after food and raiment? Who are the *Gentiles?* Why do *they* seek after these things in this spirit? Who knows that we have need of these things? Is it not, then, *heathenish* to think too much about these things?

33. What should we seek *first?* What is the meaning of *first* here? What is meant by *the kingdom of God?* What by the *righteousness of God?* Rom. iii. 21, 22. What promise is given to such seeking? What is meant by *all these things?* What does David say in regard to this matter? Ps. xxxvii. 25. What does St. Paul say in regard to the profit of godliness? 1 Tim. iv. 8.

34. What conclusion does our Saviour draw in this verse? Why are we not to be anxious about to-morrow? What is the meaning of *for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself?* What is the meaning of *sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?* How does David express his trust in God? Ps. xxiii. Comp. Ps. xxxvii. 3-6. Would we not be more happy than we are if we had such trust in our heavenly Father?

CATECHISM.

XXXVI. Lord's Day.

99. What is required in the third command?

That we, not only by cursing, or perjury, but also by rash swearing, must not profane or abuse the name of God; nor by silence or connivance be partakers of these horrible sins in others; and briefly, that we use the holy name of God no otherwise than with fear and reverence; so that He may be rightly confessed and worshiped by us, and be glorified in all our words and works.

100. Is then the profaning of God's name, by swearing and cursing, so heinous a sin, that His wrath is kindled against those who do not endeavor; as much as in them lies, to prevent and forbid such cursing and swearing?

It undoubtedly is; for there is no sin greater, or more provoking to God, than the profaning of His name, and therefore He has commanded this sin to be punished with death.

COMMENTS.—The theme of this lesson is, the trust in the protecting and the providing providence of God, which all His faithful servants may and should possess.

24. *Masters.* Those who have entire control over a man, and whom he must obey in all things. If two masters agree in what they command, he can obey both; but, if they have separate and opposite interests, he cannot do it, because they will command opposite and contradictory things. *Mammon.* This is a Chaldean word, and means wealth, money, as over against the true God, our Saviour here regards wealth as a person, an idol-god.

25. *Take no thought.* This expression does not mean that we are to lay aside all thought, concern and effort in regard to worldly things; but rather that we are not to be full of *anxious* thought and care (which distracts and divides the soul) so as to be led to neglect our souls. God, having given unto us life, which is the greater gift, will not neglect to give us the less,—food and raiment.

26. We are immortal creatures, made in the image of God, which the fowls of the air are not, and therefore we are much better than they. If God provides for these, surely we may trust in Him to provide for us, if we use the strength and knowledge which He has given us.

27. A *cubit* is the length from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, about 21 inches. *Stature.* This word means in the original Greek, both height in size and length of life. Either or both meanings give a good sense. For, as it is impossible for a grown man to add an inch or even a hair's breadth to his height, or a day, or even a minute to the length of his life, by any amount of anxious care or worry, so it is also impossible for him to procure any worldly thing, food or raiment by taking such *anxious* thought. God must help us if we are to succeed truly in anything.

28. *The lilies of the field.* In the fields and meadows of Palestine grew many kinds of wild flowers, the most beautiful of which was the imperial lily, which was of large size, of purple, gold, and white colors, and in shape somewhat like a crown.

29. *Solomon in all his glory.* The reference here is to the magnificent appearance of Solomon, when, on public occasions, clothed in his splendid royal garments of purple and gold, with a crown upon his head, he sat on his ivory throne, called also his throne of glory. 2 Chron. ix. 17-19.

32. The *Gentiles.* Heathen, idolaters, who had no true knowledge of God, nor of eternal life, and consequently lived chiefly in and for this world.

33. *First.* This word means here, first in the order of time, that is, early in life; and then, also, that the seeking of the kingdom of God, etc., should be the chief and most important concern of our *whole* life *The kingdom of God* means here, as often elsewhere, the church, the divine institution which Christ founded on the earth for the salvation of men. In the Church we are made partakers of Christ and all His benefits, He being made unto those who believe in Him, wisdom, and *righteousness*, and sanctification, and redemption. *All these things.* All temporal necessaries, as food, raiment, and these in abundance also, if it be necessary that we should have them in order that we may the better serve God and do good.

34. *The morrow shall take thought*, etc. The future, to-morrow, next month, or next year, will provide for itself when it comes. Or rather, our heavenly Father, in whose hands our times are, will take care of us and provide for us in all future time. *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Every day has its own trials, troubles, and toils. We should not increase these by bringing into it those of to-morrow. "The seeking God's kingdom and righteousness, the ever new devotion and sacrifice of the will to an entire obedience; must be to the children of God, while they live in the flesh and in the world, the trial and "evil" of every day. With this they should be without, and not burden themselves beyond the will of their heavenly Father," by anxious fears about the to-morrow which may never come, and which, if it does come, will be fully provided for by the same heavenly Father.

A NEW material of breakfast costume is called "Batiste." It resembles linen, being only a little thicker.

SEPTEMBER 12. LESSON XXXVII. 1875.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Luke vii. 11–17.

11. And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.
12. Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her.
13. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.
14. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare *him* stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.
15. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.
16. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people.
17. And this rumour of him went forth throughout all Judea, and throughout all the region round about.

QUESTIONS.

11. When did the event recorded in this lesson take place? Where did it take place? What is the meaning of *Nain?* Where was it situated? Who accompanied Jesus at this time?
12. What did He behold as He came nigh to the gate of the city? Why is the city spoken of as having *a gate?* Did the Jews bury their dead outside of their cities? Who was this dead man? Did the fact, that he was the only son of his widowed mother make his death a very great affliction to her? Why? Who accompanied her? What may this fact prove concerning her?
13. How did the Lord feel towards her when He saw her? What is the meaning of *compassion?* What does the fact that our Lord had pity on the widow prove concerning Him? What did He say to her?
14. What did He then do? What is the meaning of *bier?* Did the Jews place their dead in coffins? If not, how did they prepare them for burial? Why did the Lord touch the bier? What did the bearers do? What did the Lord say to the dead young man?
15. What then took place? What did his *sitting up* prove? What did his *speaking* prove? What did the Lord then do? What does this miracle prove concerning the divine character of our Lord?
16. What effect had this miracle upon those who saw it? What is the meaning of fear here? What did the people do and say? Of what similar miracles performed by prophets did this miracle remind them? 2 Kings xvii: 17-23; 2 Kings iv: 32-37.
17. What is recorded in this verse? What is the meaning of *rumor?* Does Jesus still pity and help those who are in affliction? Heb. iv: 15, 16.

CATECHISM.

XXXVII. Lord's Day.

101. May we then swear religiously by the name of God?

Yes; either when the magistrates demand it of the subjects, or when necessity requires us thereby to confirm fidelity and truth, to the glory of God, and the safety of our neighbor; for such an oath is founded on God's word, and therefore was justly used by the saints, both in the old and new testament.

102. May we also swear by saints, or any other creatures?

No; for a lawful oath is a calling upon God, as the one who knows the heart, that He will bear witness to the truth, and punish me if I swear falsely; which honor is due to no creature.

O Saviour, who at Nain's gate
  Didst dry a widow's tears,
And raise her only son, the prop
  Of her declining years;

What holy raptures, Lord, through Thee
  Thy suffering saints await,
When raised from death by Thee they stand
  At Thy own City's gate!

What ecstacies will then be theirs
  In that blest city, Lord,
When sons to parents will by Thee
  For ever be restored!

O grant us so together, Lord,
  To live in holy love,
That we together may be join'd
  In holy bliss above.

Members of Christ our bodies are,
  The Holy Spirit's shrine:
Then grant us so to use them now,
  That they may be like Thine.

COMMENTS.—The miracle recorded in this lesson was performed on the day after his visit to Capernaum, where He healed the Centurion's servant. Both these miracles had regard to human life, the one being a restoration to health from sickness, the other, restoration to life from death. *Nain* means fair or beautiful, and was a small town or city in Galilee, about 25 miles from Capernaum. It was beautifully situated on the slope of a little mountain, in full view of Mt. Tabor and the heights of Zebulon, hence its name. It is now a small village, and is called Nein.

12. *Gate of the city.* Most of the towns and cities of the East were enclosed by walls, through which access was obtained by gates. *A dead man carried out.* The Jews buried their dead *outside* of their cities, as is most generally the case now also among all nations. That many people accompanied the widow may prove that she was much respected by her friends.

13. *He had compassion on her.* The sight of the mourning widow awakened the deep pity of our Lord, and this shows, that He was truly a man, possessing deep human feelings and sympathies.

14. *Bier.* This was an article on which the dead were carried, and was usually simply a board, supported by four poles, which served as handles. The Jews had no coffins or boxes for the dead. The corpse was only wrapped in linen and bound about the face with a napkin. See further concerning the Jewish customs in regard to burying the dead, Nevin's Biblical Antiquities, pp. 149–152.

15. *He that was dead sat up.* His sitting up showed that his life and strength had returned. *Began to speak.* This showed that his consciousness, his mind or soul, had also returned. This wonderful miracle proves that Jesus was true *God* as well as true man.

16. *Fear.* This word does not mean here, that the people became afraid, as we say, but that the sight of the great miracle awakened within them a holy awe and solemn sense of the presence of divine power in Jesus. This is evident from their conduct.

17. *Rumor.* The fame of our Lord as a great prophet, who was able to raise the dead, spread not only through Judea, but also through Galilee and Samaria.

Punctuality.

General Washington was a pattern of punctuality. When he engaged to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be at the door of the hall just as the clock was striking twelve. He always dined at four o'clock; and if the guests whom he had invited were not present, the dinner went on precisely at the appointed hour, without waiting for them. Washington would make no apology. but simply remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here." When those people got another invitation to dine with the President, they would be sure to be in time.

A person had a pair of beautiful horses to sell, which the President wanted to buy. Five o'clock in the morning of a certain day was fixed as the time for Washington to see them; but the horses were not brought till a quarter past five, when the owner was told that the President had been there at the hour appointed, but had gone away. The man thus lost a good chance of selling his horses by his delay of one quarter of an hour.

How to Become Happy.

Many persons are ever thinking over new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthly and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave in the wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how to be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."

SEPTEMBER 19. LESSON XXXVIII. 1875.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke xiv. 1–11.

1. And it came to pass, as he went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the sabbath-day, that they watched him.
2 And behold there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy.
3. And Jesus answering, spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath-day?
4. And they held their peace. And he took *him*, and healed him, and let him go:
5. And answered them, saying, Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the sabbath-day?
6. And they could not answer him again to these things.
7. And he put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when he marked how they chose out the chief rooms; saying unto them,
8. When thou art bidden of any *man* to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him;
9. And he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.
10. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: Then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee.
11. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is recorded in this verse concerning Jesus? What is meant by one of the *chief* of the Pharisees? On what day did this take place? Were the Jews accustomed to give feasts on the sabbath-day? Neh. viii. 10. What did those who were present do? What does that mean?

2. Who is specially mentioned in this verse as being present? What kind of disease is the *dropsy?* Do you think that this sick man was also one of the *invited* guests? Why was he probably brought there?

3. What did Jesus answer and say to the lawyers and Pharisees? Had *they* asked Him any questions? Why, then, is it said he *answered?* What was the commandment concerning the keeping of the sabbath-day? Ex. xx. 8-12; xxxv. 2.

4. How did they treat His question? What is the meaning of *they held their peace?* Why did they probably keep silent? What did Jesus do?

5. What question did He now ask them? Was it lawful to do such an act of mercy on the sabbath-day? Deut. xxii. 4. If it was, was it not much more lawful to heal a *man* on the sabbath-day? Is it not also lawful now to do acts of mercy on the Lord's day?

6. Did they answer Christ's question? Why not?

7. What did He then do? What gave rise to His speaking this parable? What is meant by *chief rooms?* What kind of spirit did these persons manifest by choosing the chief places?

8, 9. What advice did Jesus give them?

10. What seat should they take? Why should they take the lowest seat? What is here meant by *worship?*

11. What does Jesus give as the moral lesson of this parable? What is the meaning of *exalt?* What of *abase?* What spirit does Jesus here condemn? What spirit does He approve? What does Solomon say about pride and humility? Prov. xvi. 18, 19. xxix. 23.

CATECHISM.

XXXVIII. Lord's Day.

103. What doth God require in the fourth command?

First, that the ministry of the gospel and the schools be maintained; and that I, especially on the Sabbath, that is, on the day of rest, diligently frequent the Church of God, to hear His word, to use the sacraments, publicly to call upon the Lord, and contribute to the relief of the poor, as becomes a Christian. Secondly, that all the days of my life I cease from my evil works, and yield myself to the Lord, to work by His Holy Spirit in me, and thus begin in this life the eternal sabbath.

Jesus exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven;

Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord.

COMMENTS.—*Chief of the Pharisees.* A Pharisee, who by his station in life, learning or influence, had obtained a moral superiority over his co-religionists, as for instance, Nicodemus. The Jews were accustomed to visit and give feasts or dinners on the Sabbath-day, which could also the more easily be done without desecration of the holy day by unnecessary work, because the food was prepared the day before, they not being allowed even to kindle a fire on this day. Ex. xxxv. 3. *They watched Him* to see whether He would do anything which would be contrary to the Jewish law and traditions as they understood them, so that if He did anything against them, they might charge it against Him and injure Him.

2. *Dropsy.* Unnatural collection of water in any part of the body. It is probable that this sick man was not an invited guest, but was brought there by the Pharisees for the express purpose of testing the Lord, to see what He would do on the Sabbath day. The whole procedure was a trap set if possible to catch the Lord, which was a very unkind and mean thing under the circumstances.

3. *Jesus answering,* etc. They had not asked him any question, but He knew what wicked thoughts and questions were in their hearts, and He answered *them* and thus gave them to understand, before He wrought the miracle, that He saw through their wicked plot.

4. *They held their peace.* They were silent, and pehaps for two reasons: if they had answered, Yes, they would have encouraged Him to perform the miracle, and thus would have defeated themselves; if they had said, No, they would have betrayed their own heartlessness and hypocrisy towards the sick man. As they did not wish to do either of these things, they kept silent.

5. Inasmuch as a man is more and better than an ox or an ass, it is surely more lawful to do an act of mercy for Him on the Sabbath-day than to do the like for either of them.

6. They *could* not answer Him. "No man among them was shameless or irrational enough to say, I would not do even that, but rather let my ox or ass remain in the pit and suffer, or that to do that was less an act of labor than the healing of a man."

7. *Chief rooms.* This means chief *places* or seats at the table, the best and most honorable places, which were on the right or left hand of the host and near to him; and not rooms in our ordinary acceptation of the word. Choosing these places for themselves showed a proud and ambitious spirit.

10. *Worship.* Honor and respect.

11. *Exalt.* To lift up, to push forward. *Abase.* To make low, to humiliate.

Motherly.

What a dear old Saxon epithet is the word "motherly!" Motherly kindness, attention, nurture! The word is never unwelcome when fairly applied. Motherly influence: who has not felt it? Motherly love: who has not enjoyed it? Motherly self-denial: often the secret heading of the longest chapters of her life, the memory of which long survives them all. Mother self-sacrifice; true to the last, often appearing in some posthumous expression, like the voice from the tomb. My friend, the Rev. John Burbridge, of St. Stephen's, Sheffield, put it to the mothers and sons of his church: "Does not history tell us how St. Augustine, Theodoret, Basil, and Chrysostom owed everything to a mother's prayers? Have we not read how Bishop Hall was dedicated to the service of Christ by his mother on her death-bed; how Payson traced all his hopes and usefulness to this Christian nurture of his home; how Brainerd ascribed his deep religious feeling to the education of his early years; how Philip Henry and his five sisters avowed that what piety they possessed they owed, under God, to their parents; how James Montgomery traced his love for spiritual things to the instruction received in childhood; how the mother of the Wesleys left impressions on the characters of her illustrious sons which were never effaced; how Romaine, Doddridge, Felix Neff, Legh Richmond, Richard Knill, and Robert Moffat, all tell of the melting and moulding influence of the Christian homes amid which they were reared?"—*Quiver.*

To form great and good characters, the mind must be trained to delight in TRUTH.

SEPTEMBER 26. LESSON XXXIX. 1875.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Matt. xxii. 34–46.

34. But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together.
35. Then one of them *which was* a lawyer, asked *him a question*, tempting him and saying,
36. Master, which *is* the great commandment in the law?
37. Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
38. This is the first and great commandment.
39. And the second *is* like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
40. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.
41. While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them,
42. Saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, *The son* of David.
43. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying,
44. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool?
45. If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?
46. And no man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any *man*, from that day forth, ask him any more *questions*.

QUESTIONS.

34. Who, according to this verse, gathered together around Jesus? Why did they do so at this time? Who were the *Sadducees?* When and how had Jesus put them to silence? v. 23-30.
35. What did one of them do? What is he called? What is the meaning of *lawyer* here? What is meant by *tempting* Him?
36. What question did the lawyer ask? What is the meaning of *great* here?
37. What answer did Jesus make? Whence did He derive this answer? Deut. vi. 4, 5. Does this commandment take in all the powers and faculties of man?
38. What does Jesus call this commandment? Why does He call it the *first* as well as the great commandment?
39. What does He say the second commandment is? Why is it *like unto* the first? What is meant by *neighbor?* What by *as thyself?*
40. What did Jesus further say about these two commandments? What is meant by *hang?* In what sense do all the law and the prophets depend on these two commandments?
41. While the Pharisees were still together, what did Jesus do?
42. What did He ask them? What does the name *Christ* mean? What did the Pharisees answer? Was Christ the son of David? Matt. i. 1; Luke ii. 4.
43. What did Jesus say to them? What is the meaning of *in spirit?* Where is this saying of David's recorded? Ps. cx. 1. Whom did David call *the* Lord? Whom did he call *my* Lord?
44. What question did Jesus now ask them? What does this question imply?
45. Were they able to answer this question? How does St. Paul answer it? Rom. i. 3, 4. Did they ask Jesus any more questions?

CATECHISM.

XXXIX. Lord's Day.

104. What doth God require in the fifth command?

That I show all honor, love, and fidelity, to my father and mother, and all in authority over me, and submit myself to their good instruction and correction with due obedience; and also patiently bear with their weakness and infirmities, since it pleases God to govern us by their hand.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
To mean to set my Saviour forth.

My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King.
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold! I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

COMMENTS. 34. *Sadducees.* This name was given, in the time of our Saviour, to a sect of the Jews, who were usually at variance with the Pharisees. Some say the name is derived from a Hebrew word signifying *the just;* others, that it is derived from one Sadve, a disciple of one of the most celebrated teachers of the age. They rejected all the traditions and unwritten laws which the Pharisees prized so highly, and professed to consider the Scriptures as the only source and rule of the Jewish religion. They denied the doctrine of the resurrection and of the existence of angels and spirits; considered the soul as dying with the body, and of course admitted no future state of rewards and punishments. They were of the richest and most fashionable class of the people, and may be called the free thinkers and infidels of their age.

35. *Lawyer.* One learned in the moral and ceremonial law of the Jews. *Tempting Him.* The word is here used in the sense of trying to entrap or entangle.

36. *Great.* Chief and most important. The Talmud reckons the laws of Moses to be 613 in number, 365 prohibitions, and 248 commands. To keep so many laws, said the Jews, is an angel's work, man cannot do it. Hence they had much dispute among themselves which was the *great* commandment of all, so that they might keep *that* in lieu of the whole.

37. *Thou shalt love,* etc. Supreme love to God is here made the basis of all the commandments, and the source of all true and comprehensive obedience. If we truly, heartily love God, we will also obey Him, and we will do so with all our powers of body, soul and spirit in every act, word, thought and feeling.

38. *The first,* etc. This commandment is contained in the first commandment given to Moses on Mount Sinai, as he explains it, Deut. vi. 4, 5. It is, therefore, the *first* in the order of time. It is also the *first* in the sense of being the most *excellent* commandment.

39. *Like unto.* The second is like unto the first, because it also requires *love* as the principle or motive of action and negatively forbids all hatred, envy, ill-will. Compare 1 John iv. 20, 21. *Neighbor.* "A neighbor is one near us; but in a general sense, as here, it means *every* fellow-being," especially every one in need, as our Saviour teaches in the parable of the good Samaritan, Luke x. 30-37. *As thyself.* As much and as truly as thyself, so that everything which we desire from God and our fellow-men for ourselves, we desire also for our neighbour. The commandment strikes at the root of all selfishness, which we, as well as the Pharisees and Sadducees, are very prone to indulge and practice.

40. *Hang.* Depend, as a door on its hinges, or a cord on a nail. *All the law and the prophets.* The teachings of the Mosaic law and of the prophetical books, hang or depend upon our duty to God and our duty to our fellow-men. And the spiritual principle which binds all these teachings together, is *love. It* is the golden cord or silver hinge on which they hang.

42. *Christ.* This name, like the Hebrew Messiah, means the *anointed one.*

43. *In Spirit,* that is, David spoke as he was inspired by the Holy Spirit.

44. *The Lord* refers to God. *My Lord* to Christ. The question which Jesus asks implies that Christ was not only the Son of David, as to His human descent, but that He was also the *Son of God,* and therefore also David's Lord.

Reading.

Let us take time for reading. It will never come if we wait to have every speck of dirt removed from every article we see. We can always find something else to do, and conscientious housekeepers with little taste for mental pursuits, are apt to make great blunders. "The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment," which means that you yourself, with all your immortal faculties, are of vastly more importance than your household affairs. No kind of labor is degrading if done from a worthy motive, and no motive can be nobler than the womanly desire to make a pleasant home. But our home cannot be properly attractive and profitable to our families, if we ourselves are dull and harassed. It is necessary that good housekeepers should also read and reflect and listen and converse.—*Exchange.*

Cheer Him.

How nobly did brave men rush through crackling flames and crumbling walls, to save the sick and helpless children at the awful fire in Chicago! During those fearful days and nights of horror, a great many people, choked with the smoke, and frantic from excitement, would have been roasted alive, had not the Lord put it into the hearts of some brave men to risk their own lives to save them from such frightful deaths.

There was once a large building on fire, and the engines and fire companies hurried to the spot. The flames soon got the mastery, and all that could be done was to keep the water playing so the fire should not spread. But now it was seen that one child still remained in the building. It was very dangerous to attempt a rescue. A fireman sprang to a ladder, but was seen to falter. The risk seemed too great for a sane man to make.

Suddenly a voice in the crowd cried out: "Cheer him." Then peal after peal of hearty "hurrahs" went up, and the man no longer faltered. The enthusiasm was contagious. He dashed through the smoke, though the walls tottered, and the flames hissed, and both were rescued. Then you may be sure the cheers were redoubled, and the man became a hero.

So in life, you often meet the people who need, most of all, cheering. "What made William T—— turn out so badly?" was asked about a son in a very fine, talented family.

"Want of sunshine," was the answer of one who knew him well. "There was no one to cheer him. His lady sisters, the stars of the family, absorbed all the interest of the household. The wayward, awkward boy was set aside, and coldly turned off, so he went the natural way of talented boys so treated."

An Oriental Dinner.

I took a meal with the Governor of Banias, or Cesarea Philippi, in the far north beyond the Sea of Galilee. There had been a trial of a man for murder that day. The murder took place that morning, the trial was closed in the afternoon. That is much more rapidly than is the custom in this country in reference to murder trials, or in fact to any kind of legal proceedings. After so great a transaction the Governor felt disposed to do special honor to us strangers. As a preliminary to the dinner was, first, smoking; secondly, drinking coffee; thirdly, washing hands. On this last point the Orientals are particularly scrupulous before eating. When I saw how the hands were used at dinner, I was glad they were washed. We sat down on the floor to dinner. They gave me a stool three inches high, but I found the floor more comfortable. Each of us had six cakes, something like buckwheat cakes, only crisp and more digestible. These were placed on the bare floor. Then we had soup in plates. Then came the great dish. In a rich silver platter, ornamented with gold, was a pyramid of something that looked like rice—smooth, monotonous rice. The Governor gave a thrust with his fist and pulled out the head of a kid. So there was really meat in it. The man at the right hand of the Governor next thrust in his hand. He pulled out some meat and at once began eating. Then I did the same. You can see how badly our hands needed the wash-basin after this curious meal was over. In addition to the kid the dish contained fowl, and several kinds of fruit and preserves, up to the very top; but all concealed by the immense lot of rice. All courses were thus in one. The cup-bearer stood at the right of the Governor. He had a silver cup for the purpose of supplying the Governor with water. There was no wine. The Koran says, "Let no man see me drink wine." So the followers of Mohammed drink wine only in private. The other cup-bearer was at the left of the Governor, with one cup which was for all of us. I did not want any water. The customs of eating have evidently not materially changed since the time of Abraham.—*Dr. J. F. Hurst, in The Christian World.*

"For right is right, since God is God:
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. OCTOBER, 1875. NO. 10.

A Home Missionary Boy.

BY THE EDITOR.

Charlie Jones is a pious boy of nine years of age. He has kind parents, but neither of them were members of the Church: they were not even baptized. Charlie is their only living child. He belongs to our Sunday-school. He is never absent unless when he is sick. His teacher likes him very much, and well he may, for he is a noble little fellow. One Sunday the pastor spoke to the Sunday-school, and reminded the children of their baptismal blessings. How their parents had brought them on their arms to the pastor, when they were little babes, and had them baptized. How in their names the parents promised to "renounce the world with its vain pomp and glory, the flesh with its sinful desires," and that they would strive to lead a Christian life. How they promised to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And now the pastor and teachers were trying to help their parents to train them up piously, and that they must help too. He told them how, by virtue of their baptism, they were now our Saviour's children, and that He always watched them, and loved them with heavenly tenderness.

Now it happened that Charlie had never been baptized, and he was very much troubled about it. For he insisted on knowing for certain whether he had been given to our Saviour. For several weeks not a day passed but what he argued with his mother about the subject. During school hours the matter weighed on his mind, so that he could scarcely wait till he reached home to unburden his troubled heart to his mother. Scarcely had he said his prayers at night, before he would plead again with her. Meanwhile, he found out that she was not baptized either. And that worried him still more. He plead as only a child can plead.

"Mother, will you please ask our pastor to baptize me? I feel so unhappy because I do not belong to the Saviour's children. Why, mother, I might die to-night. And how can I die without being baptized? Yes, and you, too, must be baptized, mother. I want you to go with me to our Saviour. He will care for us, and help us to love and obey Him. Mother, please, come along with me on the way to heaven. Why, you would not wish me to go alone, and you stay back. Mother, I want you to be with me there."

One morning the pastor received a note from the family, requesting him to call at their house. Charlie and his mother received him with their usual kindness, but with an unusual air of seriousness. She soon opened the subject as follows: "Mr. ——, I have sent for you about an important matter. For some weeks past this dear child has been to me a wise teacher. His mind has been greatly troubled because he has not been baptized. He says he can not rest until he has been given to the Saviour in baptism. And he has preached to me until I can withstand his entreaties no longer. We can not sleep at night, so much are we troubled for not having given ourselves and our child to Christ. I can hold back no longer. Will you please baptize us both?"

The pastor replied, "Charlie is too young to be confirmed, but had you not better be confirmed in the church with the other Catechumens?"

"But I promised Charlie that I would here kneel by his side, and be baptized with him. The dear child has taught me the need of a Saviour. I do not like to disappoint him."

Angels in heaven must have rejoiced in seeing mother and child kneeling side by side, and receive the holy sacrament.

After that Charlie regularly brought his mother to the catechetical lectures. On the evening of the confirmation he sat aside of her among the catechumens. And on Easter morning he sat with her again. It seemed as though the dear boy wished to encourage and help his mother in starting out in a Christian life. He looked as though he would say:

"Mother, I will stand by you. And should you feel backward and afraid as you kneel down at the altar, just think that Charlie is seeing you from the pew and praying for you."

And now as he sees Charlie in his class, the pastor says to himself: "There is the dear little boy who brought his mother with him to our Saviour." And as he sees mother and child come to church together, he is every time reminded how Charlie Jones stands by his mother, brings her to the house of God, and walks by her side on the way to heaven. And as he passes the door of their home, he sighs the prayer: "God bless the little home missionary, Charlie Jones, and his now grateful, new-born mother."

Beecher on Crowing.

Can any man tell why a rooster crows? or upon what principles the instinct acts as to times and seasons?

That crowing is sometimes of the nature of a challenge, every observant man knows. If a strange cock comes into the neighborhood, and wanders near the precincts of a barn-yard not his own, he will, at the first sounding of his horn, be answered back by cock and cockerell, all over the farm, and unless he precipitately retreats there will be a challenge and a fight.

We know, also, that after two knights of the barn-yard have measured strength, it is never allowed to the vanquished to crow, while his conqueror fills the whole neighborhood with the news of victory. Sometimes the weaker bird draws out of the fight, and sneaks off to a convenient distance, and then utters a protest against his antagonist's arrogant pæan. Nothing can excite such fury in the winner as this breach of faith. It is the duty of every knight of the tail-feathers to fight till he falls dead—that being altogether the most approved course—or else, being vanquished, he must run for some corner, or get his head safely out of reach and there, in silence, listen to his rival's chant, and at dusk sneak off to his roost, and keep always thereafter at a safe distance from his master. When, therefore, a mean-spirited rooster fights till his courage fails, then takes to his heels, it is his duty to hold his peace. He has no right to express an opinion. Are not all rights transferred to victors? A defeated rooster has no right to turn historian, and mislead the neighborhood as to the facts. Accordingly nothing seems to stir such rage in a triumphant cock as to hear his runaway antagonist bearing false witness over the fence. Woe to him if wings and feet do not speedily put him out of reach!

But the inward mood out of which much crowing proceeds is still to be considered. All night the rooster drowses and sleeps. Suddenly, at certain hours, without excitement, he shoots forth into the darkness a long, shrill crow, which, from the stillness of the night, seems far louder than the day crow. Again and again, as distant answers come in, he renews the effort. Is it a dream that he is repeating? Or is he wound up, like an alarm clock, to go off at a given hour? Or are these the duties imposed upon him by some gallinaceous superstition?

Equally strange is it, in the daytime, to witness a discreet and faithful old fellow, who has been leading about his flock, crooning, scratching, calling or warning, in a temperate and domestic way, all of a sudden stretch himself up, flap his wings, and crow till the hills ring again. The act sets off a fusilade, of crowing birds, north, south, east, west,

far off and near, loud or faint in the distance.

The original precentor listens a moment, and solemnly renews the declaration, whatever it was or meant; the echo of answering birds fills the air. Are they denials or answers? In a few minutes the responses end, and each bird returns to his scratching and pompous parading.

That there is some supposed moral duty in this act, seems to be corroborated by the conduct of an old bluff Cochin on my premises He has never shown a combative spirit. Indeed, his reputation for courage is very bad. He shuns conflict, and smells danger from afar and hides himself. And yet he is very proud of his crow, and with as little reason, on account of any good qualities of voice, as can be conceived. But at due times, with great preparation, and much shaking of his ponderous and unshapely body, he emits a most melancholy, hoarse and feeble crow, and repeats it, and several times again exposes himself to ridicule. The whole effort might be likened to a short anthem by an old man, with cold in the head and asthma in his chest.

If we regard the most of crowing as a piece of rude and inarticulate boasting, then we find that pretty much the whole world is involved in it. Men are very busy in making known their manifold excellences, and not a few in ways as vociferous as that of the chanticleer.

But nations are famous for crowing. Every nation vaunts itself, and is puffed up. Each nation thinks all other nations vain. They all boast together, and each one in particular is disgusted with the conceit of all but itself. There is more crowing done out of the barnyard than there is in it.

From the New York Ledger.

Recollections of Eminent German Scholars.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a peculiar interest in forming the personal acquaintance of men whose learning and spirit one has previously enjoyed, and communed with through their writings. And as we ponder for days and weeks with intense interest over their precious pages, we unconsciously form in our minds an image of their manners and appearance. But how often, when we approach them face to face, must we throw aside our mental man, as a spurious likeness, and strive, with no little effort, to convince ourselves that the one we see is after all the man. Thus my imaginary portrait of Hengstenberg represented him as a grey-headed veteran, whose life was fast waning towards evening. So firmly had this image impressed itself upon my mind, that an evening of the most friendly, familiar conversation with him could not shake off my doubts, whether after all he was not another man. It seemed incredible that he should still be in the prime of life, of such a bland, affable, personal appearance, with a face that looks as if no cloud had ever flitted athwart its brow. The bitter uncompromising polemic seems a very unsuitable tenant for such a John-like physiognomy.

In person he was above medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a pleasant, oval face, that seemed to beam with good will to all men. His manners, without any perceptible effort, indicated the graces of a polished gentleman. His tidy dress, arranged with faultless precision, showed that he or somebody else was not wholly unmindful of the outward man. He was a very good-looking man by nature, and of course art would not make him less so. In this respect he differed widely from his great compeer Stahl, in whose puny, awkward person the sparing hand of nature would peep through all the outward polish and tinsels of art. Hengstenberg had a clear, musical voice, and a free, fluent delivery; the very opposite to Stahl's lisping speech and weak, unsonorous accents. His lecture-room was crowded with attentive hearers. All his lectures bore the stamp of thoroughness. In dissecting and unravelling the intricate theories of Rationalism, he sometimes resorted to the use of sarcasm, and often dismissed the dismembered subject with the gibe of ridicule. He knew no medium or affinity between the two Confessions, and was strenuously opposed to the Synodical and representative form of church polity. Religion as well as ruling must be done for and given to the people, but

not done through them. The Government must give the people their Church and manage it for them. "Why," he said to me, "what can we expect from the people at present constituting the congregations? If we leave it to their choice, a large part would vote away the Bible and all true religion as superstition and nonsense. They would elect Satan as their pastor." Which is not without its truth under existing circumstances.

Nitzsch was altogether of a different stamp. Considerably beyond the meridian of life, his seemingly uncombed, bushy hair, fast turning gray, and his careworn features, indicated the severe student. When he lectured or preached his trembling hands (he seemed to have been very nervous) apparently embarrassed his manners. Though lacking animation and fluency, he was a very instructive, and even impressive preacher. His sermons were elaborate, yet clear and simple. He tried to win his hearers more by entreaty than threatening, more by holding up before them the love of God and the beauties of holiness than the terrors of the Law and the vileness of sin. He had a familiar conversational style. You could not help but feel that he wished you well. He leaned forward upon his crossed arms on the pulpit, with the air of a man who would say, "Come now, let us reason together." Sometimes he would press his hands and look at them in a half vacant manner, as if his mind were wandering, while he entreated with paternal anxiety. He spoke to his hearers with such childlike, unpolemical simplicity, that he seemed to forget "the theologian" in his pious ardor "to persuade men." He had labored hard for the union of the two Churches, and this was still the burden and object of his anxieties. I shall never forget the last sermon I heard him preach. It was during the meeting of a convention of ministers from the whole Kingdom, which many had hoped would warmly support the Union. But to the grief of its friends, a few days' deliberation proved the contrary. He preached on 1 Cor. iii. 21-23, words into which he poured the emotions of his plaintive spirit with melancholy eloquence. How his mourning heart grieved over the hindrances to Christian sympathy, how he spoke of the duty and pleasantness of a forgiving, forbearing communion of Christians, and the bliss of its final, complete enjoyment, untrammelled by the passions and prejudices of earth, left upon my heart an impression which I trust may never die.

Ritter, the celebrated geographer, belonged to the sages of Germany. Though among the oldest men of science, he yielded to none in zeal and perseverance in his department of study. In spite of his advanced age, he still seemed strong and active. His tall, erect form, and full, clear voice, showed that time had dealt gently with him. When he entered his lecture hall, an almost breathless silence ensued. His silvery locks, carefully brushed, and his tasteful attire, showed that age had not made him neglectful of the elegance of correct dress. He sat before his class, like the father of a large family, and spoke with an authoritative confidence that always becomes the wisdom and experience of age.

In Ullman, of Carlsruhe, author of "The Reformers before the Reformation," I was likewise greatly disappointed; a small, elderly man, so unassuming and unostentatious, that he looked like meekness personified. When I first saw him, he emerged out of a little world of books and manuscripts on the floor and his study table, and approached me with an unsuspecting smile, stranger as I was, and with the frankness of an old friend. He was full of questions about the American Church, her varied polity and prospects. He was one of those men, whose exterior is no complete index of their mind. At first sight a person would have taken him for a good, rather than a mentally great man. He seemed entirely free from polemical rigor, and spoke even of his enemies in terms of love and kindness. He seemed penetrated by the charity of the Gospel, which one could not help but feel in his presence. Such a soothing, genial atmosphere surrounded him, that when you parted from him, you felt a desire to return and linger about him longer. Of course a man of his spirit could not well help but labor for the Union. The Ecclesiastical Board of Baden formed a new Catechism out of the Heidelberg and

smaller Lutheran Catechism, which was chiefly the labor of Ullmann; a work for which he seemed eminently qualified

Table Customs.

While certain forms of table etiquette may seem altogether conventional, even fantastic, the forms usually observed are founded on good sense, and adapted to general convenience. Table etiquette is not, as is often alleged, merely a matter of fashion, although some things that were in vogue a generation or two ago are no longer deemed polite. The reason is that manners and table furniture have undergone so many changes, have really so much improved, as to require a mutual readjustment. For example, everybody was accustomed, twenty or thirty years since, to use the knife to carry food to the mouth, because the fork of the day was not adapted to the purpose. Since the introduction of the four-tined silver fork, it has so entirely supplanted the knife that the usage of the latter, in that way, is not only superfluous, but is regarded as a vulgarism.

Another example is the discontinuance of the custom of turning tea or coffee from the cup into the saucer. Although small plates were frequently employed to set the cup in, they were not at all in general use; and even when they were used, the tea or coffee was likely to be spilled upon the cloth.

The habit, likewise, of putting one's knife into the butter arose from the fact that the butter-knife proper had not been thought of. Such customs as these, once necessitated by circumstances, are now obviously inappropriate.

Certain habits, however, are regulated by good taste and delicacy of feeling, and the failure to adopt them argues a lack of fine perception or social insight. One of these is eating or drinking audibly. No sensitive person can hear any one taking his soup, coffee, or other liquid, without positive annoyance. Yet those who would be very unwilling to consider themselves ill bred, are constantly guilty of such breach of politeness. The defect is that they are not so sensitive as those with whom they come in contact. They would not be disturbed by the offence; they never imagine, therefore, that any one else can be. It is for them that rules of etiquette are particularly designed. Were their instincts correct, they would not need the rule, which from the absence of instinct, appears to them irrational, purely arbitrary.

To rest one's elbow on the table is more than a transgression of courtesy: it is a positive inconvenience to one's neighbors. All awkwardness of position, such as sitting too far back from, or leaning over the table, are reckoned as rudenesses, because they put others ill at ease through fear of such accidents as are liable to happen from any uncouthness.

These and kindred matters are trifles; but social life is so largely composed of trifles, that to disregard them wholly is a serious affront. We can hardly realize to what an extent our satisfaction or dissatisfaction is made up of things in themselves insignificant, until their observance or non-observance is brought directly home to us.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Work-shops and Homes of Germany.

BY THE EDITOR.

The elite of German cities get their fashions from Paris, the great fountain of the universe for taste—good and bad. But in many places the substantial peasantry still wear the short breeches, long-bodied vests and broad-brimmed hats, which they wore in the days of Frederick the Great. They sip their wine and beer, and whiff clouds of tobacco fume from their yard-long pipes, as their great grand-sires did. But few reapers or grain-drills have yet profaned their fields, nor threshing-machines their barns. They still reap their harvests by the slow process of the sickle, and thresh it with the flail. They have the same skinning, skimming, two-wheeled, half-wagon plough they had when my father was a ploughboy on the Rhine. In Science and the fine Arts there has been progress in every branch, though sometimes downward. But in the mechanical arts they have not advanced a step, up or down, for many generations. The stove

in Luther's study on the Wartburg is nearly the same as those in common use now, only with some changes, which his inventive genius suggested. The wagons, harness and general farming implements are the very opposites of practical utility. They point to a period when the first crude conceptions of agricultural art struggled for expression. Some of their tools show a supreme contempt for all mechanical laws, excellent only to increase the labor, and diminish the power to perform it. Their churches, houses, habits, customs, all are old and fixed.

The Germans take more time for everything than we do. They take more time to eat, more time to drink, more time to labor, more time to rest and enjoy. They are slower in good, and slower in evil.

The man of riper years can live on the result of his past labors. So Germany has a fund of mental energy, a literary vitality, which neither admits nor requires any of this helter-skelter, time-saving method of acquiring great ends.

The literature and life of Germany are peculiar. Ours is more like a stream, shallow, broad and brawling. Theirs like one that flows narrow and deep. We are practical, they profound. Both united, make a consistent and useful compound. Both have their advantages and dangers. Shallow streams are only for light boats, and when they are upset in a gale, we have a hope to reach bottom. Deep streams are more navigable, but many sink therein to rise no more. We are too much given to a certain (*vielwisserei*) intelligence, which would know everything. Some of our authors write and talk about things in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth. Write a book in a few months, which will run through several editions before the end of the year. Here a man will spend a long life-time in writing on a Greek article, or in spinning out the web of one idea; and perhaps even leave that but half finished when he dies. We, in our youthful hurry, pick up grains of truth on the surface, and we sow them again on the surface. The Germans are the miners in literature and science. They burrow among the ore, and the abundance of this in some of their works makes it difficult for practical minds to see the gold. Their furnaces do not always separate the gold from the dross. The ore in some of their works gives us more trouble than we are willing to bestow.

They have a different national and social temperament; the surface is like a waveless calm, while there is often a wild and fearful commotion underneath. It is so now. Germany is apparently in a state of tranquillity. Yet I see under-currents and repressed passions, which, should they boil to the surface, would raise another tempest whose waves and surges would lash upon every shore of Europe. With us, everything, good and evil, moves and ripples at once to the surface. We have not yet been taught the art of concealing the passions. We make no secret of our weaknesses. A slight gale in the political firmament will stir up a short bluster, in the form of a local riot, or a Faneuil Hall indignation meeting, to permit the escape of popular foam. Germany is not irritable, though its subjects are characteristically so. Its powers of endurance are astonishing. An old, full-grown dog seldom notices the barking and biting of young puppies. And when it does turn, it is with the dignity and ripe experience of age.

Our progress and success in the mechanical arts, and the constant demand for them, excites and nourishes a passion for the practical, at the expense of the profound. The study of the mechanical and material, monopolizes the field of investigation. We are prone to forget that however important labor-savers, time-savers, and distance-annihilators are, that the steam engine and electric telegraph will hardly regenerate society. In the great sum of means they have their relative worth; but ideas mould mankind. But here, many are profound to a fault. They dive so deeply, that they are mostly beyond hearing distance of those for whom they write. They expect men to receive their metal in the mine, instead of bringing it up to the surface. Still, in point of originality, productiveness and solid erudition, they are far our superiors. It would be blindness to deny this. And indeed this need not excite our jealousy, for it would be a great shame if they were not. Let us once have five

more centuries behind us, in which to appropriate the treasures of other nations and assimilate them to our own, as they have done, and we can likewise show the world glorious fruits of our riper years.

The universal custom of living together in towns gives a peculiar complexion to country life. Here we find no farms, in the American sense; where the owner is snugly nestled amid his broad acres, a paternal monarch of his little kingdom; where thriving orchards, waving grain fields and verdant and flowery meadows, sloping gently down to some stream, spread out before his contented vision; where the sprightly country maiden can find room to go a Maying, or gather wild berries, and where the boys may canvass the fields and woods after game. Woe unto the man who wilfully kills a bird or rabbit on his own premises here. All the game on his lots belongs to the Jæger, (hunter) who pays the Government of the district a fixed annual sum for the privilage of hunting. Here you find little of that lordly, substantial independence, so common with our farmers, which makes them the bone and sinew of our Republic. I do not know why it is, but I have been in many places where a Bauer (farmer), was synonymous with a rude, uncouth fellow—a *boor*. During the busy seasons their villages present scenes of bustling confusion. Imagine a village of five hundred farmers, crowded tightly along compactly built streets, each having his house, barn and stables, skirting a square piece of ground, where the whole would often not be large enough to contain a common size bank-barn; where the streets are narrow and no back alleys, to permit the egress and ingress of cattle; where the domestic arrangements are constantly hampered and encroached upon by animal impertinence; imagine what a sudden transition of the village into solitude, during the busy season of hay-making and harvest, when all, men, women and children, are out reaping; what continuous lines of loaded wagons from morning till night, when they gather in their crops; and then what a volley of sounds during the winter, when a thousand flails are threshing away wearily at their grain, from day to day! All these combine to form a most striking contrast to rural life in America. Where such a multitude of different interests are crowded together into such a small compass, the most precise regulations must be observed to maintain order and right. The village must have its cowherd, shepherd, swineherd and geeseherd; each has his flock to attend to, which he daily leads to their respective pasture. In the morning each will blow his horn along the streets at a fixed hour, as his signal for departure, and in a few minutes the whole army responds most loyally to his call.

A great many of the German towns, even down to the smallest villages, have been founded by the Romans. Much as we should respect the ancients for their many eminent qualities, they certainly knew little about planning towns. Even larger towns often look as if their streets had been started and finished by accident. Crooked, narrow lanes, intersected at all possible angles, except right angles, lines ever approaching, but never meeting, are perfect puzzles to a traveler. Some, through which I have gone a dozen of times, still remain inscrutable mysteries to me. In Augsburg I could scarcely venture a hundred yards from my hotel without being lost. In my wanderings I crossed familiar streets, I knew not where, nor how. And when I aimed in the direction of known points, the imperceptible curves would lure me to quarters diametrically opposite. To me they were so mysteriously obscure, that they became subjects of the profoundest study. Good pavements are a rare luxury throughout Germany. In Cologne, Halle, Wittenberg, and many other cities, there are no sidewalks at all. The streets are paved, but the stones expose an uneven surface, joined by empty crevices, which make them painfully unpleasant to walk upon. Though provided with thick-soled boots, my suffering experience impels me to designate them as Coleridge did the walks of Cologne:

"Pavements fang'd with murderous stones."

As these evils have been entailed upon the Germans by the Romans, they rather deserve our pity than reproof. And a remedy would require a reconstruction of the towns, which would be

impossible. Besides, the citizens are measurably compensated for this unavoidable inconvenience by their pleasant promenades through gardens and groves. The Germans are fond of nature; they love birds and trees. Their disinterested love for these is shown by a thousand little acts. Some of the roads are lined for miles with trees, old and stately; every town, often down to the rural villages, is skirted with parks. Some are dense forests, where trees are growing in their native wildness, among underbrushes and birds, penetrated by promenades fringed with plants and flowers. The present generation ramble among trees, which their ancestors have planted five hundred years ago; and they again are planting many for a distant posterity. I confess the planting of a tree for the benefit of a coming generation, is such a pleasing mark of an unselfish heart, such a purely disinterested act, that this prevalent characteristic of the Germans has greatly elevated them in my estimation. In Germany, trees have become a municipal necessity. They are seldom found through the town. Their parks are all outside the towns and cities. They are quiet places of retirement where we can enjoy the sanctuary and solitude of nature, unmolested by the rush and dust of business; where the birds warble their melodies in their native freedom, on their own trees and branches. In Berlin, through the centre of the city, one is within fifteen minutes' walk of the *Thiergarten*, a natural forest, and one of the finest parks in Europe.

The Dog and the Shadow.

A hungry mastiff dog one day
  Purloined a piece of meat,
Then slank off stealthily away,
  The morsel choice to eat.

He had to cross a pleasant stream,
  Which through green meadows wound,
Reflecting every sunny gleam,
  And all the hills around.

Upon the bank he stood awhile,
  When, stooping down below,
The placid waters with a smile
  His image to him show.

Supposing it, to his surprise,
  Another dog with meat,
He plunges in to seize the prize,
  And grasp the tempting cheat.

But while thus snapping at a shade,
  He let the substance fall;
The empty shadow has betrayed,
  And robbed him of his all.

Alas! how many have pursued
  A phantom quite as vain,
And risked for visionary good
  A more substantial gain.

Some fair illusion to their eyes
  Presents its specious lure;
They strive to seize the tempting prize,
  The tempting bait secure.

Ah! would they choose the better part,
  And covet things that stay,
Instead of giving up their heart
  To those which pass away.

—Ellen Roberts.

History of Church Pews.

The New York *Observer* gives an interesting review of a valuable work on "The History and Law of Church Seats or Pews," by Alfred Heales, F. S. A., Proctor in Doctors' Commons, recently published in London, the author of which has a two-fold object in view.

In the first volume he investigates the early history of pews, from their origin until they acquired their present form and state. The second volume is intended to show what points have been decided down to the present date, in the English courts of law—ecclesiastical and civil. From a revision of the work in a foreign periodical, we gather the following facts relating to the History of Pews, as the more interesting portion of the work to our readers:

In early times, the area of the church was occupied by the parishioners generally. At the end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century benches were introduced; but it was not till much later that the practice of fitting churches throughout was usual. There was, however, a right to chapels or aisles, resting on the presumption, which becomes binding by prescription of the law, that they were built for the private use of the founder and his family and their descendants. The ancient Saxon churches had no seats either for laity or spirituality; and in the mediæval period, long after massive stalls and

handsome benches had been generally placed in the chancels, for the convenience of clergy present throughout services of considerable length, and for the comfort of a very few laymen of high degree, who were permitted to sit in the chancel, the naves, appropriated to the commonalty, had no fixed sittings, save in a few churches of exceptional structure that had a stone seat running round the north, south, and west walls. The clergy stood or knelt in the performance of the religious rites; the profane vulgar were required to stand or kneel. If weariness or fatigue prevailed, the lay worshiper was compelled to retire to some place out of sight where he might repose. To the aged or the valetudinarian this was a grievous bondage.

By degrees sittings were provided for all. First the clergy, having obtained stalls in the chancel, reluctantly conceded the same right to nobles; then the parish priest felt that whilst he was occupying a luxurious stall in the chancel, it was unbecoming that a knight or squire who gave liberally to the church, should not have a movable bench for himself and sons on one side, and for his wife and daughters on the other side of the nave; another innovation was the practice of allowing the common people to sit on sedge mats or hassocks, or to carry with them what may be called camp-stools. Mr. Heales furnishes much curious information as to the church pews appropriated to church dignitaries and great laymen. He describes several of the varieties of the church pew:

"At Cholderton, Wiltshire, is a pew six feet high, with glass windows in the door, to enable the occupants to see the preacher, and other windows in the side, to enable them to survey the congregation. At Merstham, Surrey (until very recently), and at Mickleham, Surrey, were pews raised some feet above the level of the cold, damp floor, comfortably fitted, and possessing a fire-place and table: by no means uncommon examples. Such 'pride of place' seems peculiarly offensive, even when the particular locality be a private chapel annexed to the parish church."

Such were the pews whose ostentatious smartness and luxury caused Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, to exclaim:

"Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on; we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions; I had almost said bolster and pillows; and for those we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them—who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this, I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or to proclaim pride."

Mr. Heales gives an instance of a less pretentious pew erected by a Norfolk shepherd:

"In Little Bemingham Church, Norfolk, a pew was erected by a shepherd in the nave, to afford accommodation for strangers and wedding parties; bearing a skeleton carved in wood, with the inscription: For Couples joined in Wedlock; and my Friend That Stranger is: This seate I did intende. But (? built) at the cost and charge of Stephen Crosbee. Anno Domini 1640."

As pews increased, there was provision made even for the dogs that followed their masters to church, as the Scotch collies invariably did in the pastoral districts.

"About fifty years ago," Mr. Heales informs us, "there was in Northope church, Lincolnshire, a small pew known as the Hall-dog Pew, in which the dogs which followed the residents of the hall to church were placed during divine service."

It is said that within the recollection of living men, dogs were entertained even more profanely in the church of Framlingham, Suffolk, where a clergyman of an obsolete school used to confine within the communion table rails, the pointers and retrievers which accompanied him from a neighboring parish, when he came to officiate at the market town in the absence of its rector.

It was, however, from the time of the Reformation, when the importance of the ordinance of preaching was recognized, that pews became indispensable for the bodily comfort of the worshipers and hearers.

"From the earlier years of Elizabeth, public seats and appropriated stalls became more and more frequent, so that before the close of her reign, in the towns, where sermons were more fre-

quent, and citizens were required to listen oftener than once a month to the oratory of the licensed preachers, permanent sittings occupied the greater part of every church nave. To account for this rapid extension of the pew system, as a natural result of the ecclesiastical revolution, the reader must bear in mind the exigencies of the period, which replaced the old portable preaching boxes with permanent pulpits, established the desks from which the clergy read a liturgy, and imposed upon the select pulpits the task of instructing the congregations in the new tenets of theology, and doctrines of church government. Whereas, the sermons of the pre-Reformation period were brief homilies, which could be uttered in a few minutes, or piquant addresses, like the preaching of Chaucer's 'Pardoner,' the sermons of the later epoch were doctrinal discourses, which seldom closed until the preacher's hour-glass showed him to have exceeded the ordinary limits of a pulpit-lecture."

"Latimer was not the only divine of his period who had reason to exclaim against the noisy restlessness of the unseated congregations, that was alike vexatious to the orator and his more attentive auditors. But vehement upbraidings could not correct the evil. To cure the people of their perambulatory habit, it was necessary to fix each individual to a seat on which he would be content to rest, and from which he would not have the courage to move until the parson should dissolve the assembly. Nor was the adoption of pews less advantageous to the church wardens and other official persons, on whom it devolved to silence brawlers and maintain order during Divine service in the promiscuous gatherings of Roman Catholics, Church Protestants, and Puritans. In the towns it was soon found that seated congregations were much less prone than unseated assemblies to express riotously their disapprobation of a preacher's doctrine; and when, for the avoidance of tumult scarcely less than for the comfort of individuals, the towns had accepted the pew system, the rural churches soon followed the example. The same consideration which decided the friends of order to give seats to the worshipers made them choose fixed sittings in preference to stools and movable benches, which sometimes became weapons of offense, and tools of warfare in the hands of lawless people bent on riot."

Mr. Heales justly says that no one has hitherto searched into the archæology of the subject of pews, or dug below the surface. "The History of Pews," by the late Rev. Dr. Neale, published by the Cambridge Society, is no exception to this statement. Its aim was solely directed against high square pews, and the materials collected refer to a period long subsequent to the general introduction of church seats. Mr. Oliphant's work is acknowledged to be the best so far as it goes; and although it is almost entirely restricted to the arrangements decided by the Courts or settled by Parliament, it must still be regarded as valuable. But Mr. Heales has not only the advantage of the labors of his predecessors, but has supplied their omissions. His book may be accepted as a work of great research, full of interesting historical lore, and replete not only with legal knowledge, but knowledge rightly applied.

The Absent-Minded Man.

"A distinguished mathematician, a professor of King's College, Aberdeen, was noted for his absence of mind.

"Coming out one day from the College, he stumbled against a cow, and in the confusion of the moment, thinking he had run against a lady, he raised his hat, and said: 'I beg your pardon, Madam.'

"Shortly afterward he did accidentally stumble against a lady in the street, when, remembering his former adventure, he exclaimed: 'Is that you again, ye brute?"

Now, Mr. Civil, that's a very strange story. A college professor apologized to a cow and insulted a lady! Where could his wits have been? Well, these scientific men do some queer things. One of them wanted to boil an egg once, and took out his watch so that he might know just how long to keep the egg in. But he was so busy thinking about something else that he put the watch into the pot of boiling water, and held

the egg in his hand. It's always better to keep your eyes open, so that you may know what is going on around you Children forget to study their lessons, and fail to get to school in time by being absent-minded. Their minds are so taken up by play that they forget every thing else.

Why He Takes Them.

[Among shepherds it is customary, when a flock will not cross a river, to carry one of the lambs to the opposite side, when, attracted by its bleating, the mother will at once cross, followed by the whole flock.]

The flock stood waiting by the rapid river,
And would not cross,
Although the shepherd kindly called them thither,
And banks of moss,
And fields of green and verdant hills surrounded
The further shore:
The danger all their narrow vision bounded
Of crossing o'er.

He stretched his kindly arms, and gently called them;
They would not heed:
The deep, broad river's rapid stream appalled them.
Though pleasant mead
And mountain fair, beyond the darkling river,
Rose to their view,
And in the distance, bright, unfading ever,
Were pastures new.

The shepherd took a lamb, and safely bore it
Within his arms
To where the pastures brightly gleamed before it,
And all alarms
Were hushed. The mother heard its voice of pleading,
And, crossing o'er,
The flock behind her followed in her leading,
Unto the shore.

O stricken hearts, all torn with grief, and bleeding,
A Saviour's voice
Ye would not hear, nor follow in His leading
Of your own choice!
And so He takes your lambs unto His keeping,
That eyes all dim
And dark with sorrow's clouds, and sad with weeping,
May look to Him,
And see, beyond the darkly-rolling river,
Those gone before,
And to the fields with verdure green for ever
Cross safely o'er.

—SELECTED.

A Diversion that Never Tires.

"You ask me, my children," writes Margaret, Duchess of Alencon, the favorite sister of Francis I., of France, and a devoted Christian woman, "to do a very difficult thing—to invent a diversion that will drive away your *ennui*. I have been seeking all my life to effect this; but I have found only one remedy, which, is *reading the Holy Scriptures*. In perusing them my mind experiences its true and perfect joy, and from this pleasure of the mind proceed the repose and health of the body.

"If you desire me to tell you what I do to be so gay and well at my advanced age, it is because as soon as I get up I read these sacred books. There I see and contemplate the will of God, who sent His Son to us on earth to preach that holy word, and, announce the sweet tidings that He promises to pardon our sins and extinguish our debts, by giving us His Son who loved us, and who suffered and died for our sakes. This idea so delights me, that I take up Psalms and sing them with my heart, and pronounce with my tongue as humbly as possible the fine hymns with which the Holy Spirit inspired David and the sacred authors.

"The pleasure I receive from this exercise so transports me that I consider all the evils which may happen to me through the day to be real blessings; for I place Him in my heart by faith who endured more misery for me. Before I sup I retire in the same manner, to give my soul a congenial lesson. At night I review all I have done in the day. I implore pardon for my faults; I thank God for His favors; and I lie down in His love, in His fear, and in His peace, free from every worldly anxiety."

Garments of Mourning.

"Putting on black" as a sign of mourning was an essentially heathen custom, indicating the horror of death, and that all beyond the grave was a blank. Christianity abolished death, and along with it the customs of the heathen funerals,—wailing, grovelling, and sackcloth. We relapse into these customs just in the degree that we re-

cede from the Christian faith. Mrs. Ware, in her very useful little book, Death and Life, has some excellent remarks upon these customs:

The early Christians recognized the new aspect which the knowledge of immortality gave to the death of the body; and they soon ceased to use the signs of mourning for the dead that till then had been universal. They felt that it was wrong to mourn for the dead; and their epitaphs in the Roman catacombs still testify to the peaceful trust and the hopeful assurance that animated the minds of those who there deposited the mortal remains, often sealed with the blood of martyrdom, of those they held most dear to them. Among the thousands of inscriptions still to be read there, there is no allusion to be found to the grief of those who were left to perform the last offices to their friends. No inconsiderable number of relatives immortalize their tears on those walls. The simplicity of a child-like faith that to die here was to live in the mansions of the all-loving Father, seems to have been the abounding source whence flowed the countless phrases that speak of death as always a good, rather than evil. The bad Latin in which many of the inscriptions are couched, proves that a large proportion of the dead were of the lower and little educated classes; but all ranks seem to have been animated by the same spirit. Selfish grief finds no exception there; and the historians tell us that all signs of mourning in dress were deemed unfitting in those who believed in Christian immortality.

Mind your Accents.

The accentuation of the words given below is so often misplaced and so difficult to retain, that we give to our readers a series of sentences, taken from the *Pen and Plow*, showing how the accent should be placed.

The RULE is clear and simple. The *noun* is accented on the first syllable, the *verb* on the last; but even a grammarian, without familiarity, will often make a mistake. There are few words in the language so often *misaccented* as the ones we are about to give, and there are few words which enter more largely into conversation.

Proj'ect, prog'ress and pro'duce are seldom accented properly.

I absent' myself to-day and was ab'sent yesterday.

I abstract' from Cato's ab'stract.

I abuse' him not for his a'buse.

I accent' the word with the proper ac'cent.

I affix' an aff'ix properly.

I colleague' with my col'league.

I collect' after my col'lect.

I comment' on your com'ment.

I compound' and render the com'pound.

I compress' and apply the com'press.

We concert' and render the con'cert.

They concrete' and form a con'crete.

We concord' and produce con'cord.

We conduct' them and form their con'duct.

We confine' the animal and erect his con'fine.

He conflicts' and produces the con'flict.

We conjure' him not to con'jure.

They conserve' our con'serve.

He consorts' with his con'sort.

I contest' and so enter the con'test.

The context' jumbled the con'text.

We contract' and make our con'tract.

We contrast' and produce the con'trast.

We converse' and hold the con'verse.

We convert' and gain con'verts.

We convict' and confine con'victs.

We convoy' and protect the con'voy.

We do not desert' into the des'ert.

We digest' from the proper di'gest.

We discount' and render the dis'count.

We entrance' him at the en'trance.

We escort' with an es'cort.

I essay' to produce an es'say.

I excuse' your ex'cuse.

His exile' rendered him an ex'ile.

We export' our ex'ports.

We extract' from the proper ex'tract.

They ferment' and produce fer'ment.

I frequent' the hall and make fre'quent calls.

They are minute' in extracting min'utes.

They misconduct' and show mis'conduct.

We object' to your ob'ject.

We outwork' them at their out'work.

We overcharge' and produce an over'charge.

We permit' as our per'mit shows

Such a precedent' shows a bad prec'edent.

We prefix' the pre'fix.

We prelude' with the proper pre'lude.

We premise' and give the base of the pre'mise.

We presage' and give the pre'sage.

I present' the letter and make a pres'ent.

Our country produ'ces immense prod'uce.

We progress' and make rapid prog'ress.

We project' and form the proj'ect.

We protest' and write our prot'est.

I rebel' against law and am a reb'el.

We record' our names in the rec'ord.

We refuse' such ref'use.

We reprimand' and give a rep'rimand.

We reprint' and produce the re'print.

We retail' and form the re'tail of the place.

We subject' him and make him a sub'ject.

I survey' on the coast sur'vey.

We torment' him by severe tor'ment.

I transfer' and now make the trans'fer.

We transport' the goods in a trans'port.

We undress' and put on our un'dress.

"Second' the motion" would follow, but we do not decide, though we have heard it by a first-class scholar.

Weather Proverbs.

I proceed now to mention such of the proverbs as are in most general use among us; but I would premise that some of them are common to every other county in England. How true is the well known-saying:

"Evening gray and morning red
Sends the shepherd wet to bed;
Evening red and morning gray
Is the sure sign of a very fine day."

And this:

"Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Never long wet and never long dry."

And this:

"Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven."

And this again:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight"—

which is only our homely way of expressing the famous lines of Byron:

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

Then again how true is the old Wiltshire saying:

"When the wind is northwest
The weather is at the best;
But if the rain comes out of the east,
'Twill rain twice twenty-four hours at the least."

These are the general proverbs, applicable to all times; but we have an unusual number of proverbs in Wiltshire which describe the evils of too advanced vegetation in a precocious spring. Thus for January we have:

"If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

And again:

"A January Spring
Is worth nothing."

For February:

"Of all the months in the year
Curse a fair Februeer."

So again for March, in true Wiltshire language:

"As many mistises in March,
So many frostises in May."

And the well known adage:

"If March comes in like a lion, it goes out like a lamb;
If it comes in like a lamb, it goes out like a lion."

For April, again:

"A cold April
The barn will fill."

And again:

"April showers
Bring Summer flowers."

And another, lauding the prolongation of the fierce winds of March:

"When April blows his horn,
'Tis good for both hay and corn."

While even for May we have:

"Mist in May and heat in June,
Makes the harvest come right soon."

And again:

"Who doffs his coat on a Winter's day,
Will gladly put it on in May."

And for June:

"A dripping June
Brings all things in tune."

Every one of these Wiltshire proverbs relating to the first six months of the year, proclaims the acknowledged fact that a prolonged winter and a tardy spring bespeak more abundant crops and more assured plenty than the pleasanter, however unseasonable, warmth which sometimes gladdens all hearts in winter and early spring. Nor is this belief peculiar to our country, or even to England. It is held quite as much in the south of Europe. For the Italians have a proverb: "January commits the faults, and May bears the blame;" and it is a common saying in Spain: "A year of snow, a year of plenty." Moreover, that such premature mildness of the season does not in reality advance vegetation, everybody who possesses a garden knows to his cost. And here again we have several famous Wiltshire proverbs relating to this fact, and containing very weighty truths. The one runs thus:

"Be it weal or be it woe,
Beans blow before May doth go."

Another says:

"Come it early or come it late,
In May comes the corn-quake."

And a third:

"Plant your 'taturs when you will,
They won't come up before April."

But again we have Wiltshire sayings which affirm, what I believe to be an equally undeniable truth, that together with a prolonged winter and a dripping spring, a dry summer is more to be desired by the husbandman. That, however, is a season we scarcely seem to have experienced this year, when the old Devonshire proverb, applicable enough in that rainy county, might have been quoted with much truth even here:

"The west wind always brings wet weather;
The east wind, wet and cold together;
The south wind surely brings us rain;
The north wind blows it back again."

Showing that from whatever point of the compass the wind blows, rain is sure to fall.

There is a very curious old Wiltshire prejudice against a new moon occurring on a Saturday, which, if not common in the county now, prevailed not many years since, but the origin of which and the meaning of which I am at a loss to conjecture. It is handed down in the following proverb:

"A Saturday's moon
If it comes once in seven years,
Comes once too soon."

Equally unfounded, though more easily accounted for, is the notion which prevails among our people that the weather on Friday differs from that of all other days. The saying is:

"To every other day in the week
Friday is not alike."

A somewhat obscurely worded sentiment; but doubtless it originates in the same principle which causes sailors to dread putting out to sea on a Friday, viz.: the custom, once religiously observed, of keeping Friday as a weekly fast.

The signs to be derived from the animal world are very numerous and very reliable, and are much observed amongst our people in consequence. As examples of the most common in this country, they will tell you that seldom indeed will a wet day be found to follow when in the morning cows are seen lying down in their pastures; still more seldom when rooks are noticed high in the air, or swallows are seen at a great height hawking after flies; but rarest of all when three white butterflies are seen together, in the garden or field. The latter is a sure sign of a fine day, which I have hardly ever known to fail. They will tell you, on the other hand, that when the distant downs look near; or the common plover or peewit, which frequents our downs in such numbers, becomes restless; or the bees hurry home and none leave the hive; or partridges grow wild; or sea-gulls make their appearance so far inland; or pigs carry straw in their mouths; or insects fly low; rain is at hand. These are but samples of many similar instances of unfailing instinct in regard to weather, which every student of nature admires in the various branches of the animal kingdom. I will conclude with the

clever lines of Dr. Jenner, which sum up the matter very accurately:

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell;
The squalid toads at dusk are seen
Slowly crawling o'er the green;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh;
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight—
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball:
How restless are the snorting swine,
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp she sings;
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or, settling, in the south is found;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And o'er the rapid eddy plays;
The leech disturbed is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison;
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow."

—*Rev. A. C. Smith.*

Weights and Measures.

Very few people seem to have noticed how much there is in the Bible about "Weights and Measures." When the Tabernacle was erected, all the parts of the building and all its sacred furniture were constructed according to "specifications" curiously exact and minute. We are told the precise length of the wings of the cherubim in Solomon's Temple, and how much water the "molten sea" would hold. What is more remarkable still, we know the "length" and the "breadth" and the "height" of "the house of the forest of Lebanon," and the shape of its windows and doors, and the number of its cedar pillars.

It is probably that standard weights and standard measures were deposited by Moses in the Tabernacle itself, and were transferred by Solomon to the Temple. In doing this the Jews would only follow the example of other ancient nations. In the old world, the sanctity of religion was added to the authority of public law, to check dishonesty, and to prevent, as far as possible, any accidental changes in the authorized measures of length, weight, and capacity. The care with which this part of the duty of the state was attended to in Egypt, may perhaps soon receive a new and most remarkable illustration; investigations are being carried on which many think will result in proving that the great Pyramid—the wonder and the riddle of so many centuries—was built to contain the standard weights and measures.

Very many of our readers are engaged in trade; it may be well that they should see, for once, some of the things which the Bible says about things which they are handling every day in the week all the year round.

In Leviticus xix. 36, God says: 'Just balances, just weights . . . shall ye have: I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt"

In Deuteronomy xxv. 13, the Jew is told "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small, [*great, that is, to purchase with, and small to sell by.*] But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have: that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. For all that do such things, and all that do unrighteously, are an abomination unto the Lord thy God."

In the book of Proverbs there are such sayings as this: "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight," (ch. xi. 1.)

In the writings of the Prophets, too, we find very much on this unromantic and commonplace and unspiritual subject. Those inspired men were not always speaking of the coming of Christ, or forecasting the dark destiny of great Pagan empires; they were in the habit of denouncing very resolutely dishonesty in the matter of weights and measures. Ezekiel says, "Ye shall have just balances," (ch. xlv. 10.) Hosea says of Ephraim, "He is a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand: he loveth to oppress," (ch. xii. 7.) Micah asks, "Are there yet the treasures of

wickedness in the house of the wicked, and the scant measure that is abominable? Shall I count them pure with the wicked balances, and with the bag of deceitful weights?" (ch. vi. 10, 11.) Amos exclaims, "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the *ephah* small"—the ephah was the measure they sold the corn by—"and the *shekel* great"—the shekel was the weight by which they weighed the money of those that bought it; so that they cheated both ways, giving short measure and taking too much money in return.

Of course, the plain lesson these texts are meant to teach is, that all cheating in weights is a great sin.

Selected.

The Boy Organist.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father, had left his home in Salzburg, and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral.

The company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ.

And now as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looming up in the shadows of the great, empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes—tones which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side.

"Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained.

How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others crossed themselves; till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front, he stood petrified with amazement.

There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder

and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.—*Selected.*

The Blind Boy.

O SAY! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Foreston, Ill. CIBBER.

Respect the Boys.

How much of the carelessness, recklessness, and want of self-respect that are manifested by boys at school or in the family, are due to the fact that teachers and parents do not pay proper respect to them? This is a question that is worthy of some thought on the part of educators of youth, whether their function is exercised in the family or in the school-room.

One very important ingredient of self-respect is the recognition by others that we are worthy of their respect. The teaching of the old adage "give a dog a bad name" is exemplified among boys in families and schools without number. They are not treated with the consideration or respect that is their due, and they become unworthy of both. Courtesy is disregarded toward them, and in return they send courtesy to Coventry. Acted toward as if they were of no consequence and commanded no deference, either as to their opinions, preferences, desires, or personal dignity, they sink down to the value at which they are rated, and respect neither themselves nor others. And thus they lose all sense of reverence or veneration; for it may be set down as an axiom that a boy—and for that matter, a man—who does not respect himself will have but slight feelings of reverence or veneration for others; or, by an easy gradation, for the law, human or divine.

It should be the rule in every family, and should be rigidly required of every teacher in our public and other schools, that children must be treated with outward demonstrations of respect. A certain deference should be paid them, and they should be made to understand that they are not insignificant or troublesome nobodies, but important somebodies. They should be invariably treated with politeness, dignity, and genuine loving courtesy.

An excellent story was recently told by Rev. Dr. Legge, at a Grammar School Exhibition, in London, which is illustrative of the principle that we would enforce, and which we respectfully commend to the notice of parents, teachers, and all who are engaged in the education of youth—more especially, of boys. Dr. Legge's story was of the celebrated John Frebonius, one of the masters of the school which Luther attended when a boy, at Eisenach. This wise teacher always raised his cap to his pupils, when he entered the school-room; and when asked why he did so, he replied: "There are among these boys men of whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates. Although you do not yet see them with the badges of their dignity, it is right that you should treat them with respect."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Ancient Music.

The disentombing of Assyrian sculptures and the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions have opened new fields of investigation in almost every department of knowledge. Among the branches of science which have

shared in these discoveries, that of music has been benefited largely. The accounts of ancient musical instruments were vague, and our ideas especially of Hebrew music were confused, till recently sculptures and paintings have been brought to light which delineate the ancient musical instruments of the early Oriental nations, and in some cases veritable specimens have been disentombed. Such, for example, is an Egyptian harp found in Thebes, with its strings yet perfect enough to vibrate again, after a silence of 3,000 years.

The most recent investigations prove that the parent of all known musical science was Assyrian. From the Assyrian, the Hebrews and the Egyptians, and indeed all Eastern nations, derived their knowledge of music. The unveiled monuments show that in the time of Sennacherib music was a highly cultured art, and must have existed through generations. This polished nation used a harp of twenty-one strings, which accompanied minstrel songs or was borne in the dance. The lyre of tortoise shell, the double pipe, the trumpet, drum, and bell were common. Even of the bagpipe representations have been discovered, though none of stringed instruments, like the violin, played with a bow.

In all delineations of social or worshiping assemblies, musical instruments very like our modern ones have a prominent place. The Hebrew music at the time of the Exodus was purely Egyptian; but it was much modified subsequently by association with Asiatic nations. In the temple of Jerusalem, according to the Talmud, stood a powerful organ, consisting of a wind-chest, with ten holes containing ten pipes, each pipe capable of emitting ten different sounds by means of finger-holes, so that a hundred sounds could be produced by it. It was provided with two pairs of bellows and ten keys, so that it could be played with the fingers. According to the Rabbins, it could be heard a great distance from the Temple.—*Observer.*

Attempt and Expect.—The motto of a successful English worker was, "Attempt great things for God and expect great things of God."

Busy Lives.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

How crowded some lives are! There seem to be no intervals in them, unless God now and then makes an "enforced pause," a sort of "fly leaf," by sickness or some visitation of sorrow. Day after day glides by full of care, of pleasure, or of business, and night after night finds the head wearily seeking the pillow. Such are the lives of many mothers, devoted through years of love and anxiety to their children, of faithful, hard-working pastors, of laborious missionaries, preaching the gospel on heathen soil, of scholars, of merchants, of statesmen. The thought occurs, How seldom it is that from the lips of these busy ones we hear the excuse, "I have no time." No time for prayer, no time for thought, no time for Christian effort can the idler in life find, but the busy man or woman, especially if baptized with the Spirit of Christ, has always time for an additional duty.

One of the most efficient Sunday-school teachers I know is the mother of eight children. One of the most thoroughly good superintendents is a man full of responsibilities, and overflowing with care for the large interests depending on him. We take up the memories of beloved bearers of the cross to distant lands, and we read of feeble women, burdened by family cares, worn with the changes of an unfamiliar climate, and sinking perhaps under disease, yet studying, translating, leading prayer-meetings, going from house to house, busy and indefatigable to the last. How many of the Lord's best workmen have been glad to die with the harness on, asking for no holidays, but making all days holy with their devotion and their love.

Life is short. We look with a feeling of wonder on the person who counts his years by eighty or ninety. "So old!" we say. At the most we have only a very few decades for active labor. Let us fill them full. How sweet it will be to look back from eternity on the time when, for Christ's sake, we did all we could.—*S. S. Times.*

Honesty is the best policy.

The Sunday-School Department.

Old-Time Sunday-schools in Scotland.

BY A SCOTCH VETERAN.

I entered as a Sabbath scholar in 1805. Although only three years old, I repeated the twenty-third Psalm in the metrical version. This was one of the first requirements. I believe that there are to-day very few children of pious parents in Scotland who cannot do the same before they attain the age of five years.

My father was the superintendent of the school in Berwick-upon-Tweed. There were eight Christian churches in the place and ours the only Sunday-school. About the year 1797 the first school was founded in a village "Ayont-the-Tweed," or "Divided by the Tweed," by a most zealous worker for the new cause. His name was Richard Scott. He was aided by an excellent man, Robert Horne, a member of the legal profession, and both Presbyterians—Burghers they were called. My father followed it up a few years after. It was several years before a second school was started, but in 1812 there were not only others in the town, but most villages of any importance had their "Sunday-school."

The church services for the day were over by half-past three. The schools were all opened at five, and were universally called "Sabbath evening schools." They continued open till seven and often later. Teachers were difficult to obtain; but all they had to do was simply to hear the lessons correctly recited, and mark the Catechism or Bible for the subsequent lesson as laid down by the superintendent. The primary object was to store the memory with Bible truths, and to pray for the blessing of God on the means used.

In 1820 the school, growing very large, was divided—the junior portion being given over to my charge with four assistants. One of my assistants had charge of the attendance book. Strict silence was kept, while he was marking the attendance, by another assistant who carried a cane, with which he touched the heads of any that were whispering. My school numbered about 120. My father's rules were strictly carried out, and our minister was a frequent visitor. The younger classes were taught to commit to memory every week answers to six to twelve questions out of the "Child's Catechism, by Dr. Watts"—commencing, Who made you? God. Who redeemed you? Jesus Christ. Who sanctifies you? The Holy Ghost. Of what are you made? Of dust. What is God? A Spirit, etc. When that was finished the Shorter Catechism followed, and in addition a few verses of a Psalm or hymn. That addition was at first optional, but in time became a second lesson. Chapters, whole or in parts, were marked by the teacher in each scholar's book after they had recited the lesson, and generally they began to learn the new lesson as soon as the old one was repeated. If any stumbled, the teacher went back after he got through his classes. Then came the Psalms and hymns. Many had a fresh one every week. The most prominent chapters, with parables and miracles, were followed by the Epistles. The short ones from the Galatians were all committed consecutively. Nor was the Old Testament forgotten; so that some of the older scholars could count Psalms and chapters by scores, and hymns and Psalms by the hundreds. Some even learned the whole 119th Psalm in a week. Very few, however, did this.

I was a twelve years' scholar before I was made a teacher; but from seven to ten years was the usual schooling time before we became teachers. Many missionaries and ministers came out

from those schools. The classes generally contained six scholars, and care was taken that they should be composed of pupils of nearly the same grade. *A lagger* would be put into an inferior class, but many were restored to higher classes and turned out well. The class repeated a verse each, but no scholar knew at what part of the class the lesson would commence. The minister might take ten or twelve of the verse-about scholars to his desk and ask them to repeat *the whole chapter*. Indeed, any friend or visitor that called was asked to do the same!

Many of the early village schools were held in barns and out-houses. Two pieces of wood crossed were suspended from the rafter with holes bored for candles, and tin sconces were hung about the walls. I have seen lanterns hung up. The opening exercise was singing and prayer. The closing was the same, with the exception of an occasional address. I used to explain verse by verse the hymn to be sung, that the school might the better know what they were singing about.

Many of those honored teachers have gone to their reward, but their names are still fragrant in the memories of those who survive. The righteous Sabbath-school teacher shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

We often gave away tracts as rewards of merit. The cost of lighting and heating, which was all our expense, was paid out of a collection taken after the annual sermon, which was preached the Sunday after the yearly examination, to which the parents were all invited. We always had something extra. On one occasion, after all the tasks had been repeated, and the order of the books of the Old and New Testament by the Bible classes, silence was proclaimed to all visitors. The twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth chapters of the Acts were recited; the superintendent read and explained the subject, when four boys were called out, who had previously recited their respective lessons. They represented Felix, Festus, Agrippa, and Paul. First was "Paul" and "Felix;" then "Festus" and "Agrippa." Afterwards "Paul" stood up and repeated his celebrated speech. He was a small boy of about nine years, with a clear, loud voice. The superintendent having marked certain words for emphasis, the declamation was wonderfully correct and quite impressive.

That was in 1824. I then left my home for London, where I immediately got into harness, but the system there I found to be very different. I am glad that a brighter era has dawned upon Sabbath-school teaching. I believe that it will shine more and more unto the perfect day.—*Sunday-School Times.*

An Incident.

One day there came to the open door of our mission, attracted by the singing within, two little girls of ten and twelve years. The only garment which they had on their persons was coarse, worn, ragged, and very dirty. They were bareheaded and barefooted. The superintendent asked them in and they sat down on a seat by the door. He asked them if they would sit in a class; they nodded assent. But, now, who would take them? The superintendent went to a teacher with a warm loving heart, and said, "There are two little girls by the door, will you take them into your class?" She looked at her full class, and then at the two waifs, and then into the superintendent's eye, and then sweetly replied, "Yes, I will take them." The superintendent led them to her class, and room was made for them at one end of the seat. This teacher was in the habit of kissing each member of her class at the close of the school, and the superintendent queried whether there would be any exception to her custom on that Sunday, and he fairly trembled as he thought how much depended on that teacher's kiss. The hour of dismissal came, and with a throbbing heart he watched that teacher. One by one the little girls of the regular class passed by their teacher, received the usual kiss and went out. The two little strangers still sat in the end of the seat. The teacher went to them, sat down by them, spoke kindly to them, took their names and residences, put her arm around each one and kissed them. The tears made great roads down their cheeks—those kind words, that loving embrace, and that sympathetic kiss were new things to them.—*Rev. J. B. Atchinson.*

Aphorisms of Pestalozzi.

The mode of familiarizing a child with the habit of thinking on what he sees, and speaking after he has thought, is not to talk much to, but to enter into conversation with him.

Not to address to him many words, but to bring him to express himself on the subject.

Not to exhaust the subject, but to question the child about it, and let him find out and correct the answers.

The attention of a child is deadened by long expositions, but roused by animated questions.

Let the questions be short, clear, and intelligible.

Let them excite the child to observe what is before him; to recollect what he has learned; to muster his little stock of knowledge for materials for an answer.

Show him a certain quality of one thing, and let him find out the same in others.

Tell him that the shape of a ball is called round.

If you bring him to point out other objects to which the same difficulty belongs, you have employed him more usefully than by the most perfect discourse on rotundity.

In the one instance he would have had to listen and to recollect; in the other, he has to observe and to think.

While I recommend to a mother to avoid wearying a child by her instructions, I do not wish to encourage the notion that instruction should always take the character of amusement, or even of play.

A child must, very early in life, be taught that exertion is indispensable for the attainment of knowledge.

But a child should not be taught to look upon exertion as an evil.

The motive of fear should not be made a stimulus; it will destroy interest, and speedily create disgust.

Interest in study is the first thing which a teacher, a mother, should endeavor to excite and keep alive.

There are scarcely any circumstances in which a want of application in children does not proceed from a want of interest.

There are, perhaps, none in which a want of interest does not originate in the mode of teaching adopted by the teacher.

In saying this, I do not mean to make myself the advocate of idleness or irregularities.

But, I would suggest that the best means to prevent them, is to adopt a mode of instruction by which the children are less left to themselves—less thrown upon the unwelcome employment of passive listening—less hardly treated for little and excusable failings, but more roused by questions, animated by illustrations, interested and won by kindness.

There is a reciprocal action between the interest which the teacher takes and that which he communicates.

If he is not, with his whole mind present at the subject—if he does not care whether it is understood or not, whether his manner is liked or not—he will never fail of alienating the affections of his pupils, and rendering them indifferent to what he says.

But real interest taken in the task of instruction—kind words, and kinder feelings, the expression of the features, and the glance of the eye—are never lost upon children.—*Brooklyn Journal of Education.*

Teaching and Preaching.—When Dr. Chalmers was leaving the pulpit of Glasgow for the Moral Chair of St. Andrew's, his friend Saunders begged of him not to "give up preaching for teaching." "Let me ask you a question," rejoined the Doctor; "Does the man who salts a pig, or a man who makes the salt that will salt many pigs, do the greatest service?" "The man who makes the salt, to be sure." "Well, I've all this time been salting the pig, and now I'm going to make the salt." "Then the sooner you are in the salt-pans, sir, the better."—*Baptist (London).*

Cathedrals.—An estimate has been made of the number of persons that the great cathedrals of the world will hold, with the following results: St. Peter's, 54,000; Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

GOSPEL LESSONS.

OCTOBER 3. LESSON XL. 1875.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Matthew, ix. 1–8.

1. And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city.
2. And, behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy: Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.
3. And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This *man* blasphemeth.
4. And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?
5. For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?
6. But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house.
7. And he arose, and departed to his house.
8. But when the multitudes saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

QUESTIONS.

1. What city is here referred to? Chap. iv. 13. Why was it called Christ's own city?
2. Who was brought to Jesus? Whose faith did Jesus see? How did they show their confidence in the mercy and power of Christ? Luke v. 19. To whom did He speak? What did He say? Must He not have seen some penitence and faith in the man?
3. Who were the scribes? From what places had they come? Luke v. 17. What did they say? Did they say this openly? What is blasphemy?
4. What did Jesus know and say to them? How did He know their thoughts? Why did they think He had blasphemed? Was the charge they brought against Him true? Why not? Who alone has power to forgive sins?
5. Was it not as easy to say one thing as another?
6. What did Jesus now say to the palsied man? Why did He say this?
7. What did the sick man do?
8. What effect had this on the multitude? Whom did they glorify? Why? In whom did the power of God come down to earth? What effect should His grace and power have on us?

CATECHISM.

XL. Lord's Day.

105. What doth God require in the sixth command?

That neither in thoughts, nor words, nor gestures, much less in deeds, I dishonor, hate, wound, or kill my neighbor, by myself or by another; but that I lay aside all desire of revenge: also, that I hurt not myself, or wilfully expose myself to any danger. Wherefore also the magistrate is armed with the sword, to prevent murder.

106. But this command seems only to speak of murder.

In forbidding murder, God teaches us, that He abhors the causes thereof; such as envy, hatred, anger, and desire of revenge; and that He accounts all these as murder.

107. But is it enough that we do not kill any man in the manner mentioned above?

No; for when God forbids envy, hatred, and anger, He commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves; to show patience, peace, meekness, mercy, and all kindness towards him, and prevent his hurt as much as in us lies; and that we do good even unto our enemies.

When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart, that's touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

COMMENTS.—1. *His own city.* Capernaum where he had a common residence with Peter. Chap. iv. 13.

2. A man so paralyzed that he could not walk, and was brought by his friends on a litter. *Jesus seeing their faith.* That of the sick man, as well as his friends. The confidence they had in Christ's healing power and mercy, showed itself in the fact that they broke through outward hindrances. St. Mark tells us that when they could not get to Him, by reason of the throng, they uncovered the roof and let the palsied man down where Jesus was. Mark ii. 4. Jesus addresses the sick person, in whom He saw a deeper sorrow than for his bodily condition. His palsy may have been caused by some sin, on account of which he was depressed and troubled. Sometimes the remission of sin follows healing. John v. 14. Here it precedes it, "the reason no doubt being, that in the sufferer's own conviction there was so close a connection between the sin and the plague that the outer healing would have been scarcely intelligible to him; would have scarcely carried to his mind the sense of a benefit, unless his conscience had also been set free; perhaps he was incapable of receiving it, till there had been spoken peace to his spirit." *Thy sins are forgiven thee:* an actual and absolute pardon went forth with these words. Here Christ asserted His Divinity. God alone can forgive sins. His ministers can only formally *announce* "by the authority of the Gospel" to those "who have made confession of their sins" unto God, with hearty repentance and faith, being resolved to turn from them, and follow after righteousness and true holiness, what *God* has done "through the perfect satisfaction of the most holy passion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ."

3. Among the crowd assembled from various motives, were Scribes from Jerusalem (Luke v. 17), who accused Jesus of blasphemy—or the assuming by the creature, what belonged to the Creator. These Scribes had a proper idea that only He who was sinned against could remit sin; but their own sin was that they could not recognize the Divine in Christ. Jno. i. 10.

4. The omniscience that recognized the faith of the sick man, detected the evil heart of unbelief in the Scribes, and questioned them in regard to it.

5. *Whether it is easier* to SAY, &c. The *claiming* of the one power was as easy as the *claiming* of the other.

6. *But that ye may know, &c.* Jesus here shows His Divine character by putting forth a power that man of himself could not exercise, to the end that those about Him might *know* that the fullness" and prerogative of God had been let down to *earth* in the person of His Son.

7. He who had to be carried on his bed *from* his house, could now walk, carrying his bed *to* his house—an outward evidence of a perfect cure.

8. The Scribes may have continued in their unbelief, but the multitude less blind, "praised the Author of all good for the revelation of His glory in His Son. (Matt. v. 16.) There was a true sense upon their part, of the significance of this fact, in their thankful exultation that God '*had* given such *power unto men.*' Without supposing that they were accurately explained to themselves, or could have explained to others their feelings, yet they felt rightly that what was given to one man, to the Man Christ Jesus, was given for the sake of all, and ultimately *to* all—that it was indeed given '*unto men;*'—that He possessed these powers as the true Head and Representative of the race, and therefore that these gifts to Him, were a rightful subject of gladness and thanksgiving to every member of that race."

The Reason Why.

A great many little ones often wonder why a cat always washes her face after eating. The reason of it is given in an old legend: A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats until he washes his face." The cat, struck with the remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said, "as long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards," which all cats do even to this day.

OCTOBER 10. LESSON XLI. 1875.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Matt. xxii. 1–14.

1. And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said,
2. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son,
3. And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come.
4. Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and *my* fatlings *are* killed, and all things *are* ready: come unto the marriage.
5. But they made light of *it*, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise:
6. And the remnant took his servants, and entreated *them* spitefully, and slew *them*.
7. But when the king heard *thereof*, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.
8. Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy.
9. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.
10. So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.
11. ¶ And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment:
12. And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.
13. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast *him* into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.
14. For many are called, but few *are* chosen.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what form did Jesus here speak? Was this His custom? Chap. xiii. 34.
2. To what is the Kingdom of Heaven here likened? Had the coming of the Messiah ever been spoken of before under this figure? (Is. lxi. 10; Hos. ii. 19; Matt. ix. 15. Is. xxv. 6; lxv. 13. Cant. v. 1.)
3. What people had been invited to the marriage before the coming of Christ? Was it the custom to announce the readiness of the feast to those who had been previously bidden? (Esther v. 8, and vi. 14.) Who were the servants referred to in this verse? How did those who had been bidden act? Does this describe the disposition of the Jews?
4. What other servants are referred to in *this* verse? What time is here meant? Had not all that God had formerly promised, now been made ready? *How* had Christ actually made all things ready?
5. How did the Jews as a class, treat the renewed offer of salvation?
6. What did the remnant do? Acts iv. 3; v. 18; viii. 3; v. 40; xiv. 5, 19; xvii. 5; xxi. 30; xxiii. 2; vii. 58; xii. 3.
7. What effect had this on the king? What became of the Jews after this? How was their city destroyed? By what army? Does God use such powers as His instruments?
8. What did the king then say to His servants? In what did the unworthiness here spoken of consist?
9. To whom were the servants now sent?
10. Whom did they bring in? For whose merits alone could they be admitted?
11. What is said in this verse?
12. What did the king ask him? By whom were the wedding garments supplied in the East? Was there then any excuse for being without one? Could the man say anything in his defense? In what must we be clothed if we would appear before God? Who supplies this? Will there be any excuse for us, if we appear in our impurity?
13. What did the king command? What solemn warning has this for us?

CATECHISM.

XLI. Lord's Day.

108. What doth the seventh command teach us?

That all uncleanness is accursed of God, and that therefore we must, with all our hearts, detest the same, and live chastely and temperately, whether in holy wedlock, or in a single life.

109. Doth God forbid, in this command, only adultery, and such like gross sins?

Since both our body and soul are temples of the Holy Ghost, He commands us to preserve them pure and holy; therefore He forbids all unchaste actions, gestures, words, thoughts, desires, and whatever can entice men thereto.

COMMENTS.—1–2. This parable is different from the one recorded Luke xiv. (Lesson xxiii.), but bases itself on the same general belief of the Jews that the latter-day glory would be ushered in with a marriage, (Is. lxi. 10; Hos. ii. 19; Matt. ix. 15); and with a festival, (Is. xxv. 6; lxv. 13; Cant. v. 1.) The two ideas are here combined. This parable spoken in view of the later and more violent disposition of the Pharisees towards Christ.

3. The Jews had been constituted invited guests at the call of Abraham, and all the Prophets had bidden them. At the Incarnation—"the true bridal of the earth and heaven," He sent forth His servants to call them that had been bidden. The servants here mentioned, were most probably the first apostles, who labored during the lifetime of our Lord, and it may be, John the Baptist, who declared the kingdom of heaven to be "at hand." But they heeded not the call.

4. *Again sent other servants.* Renewed invitation after the resurrection, through the disciples, with Stephen and Barnabas, Paul and others. The full provision of grace was now, not simply promised, but actually made.

5–6. We have here the disposition of the Jews, when the long-suffering God renewed His invitation. Some were simply indifferent, and went on with worldly avocations; others laid violent hands on His servants, (Acts iv. 3; v. 18; viii. 3); they "entreated them spitefully," (Acts v. 40; xiv. 5, 19; xvii. 5; xxi. 30; xxiii. 2); they "slew them." Acts vii. 58; xii. 3.

6. The bad treatment of Christ's ambassadors was an insult to Him; He avenged His servants. *His armies* either, as some say His avenging angels, (Rev. xix. 14), legions of which do His bidding," Matt. xxvi. 53), or the hosts of Rome, whom He used to execute His vengeance. *Burned up their city,* Jerusalem.

8–9. The unworthiness of the Jews consisted in their rejecting Him who would have made them worthy. The door was now opened for the Gentiles.

10. *Good and bad.* Without regard to moral qualifications, for none were so good as to have no need of Christ, none so bad that His grace was not sufficient for them. HE, not their own merits was to be the ground of their acceptance.

11. The wedding was furnished with guests, but the eye of the king discerned one who had not on a *wedding garment.* We must be clothed with righteousness.

12. *Speechless.* It was the custom of the East for a king to furnish his guests with a suitable apparel, and there was therefore no excuse for the want of it. So Christ offers us the garments of His righteousness, and we will stand defenceless—not able to say a word in extenuation, if we are found clothed in our "filthy rags."

13–14. The guilty must not only suffer the loss of good, but endure positive evil. The outer darkness contrasted with the light of the banqueting hall, the weeping and wailing contrasted with the joy of the feast, shows a difference which may well admonish us to heed the warning with which the parable closes.

No Burdens.

There is a gateway at the entrance of a narrow passage in London, over which is written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

"And yet we do pass constantly with ours," said one friend to another, as they turned up this passage out of a more frequented and broader thoroughfare. They carried no visible burdens, but they were like many who, although they had no outward pack upon their shoulders, often stoop inwardly beneath the pressure of a heavy load upon the heart. The worst burdens are those which never meet the eye.

There is another gate—one which we are invited to enter, must enter, if we would ever attain to rest and peace, and over which is also inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." This is the strait gate which leads to life; and by it stands One who opened the narrow way to which it leads, saying to each one of us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Selected.*

DISCOVERY often becomes a crime, and doubt of established error, treason.

OCTOBER 17. LESSON XLII. 1875.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. John iv. 46–54.

46. So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.

47. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death.

48. Then said Jesus unto him. Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.

49. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die.

50. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

51. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told *him*, saying, Thy son liveth.

52. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him.

53. So the father knew that *it was* at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house.

54. This *is* again the second miracle *that* Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee.

QUESTIONS.

46. Where did Jesus now come? Who is spoken of in this verse? What is said of his son? Where was he sick?

47. When did the nobleman go to Jesus? What impelled him to go? What request did he make?

48. What did Jesus say? What Jewish propensity did our Saviour detect in him? (1 Cor. i. 22.) What did he think it necessary for Christ to do in order to heal his son?

49. What did the nobleman say? Did not this show *some* faith?

50. What did Jesus say? Was that word sufficient? Did this enlarge and increase the faith of the nobleman? What did he do?

51. Who met him on his way home? What did they say?

52. What did the nobleman ask? Did he seem to expect an instant cure? What reply did the servants give? Did not this indicate that an immediate cure had taken place?

53. What did the father know from the *time* the fever left his son? What effect had this on him? Who believed with him? What effect should God's mercy have on us?

54. What other miracle had Christ performed at Cana? John ii.

CATECHISM.

XLII. Lord's Day.

110. What doth God forbid in the eighth command?

God forbids not only those thefts and robberies which are punishable by the magistrate, but He comprehends under the name of theft, all wicked tricks and devices, whereby we design to appropriate to ourselves the goods which belong to our neighbor; whether it be by force, or under the appearance of RIGHT, as by unjust weights, ells, measures, FRAUDULENT merchandise, false coins, usury, or by any other way forbidden by God; as also all covetousness, all waste and abuse of His gifts.

111. But what doth God require in this command?

That I promote the advantage of my neighbor in every instance I can or may, and deal with him as I desire to be dealt with by others; further ALSO, that I faithfully labor, so that I may be able to relieve the needy.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

COMMENTS.—46–47. *Cana of Galilee.* See chap. ii. 1—11. *Nobleman.* Thought to be "Chuza," Herod's steward, whose wife was among the holy women that ministered to the Lord. (Luke viii. 3.) Probably this miracle drew him and his family to Christ. He had doubtless heard or seen much of Jesus, and now on His return from Judea, he was driven to Him by distress, on account of the illness of his son.

48. The nobleman was a Jew—of that class that required "a sign." He thought it necessary that Jesus should come to his house; hence the Saviour's words, "Except ye see."

49. In his distress he simply repeats his request, and thinks that nothing but the actual presence of Jesus will avail. His weak faith contrasts with the strong faith of the centurion. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed" (Matt. viii. 8.)

50. Jesus shows him that His word is sufficient, and he believes. He who came in urgent haste, now proceeds leisurely home. Only arrived the next day, although the distance was only a few hours' journey.

51–52. The servants meet him, with the good news that his son is alive. *Began to mend.* He did not seem to expect an instant cure. But the servant says, "Yesterday, at the seventh hour, the *fever left him.*"

53. The father saw the coincidence of time, and he and his whole household accepted Christ as their Saviour.

LUTHER had a coarse, ragged, plebeian face, with great crags of cheekbones, and a wild amount of energy and appetite. In his dark eyes were floods of sorrow and deepest melancholy, sweetness and mystery were all there. Richter said, "His words were half-battles." He preached and lived, and became indeed a great whirlwind of energy to work without resting in this world. Luther saw things invisible, away beyond the tempests and clouds of time. He saw a whole heaven of light and love resting in eternal beauty just through the pearly gates.—*Carlyle.*

NOT a moment's pleasure or a ruffle of an annoyance comes to us that is not felt in God's consciousness.

Put Them to Work.

To get Sunday-school scholars interested in the school, give them something to do. Let them know that while they are scholars, they can also do good to others, and that however young and inexperienced, they have an influence which they can use to bring outsiders into the school. Impress the child with the idea, that even as a child it can become a co-worker with Christ in the noble work of extending His cause and kingdom upon the earth, and you will soon have a school whose influence will be felt for good. Nor will a church with its children thus trained be in want of efficient deacons and elders, or even ministers. Every town, or city or community has many children not connected with any Sunday-school, who could be gathered in by encouraging the scholars to do so. This would become a pleasure to the scholars, and not only an eternal blessing to such children, but also a great benefit to the church.

Suppose each scholar of a school, numbering fifty scholars, brings in one new scholar every year, in six years the number would be over three thousand. And where is the Sunday-school scholar who would not engage to do this much if he had the proper direction on the part of his teacher. Little things often produce large results. One little mustard seed will produce ten thousand seeds in one season; thus the fourth crop would amount to ten quadrillion seeds, making enough to plant at least six seeds on every square foot of land in the globe, as there are about one and a half quadrillion square feet of surface of the earth.

About twenty-five years ago the American Board of Foreign Missions built a missionary ship called the Morning Star. The money was all raised by selling stock to Sunday-school scholars only. The shares were ten cents, and no one scholar could buy more than one share, for which he received a certificate showing that he was a stockholder in the Morning Star. In less than three months there were shares enough sold to build the ship, costing about forty thousand dollars.

D. L.

Foreston, Ill.

OCTOBER 24. LESSON XLIII. 1875.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. Matt. xviii. 21–35.

21. Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord. how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?
22. Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.
23. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.
24. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.
25. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife. and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.
26. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me. and I will pay thee all.
27. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.
28. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took *him* by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.
29. And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.
30. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.
31. So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.
32. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:
33. Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?
34. And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.
35. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother his trespasses.

QUESTIONS.

21. Who came to Jesus? What did he ask? How often did the Jews think they were bound to forgive? Amos i. 3. Did not Peter seem to go beyond that?
22. What did Jesus reply? Was this intended to number the times, or to show that there should be no limit?
23. To whom is the kingdom of heaven here likened? For what were the servants accountable to their king in the East? Matt. xxv. 14.
24. How much did the first one brought before the king owe? Was that a large sum?
25. What did his lord command because he had "not to pay?"
26. What did the servant do?
27. What effect did this have on his lord?
28. Whom did that same servant meet? How much did the fellow servant owe? Was that much or little compared with the ten thousand talents? What did the first servant do and say?
29. What did the *fellow* servant do and say?
30. What effect had this on his creditor? What did he do?
31. What is said in this verse? Can the righteous but complain to God when they see oppression?
32–33. What does the lord say?
34. What became of the unmerciful servant?
35. What lesson does our Lord teach us in the conclusion of this parable? Can we expect to be forgiven unless we forgive?

CATECHISM.

XLIII. Lord's Day.

112. What is required in the ninth command?

That I bear false witness against no man, nor falsify any man's words; that I be no backbiter, or slanderer; that I do not judge, or join in condemning any man rashly or unheard; but that I avoid all sorts of lies and deceit, as the proper works of the devil, unless I would bring down upon me the heavy wrath of God; likewise, that in judgment and all other dealings I love the truth, speak it uprightly, and confess it; also, that I defend and promote as much as I am able the honor and good character of my neighbor.

Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us,
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice;

And, with that, hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To th' unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand.

COMMENTS.—21. Peter, the most impetuous and free-spoken of the twelve, impressed by the law of forgiveness set forth in verses 15–17, comes with the question in this verse. *Seven* times, was four more than the Jews thought forgiveness should be extended. The ground or the duty of forgiving three times and no more, on Amos i. 3.

22. *Seventy times seven.* This goes far beyond Peter's supposed stretch of charity. The disciple thought forgiveness had its limits, but Christ puts the "numbers" of his Jewish ethics to blush. He would teach him in the parable the greater debt forgiven us, and the consequence if we do not forgive the lesser.

23. *Therefore, i. e.,* to the end that ye may learn this, hear the parable. *Certain king,* to whom his subjects were accountable.

24–25. *Begun to reckon.* The first case was one *brought* to him, not that he would have come himself. *Ten thousand talents*—an immense sum. *Commanded him to be sold.* Both Roman and Jewish law allowed this. (See Levit. xxv. 39.) Verse 41 makes it probable his family came into bondage with him. See 2 Kings iv. 1.

26–27. Inability and prayer moved the Lord with *compassion,* and brought *forgiveness.*

28. The same servant *going out,* as we are apt to go out from the presence of the God who forgives us, found a *fellow-servant.* Both sustained the same relation to a common Lord. *A hundred pence,* a mere pittance compared with ten thousand talents. The proportion has been estimated at 1,250,000 to 1.

29–30. He would not hear the very prayer that he himself had offered, and which availed for him.

31. *Tell their lord.* The righteous complain in sorrow of the oppression they see around them.

32–33. Wert thou not bound to show the pity shown to thee?

34. The fellow-servants were *sorry;* the lord was *wroth.* "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy." (Jas. ii. 13.) "Before, he had dealt with him as a creditor with a debtor; now as a judge with a criminal. *Tormentors,* instruments of the terrible judgment of God, in that world of which the prison is only a figure.

35. Even so shall *my* Father, no longer *yours,* do, if ye forgive not.

Motherless.

Three little golden heads at an upper window and a long line of carriages in the street below. Nurse holds baby up, who laughs and claps his little dimpled hands as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except perhaps the curtains are not looped gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little ornaments and bijouterie are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a chill and prim air about everything, so different from its usual look of cosy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half-opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the children soon tire of them. There's something gone—they scarce realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabys! And then papa comes home, and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they cannot think why the Good Father should want her so much more.

WHEN a student of theology, one remarks, I met a venerable relative, for forty years a successful and honored pastor. He gave me a brief lecture, which I committed to memory. It is so brief, that it can probably secure the wider attention given to short newspaper articles. Here it is: "My young friend, don't fly higher than you can roost!"

MAKE the Word of God your daily counsellor and companion. Search it with prayer for the Holy Spirit, and you shall be guided into all truth.

OCTOBER 31. LESSON XLIV. 1875.

Fourth Sunday before Advent. St. Matt. ix. 18–26.

18. While he spake these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live.
19. And Jesus arose, and followed him, and *so did* his disciples.
20. And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind *him*, and touched the hem of his garment:
21. For she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole.
22. But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.
23. And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise,
24. He said unto them, Give place: for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn.
25. But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose.
26. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that land.

QUESTIONS.

18. Who came to Jesus? What was his name? Luke viii. 41. Was he a civil or ecclesiastical ruler? Mark v. 22. What did he do? What is meant by worshipped? What did he say?
19. Did Jesus listen to his plea? Who went with him? Were there any other persons following? Luke viii. 45.
20. Who came behind Him and touched Him? What was the matter with her? How long had she been afflicted? Had she tried other means of recovery? Luke viii. 43. What did she touch? Did the Jews attach any importance to the hem of their garments? (Num. xv. 37–40; Deut. xxii. 12; Matt. xxiii. 5.)
21. For what purpose did she touch the hem of His garment? *May* she not have thought there was some peculiar efficacy in *His garment?*
22. Was not her faith, however, such as Jesus commended and rewarded? Is there any merit in our faith? Is it not a gift of God? What did her laying hold of Christ by faith do for her?
23. Where did Jesus now come? What did He see and hear there? Explain this noise.
24. What did He say? How was His declaration received? Does Jesus use this expression anywhere else? (John xi. 11.) Is not death a sleep, to those who have the power of Christ at their command? Prove this by any passage of Scripture you remember.
25. What did He do with the crowd? Who went into the room with Him? Luke viii. 51. What did He do?
26. Did this miracle become notorious?

CATECHISM.

XLIV. Lord's Day.

113. What doth the tenth command require of us?
That even the smallest inclination, or thought, contrary to any of God's commands, never rise in our hearts; but that at all times we hate all sin with our whole hearts, and delight in all righteousness.
114. But can those who are converted to God perfectly keep these commands?
No; but even the holiest men, while in this life, have only small beginnings of this obedience, yet so, that with a sincere resolution, they begin to live, not only according to some, but all the commands of God.
115. Why will God then have the ten commands so strictly preached, since no man in this life can keep them?
First, that all our lifetime, we may learn more and more to know our sinful nature, and thus become the more earnest in seeking the remission of sin, and righteousness in Christ; likewise, that we constantly endeavor and pray to God for the grace of the Holy Spirit, that we may become more and more conformable to the image of God, until we arrive at the perfection proposed to us, in a life to come.

We need Thee, Saviour, when the dear eyes are closing,
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,
When soft lines are set in that reposing
That never mother cradled with a song.

Then *most* we need the gentle Human Feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great Love Divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

COMMENTS.—18–19. *These things.* Recorded from verse 14 to 17. *A certain ruler* of the Synagogue, (Mark v. 22,) named Jairus, (Luke viii. 4,) *worshiped,* paid homage to Him in acts of adoration, "fell at his feet." (Mark v. 22.) He had faith that the touch of Christ would raise the dead to life, and Jesus went with him to relieve his distress, followed by His disciples, and a multitude anxious to see the end.

20–21. On the way, a woman, who had been afflicted with an issue of blood for twelve years, and had consulted physicians, and spent all her substance in vain, touched the hem of his garment and was made whole. For more detailed account see Mark v. 25–34; Luke viii. 43–48. The woman may have had a mixture of error in her thoughts, as though the power that went out from Christ was electric or magical; and as the fringe on the borders of the garment was worn by the Jews to mark them as God's people, she might have conceived of some virtue in that. (Num. xv. 37–40; Deut. xxii. 12; Matt. xxiii. 5.) Yet her faith was real, and Christ rewarded it.

22. "Her faith had made her whole, and Christ's virtue had made her whole. It is as when we say faith justifies; our faith is not itself a blessing, but the organ by which the blessing is received; it is the right hand of the soul, which lays hold on it. *Go in peace, i. e.,* "Go into the element of peace as the future element in which thy life shall move"—and *be whole of thy plague.*

23. It was the custom to have hired mourners and minstrels to wail for the dead.

24. Death, in the presence of Christ was only a sleep to be followed by the waking of the resurrection. Jno. xi. 11. But the people knew not this, and derided the idea that this was any thing less than the dread of dissolution, from which there was to their minds no recall.

25–26. Christ expelled the tumultuous crowd, and in the presence of chosen ones, called the maid back to life. And the fame of the miracle went abroad into all the land. Mark v 22, 24, 35–43, and in Luke viii. 41, 42, 49–56.

Despair is the offspring of fear, laziness, and impatience.

Obedience.

"Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I did not ask your opinion, I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." Such should be the obedience of every follower of Jesus. The words which He has spoken are our law, not our judgments and fancies. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." The Master knows the reasons for His own commands; the servant has to do only what he is commanded. Reason lies in a small room; obedience in a less.

Channing and the Birds' Nest.

I can remember an incident in my childhood, which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on the tree and the father on the wail, mourning for their young. I cried myself, for I was a child. I thought, too, that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more uphappy. I wanted to undeceive them. I wanted to sympathize with and comfort them. When I left the field they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was too young and too sincere in my grief to make any apostrophes. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I cease to abhor every species of inhumanity toward inferior animals.

—*Channing's Memoirs.*

BEAUTY without honesty is like poison kept in a box of gold.

Snaring the Shy Birds.

All Sunday-school work, but especially the mission part of it, requires tact and ingenuity. This experience from a young missionary of the American Sunday-school Union may be helpful to all winners of souls:

"You would laugh to see me *snare* some of these shy ones,—those who mistrust I have an idea I am trying to convert the heathen (what heathen are, they don't know). In one place I turned a corn-sheller for a man over two hours. He was trying to feed and turn it alone. At another place I changed works with a woman who was trying to hold a six-month old babe and churn at the same time. First I held the child awhile, and then she held him, and I churned. Again, I came at night to a farm-house, whose owner was cross and surly, just as he was going out to milk. I took a pail and milked one cow more than he did, paid him fifty cents for my supper, lodging and breakfast, and he came to Sunday-school the following Sabbath with a *whole load.*"

Learn.

1. That we should humbly confess our sins unto the Lord. If we confess, He is faithful and just to forgive. When Israel turned to the Lord He graciously helped them. So did the Ninevites. We should forsake the sins we confess; we should rend our hearts and not our garments only.

2. That the prayers of the righteous prevail. Samuel prayed and the Lord heard. James 5: 16. The Bible is full of evidence that prayer is answered—Abram, for Ishmael and for Sodom; Lot, in reference to Zoar; Jacob, at the ford of Jabbok; Moses, for God's presence and against Amalek; Elijah, for drought, for fire, for rain; Hezekiah, for prolonged life; Jabez, for temporal and spiritual blessings; Daniel, confessing sin and praying; the blind man by the wayside; the thief on the cross; Peter in prison; and Paul and Silas in the jail at Philippi.

3. That God in the darkest hour is often near at hand. The Philistines had long oppressed the children of Israel and had now come out in full force against them; their destruction seemed certain; but they cried and God helped. So when in the depths should we ever cry to God. It was when the lost son was famishing he yielded to a father's love; Peter, when sinking, cried, Lord, save; all other means had failed the infirm woman who touched the hem of Jesus' robe. It is said the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

4. That we have all reason to erect an Ebenezer. For past mercies and manifold deliverances which have crowned our past lives, our health restored or the lives of dear friends spared. But especially can we all say, because He has saved me! Are we daily conscious of the help of God?

In an article in the New York *Ledger* the Rev. Dr. John Hall comes to this conclusion concerning mothers as the great educators. "Mothers are the great primary educators; and they have all too often no training for their work. Who can help them? where is the preventive force to be applied against these evils? We do not see how the public or the private schools can thoroughly reach the difficulty. But the mothers who are now bringing up their daughters can do something. Remember that accomplishments, graces, even money-making pursuits will be less important in the future happiness of their lives than simple, plain, prosaic capability as wives, mothers, house-keepers. Train them on this principle."

A Patent Sermon Regulator.—A candidate for a vacant vicarage in England announces an invention of his own which may prove to be useful. It is a peculiar arrangement of the pulpit, with a clock to give warning. When at the end of a half hour the clock sounds an alarum, if the preacher does not conclude within three minutes, down comes the pulpit, with the parson and the rest of the appendages.

Dr. Arnold hit it when he made his remark about boys that professed their sentimental admiration of virtue: "I have seen enough of boys that loved God. Commend me now to boys that not only love God, but hate the devil."

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1875. NO. 11.

Miriam, the Sister of Moses.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Old Testament history woman holds an inferior position. As sister and servant, wife and mother, she is spoken of, but seldom in more prominent relations. A few, like Jezebel, lord it with a tyrant's power over their husbands and their people. Others, like Esther, become the benefactors of millions. Three are honored with the prophetic office—Miriam, Deborah and Hulda. Then as now, the providence of God assigned to woman her appropriate sphere, for which nature and grace gave her special aptitudes; and no other. Only for a short time did Deborah judge God's people. (Judges iv. 5.) And when King Josiah discovered the books of the law, after they had been lost, he sent some of his chief servants to Hulda the prophetess, at Jerusalem, to learn the will and word of God concerning it. In one sense these three women are a type of a certain class, whose intelligence, piety and Christian activity, give them a beneficent influence and illustrious name. Amelia S. Sieveking, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, and others, although the meekest of their sex, have swayed the sceptre of a self-denying, sympathizing charity, which has given them a praiseworthy reputation throughout the civilized world.

Miriam was born in the darkest period of Egyptian bondage. Her parents, Amram and Jochebed, of the tribe of Levi, were a godly couple. In the face of peril and death they clave to the God of their fathers. The parents of three children, such as Aaron, Moses and Miriam, must have possessed extraordinary mental endowments, extraordinary physical powers, too, whose offspring was free from the slightest taint of hereditary disease. Seldom do we find more than one gifted or truly great child in a family. Neither in pagan nor Christian history do we in all respects find a similar instance. Socrates and Plato, Seneca, Pliny, Cicero, Shakespeare, Bacon, Goethe, Schiller; none of these had a brother, sister, son or daughter of equal power. Job, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Paul—all are without an equal in their families. "Genius has no brother, no co-mate; the love it inspires is that of a pupil or a son."

1. The girlhood, of Miriam. In a retired village, on the banks of the Nile, was their humble home, if the abode of poor Hebrew slaves could be called such. Doubtless the father toiled at making brick and building pyramids, as did his brethren, and endured the cruel lash of his taskmasters with suppressed sighs. Miriam, a name of the same meaning as Mary in the New Testament, was the oldest of the three children. She must have been from ten to twelve years old, and Aaron about three, when Moses was born. To a pious Hebrew family the birth of a male child has ever been an occasion of great rejoicing. Before the birth of our Saviour this was even more the case than since. Yet the birth of Moses brought great sorrow into the Hebrew home. For every new-born male child was marked and doomed to death. Female children were allowed to live. With the grief and anxiety of the pa

rents, Miriam and Aaron sympathized. How could they bear to see their baby brother murdered! In the sacred privacy of their home, the three-year old Aaron with childish eagerness and curiosity listened to the fearful whispering consultations of the parents. And Miriam, verging towards womanhood, with pious zeal, stood ready to do her parents' bidding. Both doubtless had many anxious questions to ask; both prayed as pious Hebrew children were wont to pray when in trouble, and told God the grief that burdened their tender child-hearts.

At length they decided as David did at a later day: "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man." (2 Samuel xxiv. 14.) Thus too this godly couple, without knowing whither, or into whose hands their babe might drift, committed it to God with a child-like faith, that He would mercifully find a way for its deliverance. Only not let it fall into the hands of cruel men. The slayers of children were on the cruel hunt through the village and neighborhood. They could conceal the child no longer. They had vainly tried to do it for three months. The little ark is built, and most likely Miriam helped her father to gather the bulrushes: she too must have helped to weave and daub the little ship. And many a prayer and sigh must parents and children have woven into the network of the bark. And the kind Father in heaven heard and saw it all.

Along the low flat banks of the Nile, where the land and the shallow water contend for the mastery, the shore is lined with tall flags or water plants. With gentle hands and prayerful hearts they put the little floating basket with its precious contents upon the water. Perhaps gently push it out of the flags into the current, and let a merciful Providence steer the bark down the stream, they knew not whither. A touching instance this is of child-like trust in our heavenly Father. How with bated breath their anxious hearts and tearful eyes must have followed the little boat as it floated down on the bosom of the river. The air is soft, balmy, and still. Naught but the slight waving of the flags and the rippling of the water against its frail side are heard, gently rocking the cradled child. These the only lullabies to quiet the babe:

> "The whispering reeds are all he hears,
> The Nile's soft weltering nigh
> Sings him to sleep."

2. Strong though their faith be, the parents must through Miriam keep a watchful eye on the frail vessel as long as they can. She can loiter along the river's margin, and see whither the lazy current bears her brother. Perhaps, in some way the Lord may have need of her to save the child's life. A right helpful, heroic, obedient daughter we have here, for this is a dangerous mission for a girl of ten years; dangerous indeed for any one. Egypt is unsettled. The Hebrew children are hunted and slaughtered like wild beasts. No child of Abraham is safe. Yet this timid girl ventures on a lonely foot journey of five or ten miles, if possible to help to save her little brother. Her face is flushed with excitement, around which the long tresses of her black hair wave in unrestrained confusion. Now and then she pauses in her sad journey, as she listens whether the babe is crying; she hears her heart beat. The least sound makes her start. For it may be the signal of the child's death. The upsetting of the bark, a passing crocodile or blood-thirsty Egyptian child-murderer, would soon put an end to this frail life. Meanwhile Amram and Jochebed are at home, praying for both their children.

Hour after hour the patient Miriam kept painful pace with the little voyager on the Nile. At length she approached the palace and the charming gardens of Pharaoh on the river bank. With trembling heart she nears the lovely spot. What if the cruel guards will discover the fugitive babe! Surely they would kill it. The murmur of soft voices, the sound of coming footsteps, startle her. A lady, dressed in richest robes, followed by her maidens, steps down to the river's brink. Who can it be? What if she should see the ark? and find the child? God can control the hearts of kings, and of their daughters. For this is the daughter of Egypt's cruel king. Inhuman as the

father is, his daughter has a woman's tender heart. Surely an infant's smile or an infant's tear can touch the heart even of proud Pharaoh's daughter. She sees the tiny ark among the flags, and sends "her maids to fetch it."

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children."

What shall be done with it? She will not allow it to be slain. Among the curious group which the finding of the child gathered around her stood a bright-looking girl. No one suspected her of being the foundling's sister. Promptly she offers her services. As promptly they are accepted. The child must have a nurse. Miriam speedily brings her mother. The anxious mother not only gets her child back, but is well paid for nursing it. How can she suppresss her emotion, her tender grateful maternity, as she presses the rescued babe afresh to her warm heart!

The usefulness of a pious girl, affectionate and obedient to her parents, is here strikingly shown. But for her, Moses would in all probability have been nursed into a great heathen ruler—mighty in deeds of evil. Had she not followed the ark, brought a nurse, and her and the child's mother at that, what then? No girl Miriam, no Moses to deliver the Hebrews, to write the Law, to give direction and shape to the moral code of the human race for four thousand years past, more than any mere man that has ever lived. Thus, through the agency of Miriam the current and course of history has received direction and character, the life of the first Lawgiver was saved and fitted for his high mission, the Church of God upheld and moulded through the mighty mind of this intellectual and moral chief, and the eternal welfare of hundreds of millions secured

Thus a godly little girl may become a great apostle for good in her home and her Church. Little may she dream what a moral giant she is nursing as she dandles her baby brother on her knees, and teaches him to stammer a hymn or a prayer. The sister of Neander was an humble, plain, retired woman, who in any other relation but that of a sister to such a brother, might have been of little use in the world. Yet by her daily tender care for her brother, she became his co-worker—the guardian angel of the "father of modern Church History." To her the Church is largely indebted for the unfading fruits of Neander's labors. A good girl in the Sunday-school may become the agent of great good. Her work may seem to be of trifling importance, whereas it is but the infancy of a great and far-reaching good. God can use even a child to tell a princess where to find a nurse for Moses—to find a minister in a Saviour. And a bad girl or boy may in like manner, become the occasion and cause of evil which may curse and blight millions yet unborn.

"A pebble in a streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dew-drop in the baby plant,
May warp the giant oak forever."

Miriam grew up as an intelligent woman. Of eighty years of her life the Bible is silent. Moses was eighty years of age when he led the Hebrews out of Egypt—Miriam ninety. At such an age people now are frail and tottering, and neither disposed nor fitted for arduous work or perilous enterprizes. Moses, Aaron and Miriam seem to have been in the prime of life at what we would consider a very old age. The Hebrew host crouch in timid fright along the shore of the Red Sea. Before them are the deep waters, behind them Pharaoh's army. The people murmur. Their faith fails them. What can they do? "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." With a wave of his rod Moses opens a dry path through the sea. He and his host safely cross. From the opposite bank they see how Pharaoh's pursuing army is engulfed by the sea. Horses and their proud riders, weapons of war shivered, chariots with wheels fallen off, waving banners, prince and peasant, soldiers great and small, all tumble pell-mell together in a common wreck into a watery grave. Not by might nor by power, but by the arm of the Lord was the victory won.

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel a song unto the Lord."

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out

after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

She and all the women singers sang the chorus; always at the end of the men's part would their's come in with melodious refrain. They danced, too. And that in the presence of all the people, and in connection with a religious service. Not a modern jig, polka or waltz, nor in the least degree looking in that way. To this day the women of Egypt have a religious dance, accompanied with singing, when the Nile begins to rise. For its rising promises to bring them a good harvest. It is a pagan counterfeit of a pious custom among the ancients.

Strange singing and dancing must you expect from an old lady of ninety years of age! This family were planted in the house of the Lord. Their's was a green old age. They were a hale, vigorous family, leading a pious, temperate life. Most likely Miriam's voice was then as clear and her step as nimble as those of many a lady of twenty. Think of this grand song of the grateful millions, in few and simple words, Moses leading the men, Miriam leading the women! This anthem, its poetry and music, was composed six hundred years before the blind Grecian bard swept his wondrous harp. Yet Homer sings to his contending profligate, fabulous deities, whilst the music of Moses, like a melodious trumpet blast, towers to the throne of God

The music and praise of the sanctuary needs the voices of both sexes. The stronger voice of man must blend with the softer voice of woman. Singing is as really a part of worship as praying. All should have their hymn-books, and take a part in it. Too often the men leave this part of worship to the ladies, and in some churches comparatively few of these sing. Good congregational singing cheers the pastor and the people, helps to render the religious services no less pleasant than profitable.

3. Miriam's Fall.—About fifty miles north of Mount Sinai is a narrow valley called Hazeroth. From the south you approach it through winding sand-valleys—sand-stone mountains at the side, and their bottom covered with vast heaps of shifting sand, like banks of granular snow. Here the Hebrews were encamped. Up to her old age Miriam had tenderly loved and faithfully obeyed her great brother. To lighten his burdens, at Jethro's suggestion, a number of captains or subordinate officers were appointed, rulers of thousands, of hundreds, of fifties, of tens, who were to judge the people of their respective divisions. Possibly this arrangement may have weakened her authority somewhat, whatever that may have been.

Aaron, although the older of the two, was inferior to his brother in mental and moral power, and had far less influence and prominence than Moses. Had he not been the brother of Moses, he scarcely would have become the first High Priest, and the father of a priestly family. Not long previous his two eldest sons, Nadab and Abihu, perished before his eyes, as a divine punishment for their seditious conduct. Strange that so soon after this severe lesson, Aaron should conspire with his sister against Moses. It was just before Moses had sent the spies to explore Canaan. The Hebrews were on tiptoe of expectation; for it was taken for granted that a few short months would bring them into full possession of the land flowing with milk and honey. What a mighty nation would they at once become! Who would be the great leaders in it? Now Moses is the great chief under God, exercising almost absolute power. The people all look to him. Although Aaron is the High Priest, he is a small man aside of his brother. Tradition says Miriam was married to Hur. Family pride and jealousy increased their sinful aspirings. Would not Moses and his family far out-top them and their's in the honors of place? And why should they?

"And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses, because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married; for he had married an Ethiopian woman. And they said, Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? Hath He not spoken also by us? And the Lord heard it." (Numbers xii. 1–2.) Both had taken prominent parts on different occasions. (Exodus v. 1, 7; x. 15–20.) So that their claim is not wholly without truth.

Two reasons these troublers in Israel assign for their ambitious course: The Ethiopian wife of Moses, and their claim to be leaders no less than her. Possibly she and the wife of Moses had been indulging in quarrels, to the great annoyance of her meek husband. She can tolerate her no longer. Her malicious feelings explode. It is probable that Miriam was the instigator of the trouble. Aaron was a good yet weak man, ill-fitted to be a leader. He lacked the necessary firmness and decision of character. He made a golden calf for the people to worship, simply because the masses clamored for it. (Exodus xxii. 19–26.) Thus in this case, too, his sister may have incited him to perpetrate a crime, which, had he been left alone, he would not have committed of his own accord. Hence not Aaron, but only Miriam was smitten with leprosy.

Thitherto, the rebellions among the Hebrews were confined to the less prominent families; now the evil has seized the chief group of the nation. There is need of a prompt rebuke before the contagion spreads A voice from the opening heavens commanded Moses, Aaron, and Miriam, to go to the tabernacle of the congregation. In the awful presence of God in the pillar of cloud, Aaron and Miriam were made to stand in the door of the tabernacle. How they must have trembled under the severe reproaches of the Almighty. "The man Moses was meek above all the men that were upon the face of the earth, who is faithful in all mine house. Wherefore then, were ye not afraid to speak against my servant Moses?"

And as the cloud was lifted, and God departed, "behold Miriam became leprous, white as snow." Then Aaron interceded with Moses for his sister, and Moses cried unto the Lord for her. There stood the poor stricken woman, a few days ago so proud and aspiring, now an object of loathing, her skin covered with incurable sores. She had been the most prominent woman of the nation. She fell from a lofty position, and great was her fall. Her disease will exclude her from the camp for life. She will have to keep aloof from her nearest friends, from her own family. She cannot be a guest at her brothers' table. Should any attempt to come near her she will have to cry "unclean, unclean!" to keep them at a distance. And her lonely, loathsome condition will make her a monument of God's displeasure with her sin. It must have been the worst form of the disease. As such Moses refers to it (Deuteronomy xxiv. 9): "Remember what the Lord thy God did to Miriam by the way, after that ye were come out of Egypt." God, in tender mercy heard the prayer of Moses. Still she had to bewail her folly and her disease for seven days outside the camp. And those were the seven most sorrowful days she ever spent. Compared with these her early sorrow on account of her infant brother floating down the Nile eighty-two years before, was a trifle. "What days of meditation and repentance to the erring Miriam! Genius had been to her as beauty to the wives of the patriarchs, a dangerous gift—and on the dizzy eminence of Power she forgot her frailty, and the homage due to Jehovah."

After this Miriam leads a quiet and doubtless a pious life. Thirty-six years later, in the thirty-eighth year of their wandering, the Hebrews came to the large desert of Zin, not far to the northwest of the gulf of Akaba. "And Miriam died there, and was buried there," about one hundred and twelve years of age. Eusebius says in the fourth century, that her sepulchre could be seen there at his time.

Her penitence was sincere, and acceptable to God, and her restoration complete. By many ties and sacred recollections she had endeared herself to her wandering, weary nation. They strove to forget her fall, and fondly cherished the memory of her pious life. The brave help she rendered her baby brother on the banks of the Nile, and her song of praise at the Red Sea, were among the pleasant household stories with which Hebrew parents charmed their children, and beguiled the tedious days of leisure during their long and trying wanderings. And as they would see the aged, gray-bearded Moses and his still older sister, the girlhood of Miriam would be called up for the thousandth time. Thus the penitent sister receives the pardon and love of her injured brother, and of her brother's God. She regains the affection of her people. At the foot of a great moun-

tain they gently lay her to rest. And long thereafter was her grave a shrine whither pious Hebrew women of all lands resorted with tender affection, to perpetuate the memory of the first prophetess of their nation.

Hans Christian Andersen.

THE DANISH STORY-TELLER.

Hans Christian Andersen, one of the line of men of genius, and founder of a school of literature for children, is known by his writings throughout Christendom, and by his presence, not only in Denmark, his native country, but in the literary, artistic, and court circles of France, Germany, England, and Italy, where his *naivete* and unaffected simplicity of affection have made him known and honored. He was born in Odense, Denmark, on the second of April, 1805, in the one room which his father and mother occupied, which served alike for house and shoemaker's shop; he left the town when he was fourteen, to seek his fortune, and in 1867 he was received in Odense, as the guest of the citizens; the houses were all illuminated, a banquet was given in his honor, and he was presented with the freedom of the city. In the sixty-two years that lie between those dates, and in the eight years since then, is the story of a life, full of varied lights and shades. His father was a young man of poetic mind, always hungering after a richer life than that spent in making shoes; his mother, a simple, superstitious, and affectionate woman. In their one room began his life, and his earliest recollections furnished him with scenes which afterwards he wove into his stories.

"Our little room," he says, "which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and, by means of a ladder, it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between our house and the neighbors', there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the 'Snow Queen' that garden still blooms."

He grew into a tall, ungainly lad, as shy as a girl, and yet so simple-hearted that he was ready to confide to the utmost in any one who smiled on him. At a charity school, he learned just a little, but that little so carelessly that long afterwards he suffered for the lack of such common knowledge, even as how to spell. It was now, too, that he began to associate more with others, and, like his companions, to go through the Catechism, preparatory to confirmation. He tells a little story here of himself, which shows where "The Red Shoes" came from.

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time, in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore, I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed Him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought about my new boots."

When he set out for Copenhagen, he had a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, and unbounded confidence in every one. He had an innocent way of going right up to people and asking for what he wanted. The theatre was to him the most beautiful place in the world, and he was ready to do anything that would be in place there—dance, sing, or act. So he went to the manager, and asked for an engagement. The manager looked at him, and said, "No, you are too thin for the theatre."

"O," replied Andersen, "only engage me, with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, and I shall soon get fat!" But the manager gravely bade him go away,—that only people of education could do anything at the theatre. The poor boy lived, one scarcely knows how,

but he could not help attracting people's attention, he was so ingenuous, and at last a wise and good man, Councillor Collin, took him as his own son, and began to educate him. As Andersen now learned how to use his mind, all the odd fancies and make-beliefs which had kept him busy with mock theatres and puppets and dolls began to find expression in writing, and before he had finished his schooling, he was writing stories and dramas; and just before he passed his last examination, when he was twenty-four years old, he brought out a collection of poems, and one of his plays was acted at the theatre.

Denmark is a little country, but an old nation inhabits it; and hence it is, in fact, that society there is something like a great family. Every one knows every one, and personal affairs get talked about, and a new author or artist or actor is at once taken in hand; people not only talk about him, but talk to him, and criticise him, and tell him what he ought to do, and what he ought not to do. Society there, is a village tea-table of educated people. Andersen, who had come up from poverty, and was, besides, a young man ignorant of worldly wisdom, was badgered a good deal, and in the early days of his authorship, had to struggle hard to maintain a position. But by degrees he commanded attention and respect; people began to see that he had gifts of an unusual character, and just the thing for which he was at first blamed—his *naiveté* and childishness—are now what the world recognizes as his good qualities in literature.

From that time to this he has been writing stories—novels for older people—such as "The Improvisatore," which is a picture of Italy, and "The Two Baronesses," "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler," where the scenes are Danish. He is Danish to the core. The old legends of his ancient country, the wild sand-heaps of Jutland, the beech trees, the bright, quarrelsome city life, the fresh, frank hospitality, all get into his stories. But it is his little stories that have won him renown. They were something so new and so pleasing that they became at once general favorites with young and old, and in the theatres, instead of poetry, the actors would recite "The Constant Tin Soldier," "The Top and Ball," or "The Swineherd." Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, was a Dane, and was delighted with Andersen's stories. In his company he wrote "Ole Shut Eye;" and "often," says Andersen, "in the twilight, when the family circle sat in the open garden parlor, Thorwaldsen would come softly behind me, and clapping me on the shoulder would ask, 'Shall we little ones hear any tales to-night?' "

When he began writing his stories, he sought only to tell over again old legends of Denmark, which he had heard as a child; but as his interest increased he invented his stories, and soon every Christmas brought a new volume from him. I think one reason why he wrote these stories, which he did not publish till after he was known as the author of "The Improvisatore," was, that he was heartily tired of the perpetual criticism which the people were making of him, and wished to do something for those who could enjoy reading without forever explaining what they liked and what they did not like. For the first time he found himself in a wholly congenial circle; his quaintest fancies pleased and were not jeered at.

Andersen never married, and lived a rambling sort of life, sometimes in Copenhagen, but quite as often traveling in Spain, Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, England, Italy. He was a great favorite at various courts, and has had many honors from crowned heads, but his true distinction consists in the fact that every home was open to him, and the poor as well as the rich knew his kindly nature. He himself, in "The Story of my Life," relates a bright little scene. He was away from home, at Hamburg, we believe, and in company with Otto Speckter, the clever artist who has illustrated his stories, was setting out for the opera-house.

"On our way," he says, "we came to an elegant house. 'We must first go in here, dear friend,' said he; 'a wealthy family lives here, friends of mine, and friends of your stories; the children will be happy.' 'But the opera,' said I. 'Only for two minutes,' returned he; and drew me into the house, mentioned my name, and the circle of children collected around me. 'And now tell us a tale,' said he; 'only

one.' I told one, and then hastened away to the theatre. 'That was an extraordinary visit,' said I. 'An excellent one; one entirely out of the common way!' said he exultingly. 'Only think: the children are full of Andersen and his stories; he suddenly makes his appearance amongst them, tells one of them himself, and then is gone! vanished! That is of itself like a fairy tale to the children, that will remain vividly in their remembrance.' I myself was amused by it."

These travels of Andersen's have borne fruit in many ways. They kept the poet's mind fresh and inquisitive, and furnished him with an inexhaustible fund of material; so that not only has he written sketches and whole volumes of travel, but has used the material as foundation and suggestion for his novels, dramas and stories. In the collected series of his writings there are volumes on "Spain and Portugal;" "The Poet's Bazaar," which is a narrative of travel chiefly in Italy, Greece and the Orient; "Pictures of Travel" in Sweden, the Hartz Mountains and Switzerland. And what a host of eminent men of letters he has seen and known! His autobiography, which ended in the original edition in 1855, was continued for the American edition in 1867, and the translation made and published first in America under the title "The Story of my Life," is crowded with gossip and bright reminiscences of literateurs, artists, musicians and statesmen; in Scandinavia, Thorwaldsen, Oehlenschläger, Hertz, Ingemann, Fredrika Bremer, Jenny Lind, Björnson, Orsted and a host of others; in Germany, Mendelssohn, Gœthe's family, Bettina, Heine, Tieck; in France, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Rachel, Balzac, De Vigny; in England, Dickens, Jeffrey, the Howitts, Bunsens, Lady Blessington, the Palmerstons. Like a child, reaching out his hand to every kind-hearted person he meets, this singularly gifted and affectionate nature, has made his name one which kindles the enthusiasm of young and old.

For the past two or three years Andersen has suffered from ill health, which has so preyed upon his mind as to affect his disposition in the matter of writing, and only now and then has he taken his pen in his hand; even letter writing has been a burden, and his letters have been very despondent in tone. It has been his fortune in this time to receive fresh evidence of the good-will and affection borne toward him by two continents; at home steps have been taken to erect a monument to his memory, a most unusual testimony in Denmark, where we think no writer has hitherto so been honored in his life-time. In America a mistaken report that he was in need, at once called out spontaneous sympathy and contributions of money, which he accepted out of consideration for the affection that prompted them, though he regretted the misunderstanding which had conveyed so false an impression. While he has never been rich, it was impossible that he should ever be poor, so warmly was he held in the affection of a wide circle of friends. Later still a more acceptable present of books was made by his American friends. He died August 4th, 1875, in Copenhagen, in his seventy-first year, the friend of many children and lovers of good literature who never saw his face.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Good and Bad Manners at Church.

BY THE EDITOR.

Do not talk loud and boisterously as you enter the church. It shows ill manners, and annoys the congregation. Do not gad about at this one's bonnet and that one's ribbons as you walk through the aisle to your pew, but look right before you, and walk slowly and devoutly to your place. Some people hurry to their pews as if every eye seeing them were a rain-storm, from which they tried their best quickly to escape without getting wet.

Ill-bred young people sometimes come to church to meet or see some one. The moment they are inside the door their eyes flit to and fro in quest of the one they seek. After reaching their pew, they turn their faces hither and thither in the congregation, if need be even raising themselves a little in order to have a full view, to the great vexation and disgust of the flock. Occasionally you will come across extraordinary cases of rudeness, where such persons will stalk out of church in the

midst of the services, when they fail to find those for whose sakes they came.

If you happen to reach the pew first, take a seat at the far end, so as not to block up the entrance. A very awkward and unkind habit some persons have, who plant themselves firmly at the opening, and compel all arriving later to wriggle and worm their way past them. If the deacon offers to take you to a seat follow him, and do not slip in elsewhere, leaving him walk to a seat for you, only to find that you have fooled him. "I will never offer to take that lady to a seat again," said a certain deacon to us, of the person who had treated him thus.

Take your seat devoutly. Often are we solemnly impressed in seeing persons devoutly bending forward, with their heads on the pew-back before them, engaging in a short prayer. Either do this, or put your hand to your face, or bow your head, and perform this service. Do it in some visible, solemn way. The example will cheer and guide others, and be a blessing to yourself. The German Christians do it standing—the men holding the hat before the face, the women bowing the head and bending forward, holding the hymn book, folded in a white handkerchief in their folded hands. Some Episcopalians and Methodists kneel during this prayer.

Always bring your hymn book with you, or keep it in the pew. Turn to every hymn as it is sung, and join in the singing.

Never speak to any one after you reach your pew. The faintest whisper is heard all over the church, and seriouly annoys both pastor and people. Not even before the pastor comes should persons thus engage in conversation. It is a sin and a shame so to do. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Always assume a proper posture in prayer. In the Reformed Church this is standing. Never keep your seat during prayer, except you are very feeble through sickness or old age. Always devoutly follow the prayer with your mind and heart, and join audibly in the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, where the whole congregation uses these audibly and in concert.

Use hospitality towards strangers. Do not frown at the deacons when they bring a stranger into a vacant seat in your pew. Rather, if need be, offer your own seat to a stranger, and seek one for yourself with some friend. Your friend will be happy to receive you, and the stranger be encouraged by your hospitality to attend the church again. If strangers near you have no hymn book hand them yours, open at the place where the hymn is that is to be sung. You can sing out of the book of some one near you. After the close of the services try and notice strangers kindly. Be frank, free and friendly towards them; tell them that you are glad to see them at church, and invite them to come again. Think of a person looking daggers at a stranger brought to his pew, making him feel that he is an intruder! Such conduct is unchristian—it is barbarous.

Listen attentively to the sermon. Try your best to remember the text and the main divisions. Do not lazily lean back in some pew-corner, with your head propped up by your elbowed-arm, getting ready for a nap. Think what a figure you will cut before God and His people, your head dropping now on your breast, then threatening to fall down over your back, your mouth wide open, breathing heavily in a half snore! Beware of it.

When a student at Marshall College, we boys were startled one Sunday morning by a sudden pause of President Nevin, in his sermon. Some young sprig took out his watch, the sharp snap of whose closing lid attracted the attention of the learned preacher. For a few moments he read the affrighted offender such a lesson on the impropriety of looking at one's watch during the sermon, that not only cursed him, but all the students of whatever weakness they may have had in this direction. Do not look at your watch during the sermon, nor turn your head around to look at the clock in the rear of the church. It will annoy all sensible, right-thinking people, and wound the feelings of the preacher. When he hears you close the lid of the watch-case, or sees you watching the clock, he can put only one construction on it, and that is: "I cannot interest the congregation. Some are impatiently wishing that I might close the sermon. Perhaps they wish to re-

mind me by their conduct to stop." The offending persons may not have the remotest idea of such a thing. Yet thus the people will look upon it, and the pastor will feel embarrassed and mortified by it.

Leave the church in a decorous and devout manner. Do not put on your overcoat or smooth your hat during the benediction. This is a solemn act of worship with which to close the services. Do not at once rudely rush out of the pew towards the door. Let not the closing amen be the signal for an irreverent haste to get out of the church, with which to show the people how very glad you are that the services are ended.

In short—come in time, come in the right manner; begin devoutly with prayer. Train the mind, and try your very best to fix it upon the acts of worship, for which people should visit the house of God. Do all you can to make the services solemn, pleasant and profitable. Always bear in mind that the object of attending a place of worship is not to see and meet a friend, or to display fine clothing; but rather to meet with and worship God, and secure the garment of Christ's righteousness. Here the purest thoughts, the highest and holiest desires, the kindest feelings, the most sacred affections, and the brightest hopes are enkindled and cherished.

"Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above."

What to Teach our Sons.

A set of oracular maxims concerning "What to teach our Daughters" has been going the rounds of the papers, and finally found its way into the columns of *The Independent* (June 3d), whose selections are usually more sensible and in better taste.

Is not this thing somewhat overdone? Almost every country paper has a paragraph in the same strain. Pray tell us who has made the bread and the shirts and "cooked the victuals" and darned the stockings, etc., all this time, if not the daughters of the land? How long since the virtues of industry, thrift, and good management have been so monopolized by the sons and so neglected by the daughters as to justify this continual grinding out of advice and admonition, as monotonous as the rumbling of the wheels in our streets, and as "tedious as a twice told tale?"

We believe in fair play and equal rights, and see no reason why such Sir Oracles should expend so much wisdom and solicitude upon the education of the girls, and ignore the needs of the boys, who ought to have a share. For instance, when the daughters must be taught to "wear calico dresses and do it like queens," it may be well that the sons, to match their stateliness, should wear blouse and overalls like kings!

To make amends for the partiality hitherto shown, we have altered and amended the aforesaid set of maxims to apply to the other sex, that anxious parents may know *what to teach their sons.*

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make fires.

Teach them to weed the garden.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to dye their whiskers.

Teach them not to wear tight boots.

Teach them how to saw and split wood.

Teach them how to black their boots and take proper care of their clothing.

Teach them to eat what is set before them and be thankful.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them how to say No, and mean it; Yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear their working clothes like kings.

Teach them that steady habits are better than riotous living.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of the belles.

Teach them all the uses and proprieties of kitchen, dining-room and parlor.

Teach them not to have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men or with idle and frivolous young women.

Teach them that the further one goes beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic is better than a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments—music, painting, and drawing—if you have time and can afford it.

Teach them that God made them in His own image, and by no amount of tight lacing, tight boots, waxed moustaches, or by making smoke-stacks of themselves can they improve the model. —*Independent.*

Hard to Please.

A writer in the *Christian Union* gives the following objections against six ministers who had presented themselves as candidates before a vacant church, and another of whom they had heard:

The first minister was too old; he would not suit the young folks. The second, just from the seminary, was too young; the old folks said he had not experience. The third had experience. He had been in the parish three years. He was still young, with the elastic hopes and strong enthusiasm of youth. But he was a bachelor. The people pretty universally declared that the minister should have a wife and a house. The women all said there must be somebody to organize the sewing circles, and to lead the female prayer-meeting. The fourth was married, but he had three or four children. We could not support him. It seems to be no longer true,—"Blessed is he whose quiver is full of them." The fifth was a most learned man, who told us the original Greek or Hebrew of his texts, and, morning or evening, never came nearer to America than Rome under Augustus Cæsar. He was dull. The sixth afforded us a most brilliant pyrotechnic display. He spluttered, and fizzed, and banged as if Fourth of July himself had taken orders and gone to preaching. The young people were carried away. But the old folks all said he was sensational. Then besides those we heard, there is the Rev. Mr. C., who has the reputation of being a most excellent pastor. He is indefatigable in visiting the sick, in comforting the afflicted, in dealing with the recreant and unconverted. But Mr. Wheaton says emphatically he will never do for our people. "He is no preacher, Mr. Laicus," says he; "and our people demand first-rate preaching. You must remember that in the summer we have between two and three thousand New York men here; men used to good preaching; men who know what a good sermon is. We must have a man that can draw them, sir; a man as good as they have in New York."

Is not this a correct picture of what actually transpires in many churches? And should it not cover every generous face with the blushes of shame?

A Russian Foundling Hospital.

A half hour's drive through a fine old avenue of lime trees, and we alight in front of the Imperial Foundling and Orphan Asylum at Moscow. This magnificent institution lodges beneath its kindly roof more than twenty-five thousand children, two thousand wardens, male and female, nurses, teachers, and other officers. It annually expends upward of seven million rubles and receives some seven thousand children. Thus it deserves to rank among the wonders of the world.

In the great hall of this pillared structure the chief police-master, in blue uniform, salutes you with a formal bow. He is an important personage—the bugbear and terror of twenty thousand poor children, with power to inflict terrible punishments. He seemed, however, good-natured, and nodded with kind smiles to the children we met on our way to the church. He listened patiently, also, to the petitions of more than five hundred nurses in one of the many rooms. Indeed, an air of quiet contentment pervaded the whole immense establishment.

Its excellent management was thus clearly evinced. At length, after a half-hour's journey through the labyrinths of this colossal building, the perfume of incense, the song of a thousand sweet voices, and the deep bass of the priest, intoning the prayers, announced that we had reached the outer court of the church.

We moved past an army of kneeling nurses and overseers of the children, and stood beneath the cupola. Thousands of girls crowd the church (the boys being absent, engaged in outdoor pursuits). Those in bright yellow dresses in the gallery of the church were being educated as nurses; those in

green in the side aisles, for domestic service. The classes in dark-blue dresses sat in rows opposite the altar. In devotion every eye was fastened upon the priest, brilliant in red and gold, just visible, with his long, light falling hair, in a gray cloud of incense, behind the carved door of the shrine of the altar.

Poor children!

"Yes; it is true," replied the police officer; "but still of good family. Many are of noble descent. You notice a certain ease and grace of manner. Their instruction here is suited to their rank, and quite as good, if not superior to that in the best boarding-schools in St. Petersburg. We have some five hundred male and female teachers in the various branches of women's education."

All at once a murmuring, like a wind-stirred forest, signifies that divine service is ended. Each class—the yellow, the green, and last the blue—filed past us, like well drilled troops; but there was no smile, no pushing, no trick usual on such occasions in other children. The governor of such an institution ranks among the highest Russian generals; but he was affable, courteous, and in person attended us through the establishment.

We visit first the infant department—a long suit of light rooms, each containing some fifty cradles, which, with their pretty gauze hangings, might well serve for royal babes. One thousand infants is the average number held by the institution at one time. Each nurse stood by the side of her cradle, and with an air of pride displayed her charge.

The position of nurse is eagerly sought for by the Russian peasant girl. Over one little cherub the governor fondly bends, and remarks: "I have taken more than two hundred thousand infants from the font." "But come," he said, "You must be present at dinner." Again, through many a gallery and corridor, we reach the door of the dining hall—a vast church, rather, and there are six others nearly as large—just as the bell sounds. A throng of human beings in perfect order issue from the innumerable rooms and cells, and file by us. From a platform in the centre of an ocean of tables we can see all the children. Here the governor dines every day with the children, upon the same plain, nourishing, well-served food. But in the death-like stillness and absence of joyful expression, there was something painful.

The children, meanwhile, have cleared their plates. The meal ends, as it began, with a pious hymn. The children march out as sedately as they entered. Not one retired without saying to the governor, with a sweet courtesy: "Good-day, Papa." He returned each one a fatherly smile.

I was deeply interested in the young ladies of the first class—not surpassed in elegance and refinement even by those of the first rank in London, Paris, or Berlin. They were proficient in foreign languages, music, and drawing. The room for the toys of the more youthful of the twenty-five thousand was next visited, where we saw models of every variety of tool and implement; also accurate plastic moldings of animals, birds, and fishes, from which the children learn faster than from books.

We then repaired to the elegant apartments of the first matron, a stately old lady, and took tea with her, who did the honors of the table with the most amiable politeness. "Summer and winter, day and night," she said, "the doors of the little lodge under the hall stand open." We receive an average of thirty per day; but neither name nor pay is required. A payment, however, of thirty rubles annually retains the child in the institution—*i. e.*. it is not put out to nurses. Two hundred and fifty rubles assures an education for an officer.

On reception, each child is numbered, registered, and baptized. A ticket is then put around its neck, and a duplicate given to the person bringing the child, in order that it may be reclaimed when twenty-one years of age. Whoever has once crossed the threshold of our house under the great stone pelican over the portals has a right to call upon us, in poverty or sickness, in care or sorrow, for our help. This hospital was founded by the Empress Maria, wife of Paul. She was, at least, its benefactress. It has the income of the Lombard Institution and has been endowed by many rich families. All public amusements, theatres, balls and concerts devote ten per cent. of their profits to

this institution. This tax among the pleasure-loving Russians yields a large revenue.

With expressions of thanks, we now part with the courteous governor and kind-hearted "mother," impressed that the Hospitatelnoi Dom is one of the best managed asylums of the kind in the world.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Maxims for Parents.

"When the ground is soft and gentle, it is time to sow the seed; when the branch is tender, we can train it easiest; when the stream is small, we can best turn its course."

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle. From their earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of OBEDIENCE, *instant, unhesitating* obedience. Obedience is very soon understood even by an infant. *Read* Prov. xxii. 6; Col. iii. 20; Eph. vi. 1–3.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say. Gen. xviii. 19; 1 Sam. iii. 13; 1 Tim. iii. 4.

3. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

4. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word. Prov. xix. 13, xxiii. 13, 14; Lev. xix. 3.

5. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

6. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion. Be calm as a clock, yet decisive. Prov. xiv. 29, xvi. 32.

7. Do not always be correcting your children; and never use violent or terrifying punishments. Take the rod (so Solomon says), let it tingle, and pray to God to bless it. A little boy had been guilty of lying and stealing. His father talked with him on the greatness of his sin, told him he must punish him, represented to him the consequences of sin, as far worse than his present punishment; and then chastised him. These means were made a blessing to the child, and from that time he shunned both falsehood and dishonesty. A few angry words and violent blows would have produced no such effect. Prov. xiii. 24, xxii. 15, xxix. 15; Eph. vi. 4.

8. On no account allow them to do at one time what you would have forbidden under the same circumstances at another. Exod. xx. 12; Prov. vi. 20-22.

9. Teach them early to speak the truth on *all* occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in *small* matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost. Prov. xii. 19, 22.

10. Be very careful what company your children keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Prov. xiii. 20.

11. Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible. Prov. x. 4, xviii. 9, xix. 15; 2 Thess. iii. 10.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to take care of, and mend their clothes; to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place." 1 Cor. xiv. 30; John vi. 12.

13. Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery. Eph. v. 11, 12.

14. Encourage your children to do well; show them you are pleased when they do well. Prov. i. 8, 9.

15. Teach your children to pray, by praying WITH and for them yourself. Maintain the worship of God in your family, if you desire His blessing to descend on you and yours. Josh. xxiv. 15; Psalm ci. 2.

16. Impress upon their minds that ETERNITY is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings.—Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while; but what you are to be and to have, FOREVER!" Deut. vi. 7; 2 Tim. iii. 15; Matt. xix. 14.

Have a Care for the Manners.

In schools where the children come generally from the homes of the poor and less cultivated classes there is need that special attention be given to the manners of the children. Religion is refining. Courtesy and politeness are

Christian duties. Rudeness and coarseness are blemishes on Christian character. Some one has said that "Manners are the shadows of virtue," implying that a man's heart may be known and read from his manners. Hence the best way to produce gentleness, kindness and politeness, is to seek to have the heart full of genuine love, which must shine out in the life. Cleanliness and tidiness are all gospel lessons which should be carefully instilled on every fitting opportunity. Care of the body, and the laws of health, should not be forgotten in incidental instruction. We would not introduce these subjects in the lesson-study of the schools, unless they are suggested naturally by the passage for the day; but in such schools especially, the teacher's work is by no means limited to the hour spent in class. It should be extended into the home, and should aim at the preparation of the children for life. Many mission-school teachers are accustomed to have their classes frequently at their own homes, and great good has been effected in this way. Then in sewing or industrial schools, these things may be taught. In every way, in fact, we owe it to ourselves, to the church, to society, to the Master, to seek the elevation of the poor, to aim to lift them up.

Precocity of Some Great Writers.

Milton had written a considerable amount of verse prior to his eighteenth year; Abraham Cowley's "Pyramus and Tishbe" was written at ten, his "Constantia and Philutus" at twelve; and these and other "poetical blossoms" were published when he was fifteen. Pope composed "The Ode to Solitude" and part of an epic poem "about twelve." All the writings of Thomas Chatterton were finished, and his own self-extinguished life was closed, when he had accomplished seventeen years and three months Collins's "Persian Eclogues" were composed at seventeen; Henry Kirke White's works were all produced while he was yet in his twenty-second year; and we can scarcely forget Connop Thirlwall's "Primitiæ," written between eight and eleven; Leigh Hunt's "Juvenilia," or poems written between the age of twelve and sixteen; Shelley's "Queen Mab" at sixteen; Byron's "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers" at twenty; Walter Savage Landor's "Poems," published in his twentieth year; and the "Lyrical Poems" of Alfred Tennyson, issued at the same age. Henry Taylor's "Isaac Commenus" was composed before he had attained his majority. Douglas Jerrold's first play, though not performed till his eighteenth, was written in his fifteenth year; and James Sheridan Knowles wrote his first drama at twelve years of age, for a company of stage-struck boys, among whom he was the "star."—*British Quarterly Review.*

Eastern Children.

Do you know how children are carried in the East? Not in the arms as mothers and nurses carry their little ones in our country. What would you think if you saw a child sitting astride on the mother's shoulders, while she went to the well for water with her carefully balanced pitcher on her head? Well, that is the way that children are carried in the country where Jesus lived; that is, Palestine, or the land of the Jews; and not there only, but also in Egypt and many other Eastern countries.

The child sits upright on the shoulder, with one leg over the mother's breast, and the other between her shoulders. Have you read the beautiful blessings that Moses pronounced on the tribes of the children of Israel before he died? If so, perhaps you will remember what he said about Benjamin: "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; the Lord shall cover him all the day long, *and he shall dwell between His shoulders.*" Do you not think that that means that God would always care for the children of Benjamin, just as a mother cared for the child that she carried, and could not forget him while his little legs dangled down between her shoulders? What a beautiful promise! And it belongs not only to the tribe of Benjamin, but quite as much to us if we love God, and do what is right.—*The Children's Friend.*

Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites them wretchedness is complete.

Writers of One Hymn.

BY W. W. DAVIS, A. M.

The fame of many writers rests on a single production. Defoe was a voluminous author, but "Robinson Crusoe" is all that has come down to us. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has embalmed the memory of Rev. Charles Wolfe, no less than that of the military hero.

It is so in sacred poetry. Take most favorite hymns, and you will find their authors composed nothing else so popular. Their genius seems to have been exhausted by a single happy effort. Let us look at a few illustrations.

"Come, thou fount of every blessing," was the earliest and best performance of Robert Robinson, awakened under the preaching of Whitefield. He was unstable, becoming Methodist, Independent, Baptist, and finally dying an avowed Socinian, in 1790.

"Rock of Ages" is a glorious Christian lyric, and Toplady has left nothing half so precious. He began his ministry amid the beautiful hills of Devon, in 1768. Toplady was bitter enough in dispute, but his spirit lost all its harshness when he tuned the instrument of sacred song.

Few hymns have been more frequently sung at times of special religious feeling than "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." Its author was Joseph Hart, born in London, 1712. He began life as a teacher.

Rev. Edward Perronet gave to the Church that grand march of the saints, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." His father was a clergyman of the English Establishment, but he himself labored under the patronage of Lady Huntington, who died in 1791.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," has probably touched more hearts than any other modern hymn. Sarah Fuller Flower, its author, was the younger of the two daughters of Benjamin Flower. In 1834 she was married to Adams, a civil engineer, and died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried near Harlow, Essex.

How many weary pilgrims have been cheered in passing through the dark valley by the consolation of "Just as I am, without one plea." Charlotte Elliott was an invalid from early years, and died in 1871. She was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, England.

Timothy Dwight, elected President of Yale College in 1795, prepared four ponderous volumes of theology which few clergymen ever take from the shelf. His classic version of the 137th Psalm, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," will perpetuate his memory.

A few years ago, in New York, Phœbe Cary died of consumption, at the age of forty-six. She and her sister Alice were both graceful poets. "One sweetly solemn thought," written by Phœbe, in its pensive sadness touches the heart like a dirge.

"Sweet the moments rich in blessing," one of the most inspiring songs for the great congregation, was composed by Sir Walter Shirley, converted under the ministry of Venn, who died in 1796. Shirley afterward preached in England and Ireland.

About fifty years ago, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rector of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, wrote the well-known hymn, "I would not live alway." Not satisfied with its spirit, the author has since endeavored to correct its teachings, writing in 1868 an additional verse which breathes the true feeling of resignation. This is not generally found, however, with the older verses.

Choice Paragraphs.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return unto their chaos again.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Passing along the road the other day, we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up, it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well-written and well-read—

but they are without a blade. They cut out no cancers of sin, and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.

We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not of affection, that it is far harder to keep our views to heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and therefore, so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition, and its peculiar temptations, but we must endure it, and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—*Dr. Arnold.*

Though life is short, we have much time. Great thoughts are born in a minute and great works are done in an hour. In a brief life there is time to build houses, acquire extended possessions, and by war, or statesmanship, to fill the world with a name. There is also time and space for reflection, on the part of every sinner who hears the gospel. Who, if he fails to believe in Christ will claim he had not time?

A Beautiful Act.

I have recently attended the Commencement exercises of a Ladies' Seminary at Andover (I think he said Andover), being there to witness the graduation of a young lady who is a member of his church. The fifth graduate who presented herself was a lady of excessive modesty. She was far from home, and none of her friends were with her. Those who preceded her had been liberally rewarded with flowers. She read a poem, showing that she possessed poetic talent, if not genius. She retired, but not a flower was offered her. The audience "took in" the situation, and burst forth into loud and long applause. She was obliged to come forward and acknowledge the compliment, when another burst of applause greeted her. The audience were determined that she should not be neglected, In time his friend read her essay. At its close flowers in abundance were handed to her. The very first bouquet given to her she gave to her companion who had none. It was a beautiful act—"it was itself a consummate flower." *Dr. Duryea.*

Incongruities of Hymns.

In the course of a recent lecture on "Congregational Psalmody," the Rev. Dr. Allan noticed some of the incongruities that used to occur by the awkward divisions in repetition lines. For instance, "Love thee better than before" was divided "Love thee bet-;" "My poor polluted heart" became "My poor pol-;" "We'll catch the fleeting hour" was sung "We'll catch the flee-;" "And more exact our joys" was sung "And more ex-;" "And take thy pilgrim home" became "And take thy pil-;" "And in the pious he delights" was sung "And in the pi- and in the pi-;" and "Send down salvation from on high" became "And send down sal-." A soprano in one case sang "Oh for a man," and the chorus responded "Oh for a mansion in the skies." In one case the soprano modestly sang "Teach me to kiss;" the alto took up the strain, "Teach me to kiss," while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing "Teach me to kiss thy rod."—*Weekly Review.*

Put in Mind.

Old Dr. Johnson said that "mankind did not so much require instructing as they did reminding." Have any of us ever failed in our duty to our Maker, our neighbor, or ourselves for lacking the knowledge of it? Who is ignorant of what is right? No one. We have been imbued with the principles of truth till the knowledge of it appears like intuition; and yet how often do we require to be *reminded* of our duty?

And this, after all, in Christian lands, is the great duty of the pulpit. It is not to tell congregations new truths, but to remind them of old ones; not to inform them of new duties, but to urge them to the practice of old ones they have been neglecting; and which all of us, by reason of the constant din of this world's work, are ready to forget and neglect. "I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." The man who does not need to be reminded of old truths, and to be urged to the practice of old duties, has no need to be preached to. But who can say he does his duty so well that he stands in no need of being put in mind of them. —*Selected.*

Religious Associations of the Presidents.

It is a somewhat singular fact that, as far as it is known, no President of the United States, since the days of Washington, has been a communicant in a church. John Adams was the representative of the liberal community of his day. Jefferson was styled a free-thinker. An attempt was made when Jefferson was a young man, to make the Episcopal Church the established religion of Virginia. John Leland, a traveling Baptist minister, preached a sermon in the presence of Jefferson, on what he called the "incestuous connection of Church and State." The sermon converted Jefferson to that doctrine. His persistent opposition to a State religion caused him to be stigmatized as an infidel. Mrs. Madison was a communicant at the Episcopal Church. Her husband was not. Monroe was a member of an Episcopal parish, but not a communicant. John Quincy Adams, though a member of a Unitarian parish in Massachusetts, held a pew in the Second Presbyterian Church in Washington, of which he was a trustee, and there he worshiped until his death. In a violent snow-storm I saw him wading to church, one Sunday, with the snow up to his loins, and he was one of the seven persons who composed the congregation that morning. He never communed in the church. General Jackson was a regular attendant on Sunday mornings. He worshiped in the Second Presbyterian Church till his quarrel with the pastor about Mrs. Eaton. He then left for the Four-and-a-half Street Church, and took his Cabinet with him. He always came early, and entered his pew, which was on the right side of the church as he entered. Earnest and devout attention he gave to the sermon. It was his custom, at the close of the sermon, to rise in the pew, make a very courteous bow to the minister, and then walk out, the audience waiting in their pews till he had reached the vestibule. Van Buren's home church at Kinderhook was Reformed Dutch. At Washington, when he went to church he attended St. John's Episcopal in the morning. Mrs. Polk was a devout and earnest Christian woman, belonging to the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Polk accompanied his family every Sunday morning to the Four-and-a-half Street Church. Mrs. Polk usually attended the Second Presbyterian Church in the afternoon, where she held a pew. The President seldom accompanied her at the second service. General Taylor was not a professor of religion. When he attended church he sat in the President's pew at St. John's. President Pierce was a member of a Congregational Society in Concord, New Hampshire, but not of the church. He was very regular in his attendance at the Presbyterian Church in Washington, on the morning of each Sabbath. Buchanan attended the small Presbyterian Church in F Street, near the White House. This was his religious home during his long Senatorial life. He was not a member of the church. He came to worship usually on foot and unattended. His pew was on the side, about two-thirds of the way from the door. He usually walked up the aisle with a cat-like step, went to the extreme end of the pew, curled himself up in the corner, and seldom moved till the service closed. He rarely spoke to any one, and hastened from the church to the White House. Mrs. Lincoln was a communicant at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lincoln was not. But he was a regular attendant at worship. Johnson seems to have no religious home, but rather inclined to the Lutherans. General Grant is not a professor of religion. He is a trustee of the National Methodist Church at Washington, and is a frequent attendant on the preaching of that church.

—*Boston Journal.*

Affectation in Names.

Lovers of the good old names sanctified by centuries of use cannot but regret the fashionable affectation which prompts so many of our modern young ladies to disguise them with French terminations, or to discard them altogether in favor of some silly prettiness born of the familiarity of the home circle. Our Marys are all Maries, our Julias Julies, our Harriets Hatties, our Carolines Carries, our Sarahs Sadies, our

Catherines Katies, our Susans Susies, and so on to the end, each fashioned after a common model, and adapted to that Gallic standard of beauty to which everything must conform. Still more absurd are the meaningless pet names born of the nursery, the Dollies, the Pussies, the Minnies, and the Lillies, (we have heard even of Babie used by a full-grown young woman), which, appropriate enough for children, in the affectionate privacy of the family, seem inconsistent with adolescence and long clothes. Minnie, it is true, is used as a diminutive for Mary, and Lillie for Elizabeth; but there is no reason for the former, and the latter is the diminutive of Lillian, if of anything. If we must have diminutives of these names, which seem by no means a necessity, especially after a young lady has reached mature years, the good old English Molly and Polly for Mary, and Bessy, Betty, and Lizzy, for Elizabeth, are preferable, to the affected French terminations. But our ladies would display better taste by discarding altogether, on taking their places in the adult world, the pretty nicknames and pet names of their childhood.

—*Appletons' Journal.*

Passing Ships.

One of the pleasantest variations of a monotonous sea voyage, is the passing of other ships, and the interchange of a few friendly words.

We cannot imagine the thrill which goes through some hearts as they read the simple paragraph, "Spoke such a vessel in such a latitude and took her mail."

"Now, doubtless, we shall get word from our outward bound." And sometimes this message from the sea is the last that comes to waiting, watching ones on shore.

Oh! if that passing ship had gone on selfishly and silently, there would have been no such last words to treasure up.

Sometimes a vessel detained by stress of weather, has all its supplies exhausted. What a blessing thus to meet a friendly ship, which cheerfully sends on board a boat load of her own stores. Without such aid all must have perished, or been reduced to the extremest suffering.

On the voyage of life we are constantly passing and repassing other barks, which need hailing. Shall we go by them silently, never inquiring if they are in need of help? A young man has come to your place a stranger. Give him early a friendly grasp of the hand and a cordial greeting. You do not know the help they will be to him. Aid him in his business all you can. Encourage him to be industrious and frugal, and you have helped close the door against a thousand temptations. But, above all things, seek to lead him to Christ if he is a stranger to God, and if he is a professor of religion urge him at once to take his stand on the Lord's side.

Call on stranger families, who come to make a home among you, and make them feel as early as possible that it is a home indeed. Gather the children into the warm fold of the Sabbath-school, and the parents into the Church.

Don't forget to hail these passing voyagers. Such friendly deeds often avert dire disasters, and give joy to far-off friends whose faces you have never seen. But you will know them and hear their grateful praises when you stand beside the sea of glass.—*Sunday School Times.*

A Religious House-Cleaning.

A writer, while giving an account of a religious awakening in a western state, when differing sects united in acts of worship, mentions a notable characteristic of the revival. "The burial of *hatchets*. Everybody was amazed at the number. The process of interment occupied two days. Feuds of six years' standing, feuds between members of the single families, members of the same church, and members of the two churches were exposed, bewailed, and banished. 'Yea, what clearing of yourselves,' says the apostle. It was called 'house-cleaning' as here, and there was much to be done, and much was done."

Such house-cleaning as this would be profitable in many other churches, communities, and neighborhoods, But it is said by some good housewives that in-

stead of having an occasional or periodical house-cleaning and setting things to rights, it is a better way to *keep things clean* and right every day, and so avoid the necessity for these wholesale raids on dirt and disorder.

The best time to clean up grudges is now, right on the spot. As soon as you see a wrong, right it; as soon as you see a wrong in another, reprove it. If you have a difficulty, a complaint, or a grievance, settle it at once;—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." This piling up old grudges as the Germans do dirty linen, and having washing day come only twice a year, is very poor policy for the children of the Most High. If you have done thus in time past, commence and have a 'house-cleaning' in earnest, forthwith, and from this time let no accumulated grievances, grudges, and wrongs, part you from the fellowship of the saints, or hide the smiles of the Saviour, or grieve that Sacred Spirit whose fruits are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.—*The Christian.*

A Street in Constantinople.

Spite of its dirt and squalor, the Grande Rue, the Broadway of Constantinople, is interesting. It is the scene of a movement almost unexampled in the world. Turks and Greeks, Albanians, Armenians, Circassians, Nubians, Arabs, Maltese, English, French, Russians, Germans, all the nationalities of the world, in fact, help to make up its population. Over its rough, slimy stones passes up and down a ceaseless stream of humanity, now forced for a moment to stop that the carriage of some Grand Pasha, with its outriders, may find a passage; now giving way to a body of Turkish soldiers, who march as if they were flying in disordered retreat from a field of battle; now driven pell-mell before a dashing officer on horseback, who never dreams of drawing rein, although women and children are in helpless confusion before him; and now fighting their way between the uncouth wheels of a timber-laden vehicle, drawn by buffaloes, whose spreading and pointed horns threaten to transfix the poor pedestrian, if by chance he escapes being crushed beneath the burden they are hauling. Here comes a jolting hack, dignified with the title of carriage, filled with Turkish women, in blue and pink silks, their faces covered by the muslin folds of the *yashmac.* If you can get a good look at them *en passant*, you will not be fascinated by their beauty, for the half-veil, although most seductive, is not worn so thin as scarcely to conceal thick noses, gross lips and flabby faces of these beauties of the harem. They are "going shopping," probably to purchase French jewelry at double its value to adorn their persons for the benefit of the Pasha, their master, and their fellow-associates of the harem, for, excepting these, no society do they enjoy. Here, in contrast to them, are some Turkish women on foot, accompanied by their servant, a fat old black woman, who is also concealing her Nubian loveliness beneath a *yashmac* of snowy muslin. These, perhaps, are the wives or concubines of a tradesman, or they would not be on foot. They are wrapped in *ferigees*, or flowing mantles of brightly red cotton cloth—purple and green and crimson—the effect of which, with their yellow slippers, is very picturesque. They turn their eyes away as they pass us, for to look upon a man, and least of all upon a "dog of a Christian," would be a most unhallowed proceeding.

The Gentleman.

It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a bolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion of gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He has eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions to topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of

favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, much less educated minds, who like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He might be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he could be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he knows the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration; and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.—*Francis W. Newman.*

For Boys and Girls.

My little boy wakes early and delights to creep slyly into bed and wake me with kisses. One morning, coaxing him to lie still a while, I fell asleep again. When I woke he was looking very sadly at me; perhaps my closed eyelids had made him think of a neighbor's child he had seen sleeping the sleep of death. Sighing, he said softly:

"Mamma, what do little boys do when their mammas go to heaven and leave them behind?"

My own mother left me so when I was nine years old. While now my boy's anxious face lay close to mine on the pillow there came over me smothering memories of the lonely days that came after, when she was not there to help me off to school nor to welcome me home at night—those motherless nights, when first a servant put me to bed.

"I wish, Harry, neither you nor any little boy or girl need ever know how hard it is to live without a mother!"

So I said to the little fellow; but to you older boys and girls I can't help giving an older wish: That you who have a mother love her carefully. Be as good as ever you can be, and you cannot equal her goodness to you.

Girls, be quick to save her steps about the house; she has taken miles of steps for you before you could stand alone.

Boys, you will always be in debt to your mother. Money cannot hire such faithful service as hers has been; it can barely be paid for in pure heart-coin, *Love!*

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, of India, when once endeavoring to excite an interest in the missionary cause among the children of America, received the following note from a little girl: "My dear Dr. Scudder, I send you ten cents. When you want any more money, write to me."

The Sunday-School Department.

My Mother's Dead.

I am very, very lonely,
  Alas! I cannot play;
I am so sad, I sit and weep
  Throughout the livelong day.
I miss dear mother's welcome,
  Her light hand on my head,
Her look of love, her gentle word—
  Alas! my mother's dead!

I have no heart to play alone;
  To-day I thought I'd try,
And took my little hoop and ball,
  But ah! it made me cry;
For who will smile to see me come,
  Now mother dear is gone,
And look so kindly in my face,
  And kiss her little son?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
  And sit me down to read;
My mother said that precious Book
  Would prove a friend indeed.
I seem to see dear mother now,
  To hear her voice of love;
She may be looking down on me,
  From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her,
  She cannot come to me;
Our Father, teach a little child
  How he may come to Thee;
For I am very lonely now;
  O Father, may I come,
And join my mother in the skies,
  And heaven shall be our home.

Editorial Notes.

Twenty years ago Mission Sunday-schools were rarely found. Congregations had their schools in their own churches. Into these they endeavored to gather the children. Since then, the work has developed new forces. It aims to save the neglected; to carry the Gospel among the destitute. Its laborers "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

In our Reformed Church many such schools have been established and carried forward with success. A number of flourishing congregations took their start from Mission Sunday-schools. In Philadelphia, half of the Reformed Churches can be traced to such schools. Among others, St. John's and Emanuel's Churches in West Philadelphia, St. Paul's, St. Stephen's, Green Street, Trinity, and Heidelberg in Philadelphia originated in this way. An English and a German congregation in Harrisburg both had a similar beginning. Several of the Baltimore churches, St. Mark's of Easton, St. John's of Allentown, St. John's and Christ's Church of Reading—these and others originated in Mission Sunday-schools. Many of them held their first meetings in small rooms rented in private houses. A few earnest persons assumed the expenses, and visited from house to house in the neighborhood in search of scholars. In cramped quarters, on uncomfortable seats, with but a few plainly-bound library books—in short, with no such attractions as older schools could offer the scholars and teachers, the self-denying laborers began their work. Many who took part in these small beginnings are with us to this present. The fruits of their labors they can see in large, flourishing congregations. From the little plants of grace which their careful hands have helped to plant, nurse and water, has grown a large tree whose rich fruit affords healing to many souls.

On the 11th of July a neat brick chapel, located on the corner of Tulip and Ontario Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., was dedicated. Rev. J. Dahlman preached the dedication sermon, and Rev. J. Neuber, whose congregation mainly erected the building, performed the dedication act. Three years ago a Mission Sunday-school was begun in this neighborhood, whose growth called for the building of this chapel. It is expected that a congregation will ere long be organized here.

On August 26th the new St. Luke's chapel, in the northern part of Philadelphia, erected by Dr. Gehr's Zion's Reformed congregation, was dedicated. For some years past a Mission Sunday-school has been carried forward in this neighborhood, out of which has grown this enterprise. Dr. J. Wiehle preached the sermon, and Dr. Gehr dedicated the building. A Mission congregation is ere long to be organized here, over which a regular pastor is to be appointed.

Two years ago the Church of the Cross in Cincinnati, Ohio, started a Mission Sunday-school at the western end of this city. The first meetings were held in an old dilapidated building. It is now a flourishing school. The Rev. P. C. Prugh and Dr. S. Mease alternately hold services here every Sunday evening. A building lot has been bought, and a considerable amount of money has been secured towards the erection of a church.

On September 12th, a Mission chapel was dedicated in Allentown, Pa. In this case the Mission Sunday-school was started after the building had been furnished. A congregation is to be organized at no distant day.

On the 9th of September a new congregation was organized on College Hill, Easton, Pa. A building lot for $600 has been bought, and the most of the money towards the erection of a church has been secured. If our memory serves us correctly the movement is the outgrowth of a Mission Sunday-school in this neighborhood.

In York, Pa., a great and good work has been accomplished by Mission schools. In Lancaster, Pa., the students of the Theological Seminary are conducting one that is full of promise.

Such are some of the results of Mission Sunday-schools in the Reformed Church. This is a fruitful mission field. Start such schools in your towns, dear readers. A few dollars' rent for a room, and half a dozen earnest, prayerful workers, will suffice for a beginning.

Daniel Webster on Sunday-schools.

"The spurious letter of Daniel Webster in favor of Sunday-Schools is again on its round. It appears this month in a Sunday-school periodical. Although many times near death, it is enabled to say, 'I still live.'"—*Sunday-School Times.*

This letter we inserted in the September number of the GUARDIAN. Depending upon the judgment of able religious journals containing it, we gave it a place as an authentic letter of the great statesman. We regret that the friends of such a good cause should be imposed upon by a forgery. In itself the letter contains good reading, but so far as its alleged authorship is concerned, it is a counterfeit,—a *lie.*

The Guardian Sunday-school Lessons for the Coming Year.

The Committee on Sunday-school Lessons held a meeting at Reading, Pa., on the 13th and 14th inst. All the members of the Committee were present. The object of the meeting was to make a selection of Lessons for next year.

As it came to the knowledge of the Committee, that there was a desire on the part of some brethren in the Church to adopt, if possible, the International Series of Lessons for 1876, the Committee carefully examined and discussed this series. The conclusion reached by the Committee, was, that, whilst the International Series was a good one in itself and from its own stand-point, it could not be used so as to make it harmonize with or fit into the church year, not even so far only as the leading festivals are concerned. It was felt, that the attempt to do this, would be like putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, or new wine into old bottles; and, therefore, the attempt was altogether abandoned as impracticable.

Instead, the Committee selected and adopted a new series of lessons, different not only from the International series, but also from the church series, either old or new, but in full harmony, it is thought, with the church year, and making room, in a natural way, for all of the church festivals.

The Lessons will begin with the first Sunday in Advent, and those from that time to Whitsunday will be selected from the Old Testament, chiefly from the Historical books; and the Lessons from Trinity Sunday to Advent will be selected from the New Testament, chiefly

from the Acts of the Apostles. The underlying idea of the church year will control the Lessons from beginning to end. At the same time, this selection, it was thought, would satisfactorily meet the wish of many brethren, who desired to have at least a part of the Lessons for the next year taken from the Old Testament.

Secretary.

Training Time.

Supper is over, now for the fun,
This is the season children must run.
Papa is reading, says of those boys :
" Pray did you ever hear such a noise ?"

Riding on "camels" over the floor,
See, one's a squirrel climbing the door.
There goes the baby flat on his nose,
Brother was trying to tickle his toes.

Little he minds it, though he would cry,
Changed it to laughter as LYN galloped by.
Order is nowhere, fun is the rule,
Think they are children just out of school.

Home is their palace, they are the kings,
Let them be masters of just a few things.
Only one hour out of all day
Give them full freedom, join in their play.

Do not be crusty, do not forget
You liked to manage—sometimes do yet.
Home will be sweeter till life is done
If you will give them one hour of fun.

Belle W. Cooke.

Fear of Judgment.

Jerome used to say that it seemed to him as if the trumpet of the last day was always sounding in his ear, saying : "Arise, ye dead and come to judgment." The generality, however, think but little of this awful and important period. A Christian King of Hungary being very sad and pensive, his brother, who was a gay courtier, was desirous of knowing the cause of his sadness.

" O brother !" said the king, " I have been a great sinner against God, and know not how to die, or how to appear before him in judgment."

His brother, making a jest of it, said : " These are but melancholy thoughts."

The king made no reply ; but it was the custom of the country that if the executioner was to sound a trumpet before any man's door, he was presently led to execution. The king, in the dead hour of the night, sent the executioner to sound the trumpet before his brother's door, who, hearing it, and seeing the message of death, sprang into the king's presence, beseeching to know in what he had offended.

"Alas ! brother," said the king, " you have never offended me."

And is the sign of execution so dreadful, and shall not I, who have greatly offended, fear to be brought before the judgment-seat of Christ?—*Biblical Treasury.*

Indulging Children.

As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of " good society ;" by dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the Cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circles of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

A traveler visited a shepherd in Syria, took out his Bible, read where Jesus says, " He calleth his own sheep by name—a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." " I don't believe," said he, "these sheep would know you if you didn't have on that great plaid cloak you wear." " Try it," said the shepherd. So they exchanged

clothes; the traveler took the crook or staff the shepherd carries, went out in sight of the flock, began to call, "Come, Daisy, Ruby, Snowdrop." Not one came; he kept on calling; they looked at each other, and huddled up close in fear at the strange voice. The real shepherd in the traveler's coat came out, called come, they trooped around him frisking for gladness. Sometimes to get to good pasture the way is over a rough road, then the shepherd shows how *he loves the lambs.* He lifts the smallest and weakest, sets it on his shoulder, or he will put one or two right in his bosom, where they nestle in the soft, warm folds of his cloak. Then how gladly the mother-sheep forgets the rough way and they all follow their tender master. *He helps over hard places.* He comes to a steep rock or a rough place; he reaches out his long crook, lays it underneath, lifts the fearful over one by one. What if he hears the cry of hungry wolves? He sees that all are safely folded, and then faces the enemy. He *offers his life* for his flock, for he will die rather than let his sheep be torn in pieces.

It has justly been remarked that the education of an infant begins at its birth. So does its work. If it is taught, it also teaches. The young mother begins studies taught thoroughly in no school. She must learn to conquer and forget herself. It is true that her maternal instincts teach her to endure all the ordinary self-denials incident to motherhood, and that she enters upon them cheerfully. But she has other lessons to learn. Although a child of over an average degree of health spends nearly the whole of its first three months in sleep, it still continues, during that time, to learn its mother's face by heart, and to show delight at her approach. About its papa it is not quite so positive; it rather fancies that all men look alike, and will "go" to them all indiscriminately. But at the age of three months it begins, if of a shy nature, to shrink from most women to whom it is not accustomed. And at an incredibly early age it begins to observe the expression of its mother's face, and if that is sorrowful the tender little lip quivers. It is high time for her, then, to learn from her baby, to exercise control over her face for its sake. Why should this young life be thus early shadowed by a gloomy countenance? There is such a thing as looking sunny and smiling from principle; of keeping one's sufferings in the background, and one's "highlights" in the foreground.

A man (I have forgotten his name) when asked if he had read a certain book, said he had read a few pages in it. The questioner said, "Do you think that is a way to judge of a book, to read a few pages in it?" The man's reply was, "If I sit down to a joint of mutton, and the first mouthful is tainted, I do not think it necessary to eat through the whole joint to tell whether it is sweet or not."

Now, I do not consider that I need to wallow in these reformatory sties to know something about the difficulties of such cases as we have been speaking of. I have been harnessed to those difficulties, almost insuperable, some forty years; and I do not think this brother can tell anything about them which has not come to my knowledge. And I think it ought never to be the attempt of any man to represent that this is an easy work. I never thought it was. I think it would have been the greatest damage to the moral impression in the world, if God had made it possible for a man to go down to these terrible depths, and the coming up out of them to be so easy that anybody could bring him out. One of the things that holds men back from evil, is the terrific spectacle of the sufferings of those who have fallen, and the almost impossibility of their restoration, when they have gone beyond a certain point.

Air.—Air is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe; the most elaborately finished of all the works of the Creator—the rock of the ages disintegrated and fitted up for the life of man. All classes of men affirm this. Sidney Smith says to public speakers, that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking, they would never break down. In English universities, boat-races, horse-back rides, and ten mile walks are a part of the educational means for physical development. Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience.

It is reported in the Bohemian story, that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted, in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant, Redivivus, who waited upon his master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal, to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps in the snow. In the same way does the blessed Jesus; for since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken, and to affright our industry, He commands us to mark His footsteps, to tread where His feet have stood; and not only invites us forward by the argument of His example, but He hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier, and fit for our feet.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Michael Angelo left a package of manuscripts at the time of his death, with the remarkable request that it should remain sealed for a period of four hundred years. Strange to say, this package, with the great man's injunction, have been faithfully kept, and a few months ago the time expired, the seal was broken and the documents, four centuries old, were spread out and read. They consisted of correspondence with the eminent men of his own era, poems, essays, etc., which are to be simultaneously published in French, German, English, Spanish and Italian. It will be something to read the letters of popes, kings, princes, artists and literary men of that day, fresh, as it were, from their pens; and the world that has cherished the fame of the great painter, sculptor, poet, a man in whom genius seemed to revel, and who was no less pious than brilliant, is waiting, in eager expectation, for the delight of perusing these long-concealed treasures.

He indeed is rich in grace, whose graces are not hindered by his riches.

Dr. John Hall, in his Yale Lectures, speaks of sermons to children very sensibly, as follows:—"But is there not to be an exception in favor of sermons to children?" Probably not. After children have left the nursery they generally get their meals with the family. This is wise. So it is best they should do in the church. Instead of singling them out and giving them a surfeit on an exceptional day, it is better to put an incident, an anecdote into each sermon, and so put it that the children shall feel that they are not forgotten. So the habit of attending and of listening is cultivated in them. Let them grow up as part of the Christian household, and be witnesses of baptisms and communions.

THE STRAIGHT FURROW.—The furrows made by Oriental husbandmen are remarkable both for their length and their straightness. In order to secure an even furrow, it is necessary to observe the strictest watchfulness, as the soil of Palestine is loose, and the plough there used light, so that, unless the laborer keeps his eye on the course taken by the machine, it is liable either to swerve aside or glide over the surface without making any furrow at all. This fact imparts additional force to our Lord's solemn warning: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

A teacher ought to be ahead of his class in all things—even in promptness of attendance at Sunday-school. If he is first in his place there, he has a decided start for the day. He can greet each incoming scholar with a pleasant smile and a fitting word, and obtain a fresh influence over them for good. The scholars who are in their class before the teacher often set out for themselves in ways of thinking and doing, and the teacher fails to overtake them during the entire session hour.—*S. S. Times.*

Earl Shaftesbury has recently said, that "if ever England was to be permeated with the knowledge of the Word of God, it would be, as far as he could now see, through the instrumentality of Sunday-schools."

GOSPEL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 7. LESSON XLV. 1875.

Third Sunday before Advent. St. Matt. xxiv. 15–28.

15. When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand,)
16. Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains:
17. Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take any thing out of his house:
18. Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.
19. And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!
20. But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day:
21. For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.
22. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.
23. Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here *is* Christ, or there; believe *it* not.
24. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if *it were* possible, they shall deceive the very elect.
25. Behold, I have told you before.
26. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, *he is* in the secret chambers; believe *it* not.
27. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.
28. For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

QUESTIONS.

15. Of what is Jesus speaking in this lesson? When was Jerusalem destroyed? How many years after this prophecy was spoken? What is meant by the *abomination of desolation?* In what part of the Book of Daniel is this prophecy found?

16. What mountains? Who should flee? Why?

17–20. What do the warnings in these verses indicate? How were Jewish houses built? What obstacle to flight would the winter season oppose? And what the Sabbath?

2. Was there great tribulation at the destruction of Jerusalem?

212. What days? Does this shortening of the days refer to their *length* or to their *number?* By whom were they shortened? What is meant by *no flesh should be saved?* Who are the elect?

23. To what period of time does *then* refer? Whom does Christ warn? Against whom does He warn?

24. What are false Christs? Did such appear after the destruction of Jerusalem? What are false prophets? Can they work real miracles? 2 Thess. ii. 7–10. Will the godly be deceived and led astray? What keeps them in the true faith?

26. What are believers to do when false prophets solicit them?

27. Will the second coming of Christ be sudden? Will it be visible? Will all be sure it is Christ when He comes again? What must you do to be prepared for His coming?

CATECHISM.

XLV. Lord's Day.

OF PRAYER.

116. Why is prayer necessary for Christians?

Because it is that chief part of thankfulness which God requires of us; and also, *because* God will give His grace and Holy Spirit to those only, who with sincere desires continually ask them of Him, and are thankful for them.

117. What are the requisites of that prayer, which is acceptable to God, and which He will hear?

First, that we from the heart pray to the one true God only, who hath manifested Himself in His word, for all things He hath commanded us to ask of Him: secondly, that we rightly and thoroughly know our need and misery, that so we may deeply humble ourselves in the presence of His divine majesty: thirdly, that we be fully persuaded that He, notwithstanding we are unworthy of it, will, for the sake of Christ our Lord, certainly hear our prayer, as He has promised us in His word.

118. What hath God commanded us to ask of Him?

All things necessary for soul and body; which Christ our Lord has comprised in that prayer He Himself has taught us.

119. What are the words of that prayer?

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

COMMENTS.—15. Our Lord is here speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, and of the final Judgment, of which the destruction of Jerusalem is a type. The holy city was destroyed A. D. 70, about forty years after Christ spake these words. It is difficult to determine precisely what is meant by the abomination of desolation. Expositors differ much in opinion. Probably it was some desecration of the holy temple.

16. Warned beforehand, those Jews who believed in Christ were to flee from the impending destruction. A Church historian says they fled to Pella, on the east side of Jordan, north-east of Jerusalem.

17–20. Our Lord's language indicates that there would be need of extreme haste in fleeing from the doomed city. Those escaping were not to take with them anything that would hinder their speed. Jewish houses had flat roofs, access to which was had by both outer and inner stairs. Flight would be retarded in winter by unseasonable weather. It was the custom to close the city gates on the Sabbath, so that exit would be difficult.

21. Jerusalem was destroyed by the Roman army, commanded by the heathen general Titus. During the siege a sore famine prevailed in the city, sweeping away thousands daily. Pestilence was added to famine. The besieged were divided into factions, warring with each other. The loss of life was awful. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that the ground was covered with corpses. The number of Jews slain is reported to have been over a million.

22. In God's mercy various causes combined to shorten the siege. Had this not been so the whole nation would have perished. The elect are those who, at the time Jerusalem was destroyed, were believers in Christ, and also all those who since have and shall become believers, down to the end of the world.

23. From this verse on to the close of the lesson our Lord has chiefly in view the time intervening between the destruction of Jerusalem and His final coming. He warns His people against impostors appearing repeatedly during this interval.

24. A false Christ is a man who blasphemously affirms that He is the incarnate Son of God. Such an one appeared in Palestine about A. D. 130. He named himself *Bar-Cochba, i. e., Son of the Star*, claiming that the prophecy in Numbers xxiv. 17 was fulfilled in him. He carried on his imposture for several years, gathered many followers, and headed an insurrection against the Roman Government, in which he and a vast number of his fellow-countrymen perished. The Lord's elect *cannot* be led astray. This impossibility lies not in themselves, but springs from the power of God's grace.

A BOY was once sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out "Rocks."

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the boy, "I would go right over them."

The old man replied only by a look. "Poor, foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

The Bible is full of buoys to show where the rocks are hidden.

A STREAM comes down from among the mountains and flows along through fields and meadows, pure, limpid, sweet and crystal. The thrifty man loves to drink of its waters. But as it flows on it meets another stream which has flowed through towns and villages, and has the filth of stables, sewers and breweries, and the stained waters of factories in it, and which is soiled and polluted. For a time the two streams flow along without mingling, but soon they begin to mix their waters as they flow together, until the pure, limpid stream has lost its crystal and its sweetness. So it is when our pure life accepts the companionship of one that is impure. Soon it becomes tainted and defiled.

NOVEMBER 14. LESSON XLVI. 1875.

Second Sunday before Advent. St. Matt. xxv. 31–46.

31. When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:
32. And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats:
33. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.
34. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:
35. For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
36. Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.
37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed *thee?* or thirsty, and gave *thee* drink?
38. When saw we thee a stranger, and took *thee* in? or naked, and clothed *thee?*
39. Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?
40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me.
41. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:
42. For I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:
43. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.
44. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?
45. Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did *it* not to one of the least of these, ye did *it* not to me.
46. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

QUESTIONS.

31. What coming of Christ is here meant? Why does He call Himself the *Son of man?* How will He come? Who will come with Him? What does His sitting upon the throne denote?

32. Who shall be gathered before Him? For what purpose? What is the first act in the Judgment? Who are represented by the sheep? Who by the goats?

33. What does His setting the sheep on His right hand signify? What the goats on the left?

34. What will the King say to those on His right hand? What is the kingdom they are to inherit? By whom was this kingdom prepared? When? What is meant by *from the foundation of the world?*

35 and 36. What else will the King say to those on His right hand? How many acts of love are here mentioned?

37–39. What answer will the righteous give? Will they be surprised to hear their Lord say they had done such things to Him, even though they never saw Him?

40. Does Christ explain what He means in verses 35 and 36? Whom does He mean by *my brethren?* What great truth is taught in this verse?

41–43. What will the King say to those on His left hand? What is *everlasting fire?* For whom was this everlasting fire prepared? In verse 34 Jesus says that the kingdom was prepared *for the righteous;* in this verse He says that everlasting fire was prepared *for the devil and his angels:* does this difference imply that God did not design that any of the children of men should be lost? Why then are any lost?

Of what are such works of love mentioned in verses 35 and 36 an evidence? What does Jesus say comprehends the whole of our duty? St. Matt. xxii. 37–40. If we do not love our fellow-men, can we love God? 1 John iv. 20 and 21. Is our salvation of works or of grace? Eph. ii. 8 and 9.

CATECHISM.

XLVI. Lord's Day.

120. Why hath Christ commanded us to address God thus, "OUR FATHER?"

That immediately, in the very beginning of our prayer, He might excite in us a childlike reverence for, and confidence in God, which are the foundation of our prayer; namely, that God is become our father in Christ, and will much less deny us what we ask of Him in true faith, than our parents refuse us earthly things.

121. Why is here added, "WHICH ART IN HEAVEN?"

Lest we should form any earthly conceptions of God's heavenly majesty, and that we may expect from His almighty power all things necessary for soul and body.

COMMENTS.—31. Our Lord is here speaking of His final coming to judge the world. The designation *Son of man* is employed, because the *incarnate* Son of God will be the Judge. Once He came in great humiliation, for He "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant;" *then* He will come in glory, because "God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name." Philip. ii. 7–9. The throne of His glory is the judgment-seat.

33. Setting the sheep at His right hand signifies that they are His chosen, accepted ones; setting the goats on the left, signifies that they are not accepted.

34. The kingdom is the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. 2 Peter iii. 13.

40. Christ owns as His brethren all who believe in Him. In a wider sense He claims *all men* as His brethren, for He is joined to them by the ties of a common nature. Heb. ii. 17. Our Lord teaches that the good and evil we do to our fellow-men is done, by the same act, to Him.

The works of love mentioned in verses 35 and 36, are the product not of nature but of grace; grace offered to all men, but not accepted and used by all.

Learning by Experience.

BY RALPH WELLS.

After a good while, I learned that Sabbath-school teaching was not preaching. It took me a long while to learn that. I would come before the class brim-full of the lecture I had prepared, and give it to them. With look and voice and earnestness of manner, I could manage to keep the attention pretty well. I learned "a better way." I learned to *get the lesson out of the class.* It was hard work at first. It was as though I had climbed a tree, and looked down upon them, calling, "Come up here, my dear boys." But they would not come! When I climbed down from the tree, and sat side by side with each of them, *we came up together.* Oh! this is a great need in our teaching. What a lesson I was taught when I saw this error! I saw that if I would lift my scholars up, I must get underneath them, and ply the truth as something that I have felt and know myself, in like condition and needs as my scholars are in, so that they may be impressed with the thought, "Our teacher has been just where we are, and knows all about it!"

I made another mistake. After I got into the catechetical system, which was a good long step on, (I think it took me eight years to get there,) then I did all the thinking for them. I used to think it all out, and my questionings were confined mainly to "leading questions," involving very little thinking on the part of the class. And I learned this, that one single thought brought out from the scholar himself was worth a year's thinking for him, that a single idea coming out of any of my boy's heads was of more profit to the class than fifty questions I could put myself. Thus I got at the secret so often asked of me, "How in the world do you get your boys to ask questions?" I *encouraged* them to speak their mind. I helped their stammering, respected their feeble beginnings, and made myself one with the class in my interest in the answer. And with what intense earnestness did the whole thirteen of my boys attend, when one was expressing his thought or asking a question.

Again, I have learned that, to be successful the teacher must be himself, must teach on his own plan, and not attempt to imitate another's style. Clothe yourself in your own garments. Do not try on others' dresses. They may not fit you at all. Work out your own way; see that it is according to the Word of God, and then be natural, be yourself, in imparting the truth. Many make miserable failures in the endeavor to copy. They imitate only the faults and weaknesses of others.

—*S. S. World.*

Sing.

Every Christian should sing in the worship of God for the purpose of helping others to sing. One voice strengthens another, one soul stimulates its neighbor's soul, and thus the whole congregation is made strong in praise.

NOVEMBER 21. LESSON XLVII. 1875.

Sunday before Advent. St. Matthew xxv. 1–13.

1. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.
2. And five of them were wise, and five *were* foolish.
3. They that *were* foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:
4. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.
5. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.
6. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.
7. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.
8. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.
9. But the wise answered, saying, *Not so;* lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.
10. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.
11. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.
12. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.
13. Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

QUESTIONS.

1. To what solemn event does this parable refer? What Jewish customs does Christ employ in this representation? Who are represented by the virgins? Who by the bridegroom?
2. What is said of the virgins?
3 and 4. What did the foolish virgins do? What did the wise do? Was there a separate vessel containing oil to replenish the lamps? Did the foolish virgins take a supply-vessel with them? What do the lamps denote? What does the oil denote? What sort of professing Christians are represented by the foolish virgins? What by the wise?
5. Was the falling asleep of the virgins caused by the delay of the bridegroom? Is this feature of the parable intended to imply a censure of the virgins? Is our Lord long in coming again? What should we do while He delays?
6. What cry was heard at midnight? When the Judgment Day comes what sound will be heard? 1 Thess. iv. 16.
7. Did the virgins hear this cry? What did they do? Does this imply self-examination?
8 and 9. What did the foolish virgins ask of the wise? What did these reply? Is it foolish to look to men for that grace which God alone can supply? Can any Christian have more of grace than he needs for his own wants? Who are represented by *them that sell?*
10. Who went in with the bridegroom? What does this signify? What is denoted by the shutting of the door?
11 and 12. Who came afterwards? Had they obtained oil? What did they say? What did the Lord answer? What does His *I know you not* mean? Were the foolish virgins excluded from the marriage feast?
13. What warning is contained in this verse? Will Christ's second advent be unexpected? Is there danger that you may not be prepared for His coming? What is it to *watch?*

CATECHISM.

XLVII. Lord's Day.

122. Which is the first petition?

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME;" that is, grant us first rightly to know Thee, and to sanctify, glorify and praise Thee in all Thy works, in which Thy power, wisdom, goodness, justice, mercy, and truth, are clearly displayed, and further also, that we may so order and direct our whole lives, our thoughts, words and actions, as that Thy name may never be blasphemed, but rather honored and praised on our account.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridgroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

COMMENTS.—1. This parable refers to the second advent of Christ, and to the judgment awaiting professing Christians. It is based upon Jewish marriage customs. Their nuptials took place at night. At the appointed time the bridegroom, accompanied by male friends, proceeded to the home of the bride to bring her to his own house. Somewhere, on the way he would return, maiden friends of the bride were in waiting, with lighted lamps in their hands. When the procession approached they joined it, went along into the house of the bridegroom, and took part in the marriage festivities. In this parable the bridegroom represents Christ; the virgins represent professing Christians; the return of the bridegroom represents Christ's second advent.

3 and 4. The lamps signify Christian profession. The oil signifies spiritual life. Both classes are represented as having lamps, and as having oil in them. But there is this great difference, that *the wise have a supply of oil to replenish their lamps,* while the foolish have none. Both the wise and the foolish virgins represent persons who have made a beginning in a true Christian life. The wise make constant use of the divinely appointed means, and thereby grow in grace; the foolish neglect the use of means, being satisfied with what they have and are. Unlike St. Paul, they say: "We have already attained; we are already perfect."

8 and 9. "Every man must live by his own faith. The wise virgins did all they could for their unfortunate companions. They gave them the best counsel possible under the circumstances, when they said: *Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves; i. e.,* turn to the dispensers of heavenly grace, to them whom God has appointed in the Church as channels of His gifts; or, as some would explain it, to the prophets and apostles, and learn from their words and teaching how to revive the work of God in your souls, if yet there be time."

11 and 12. It is not said that they obtained oil; rather, having sought for it in vain, they come looking for mercy when it is the time of judgment. The Lord does not disclaim knowledge of them, but He refuses to acknowledge them as His own, refuses to regard them worthy to enter in to the marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Robbing God.

One Sunday a gentleman was going to Church. On his way he saw a number of boys playing on the common. He wanted very much to show them how wrong it was for them to be so doing; but he knew that if he began to reprove them they would not listen to him. So he walked leisurely up to them, and sat down on the grass. Presently, in a pleasant, familiar tone, he said, "Boys, I want to tell you a story."

Directly they all gathered around him, and he began as follows:

"There was once a good man who was noted for his kindness and liberality. At the time of which I speak he was on a journey. As he was pursuing his way along a lonely road, he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, in consequence of which he was in deep distress. With his usual kindness the good man drew out his purse, and after examining it, he said, 'I have only seven pounds with me, but I think that with one pound I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest.' With this he handed the man the six pounds. Was not that generous? Would not you have thought that the beggar must have gone off, feeling very grateful and contented? Certainly, we should have expected this. But he did no such thing. He was not a beggar at all, but a robber; and seeing that the good man had still one pound in his purse, he knocked him down with a club, and stole his last pound from him."

The boys were very indignant on hearing this. They all cried out against the shameful conduct of the robber.

"Now," said the gentleman; "let me tell you boys, this is just what *you* are doing. God has given you freely six days out of the seven for your own use. He has kept only *one* for Himself, to be kept holy, and spent in worshiping Him; and yet you are so mean as to rob Him even of that!"

The boys hung down their heads. They had not a word to say, but broke up their play and went off.—*The Biblical Treasury.*

A Governor in a Hogshead.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him till he was wide awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?"

"My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother's dead; she died not long ago." And at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home and look after you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, to a commercial school, to a classical school, and afterwards employed as clerk in the store of his benefactor. When he became of age, his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with goods and letters of credit, so that you can start business at the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" inquired the young man.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second, that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started business in the West, and by minding his own business in a few years he became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and adopted father. In the course of a happy interview, the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total abstinence pledge.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes," said the man with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politics?"

The visitor—the adopted son perhaps I should have said—blushed and said, "Without my consent I was nominated for Governor of my State, and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

Did ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be a shelter for the little Arab, who ran wild in that wilderness of marble and mortar, the great city of New York.

The streets and wharves of the great metropolis of commerce invite missionary effort, and the writer hopes that the little waifs afloat on the waves of outdoor life will not be neglected.—*George W. Bungay.*

Voltaire's remark concerning the physicians of France, "that they put drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less," may suggest to teachers the necessity of understanding *whom* as well as *what* they teach. Whilst truth is immutable, the methods of presenting truth are various, and this variety must arise from and be adapted to those to whom the truth is presented.

How Men should be Drawn.—You may shake the magnetic needle from its position, but it returns again the moment you leave it to itself. In like manner believers may fall into sin, and deviate from the line of duty, but no sooner have they leisure for reflection than they endeavor to amend and resume a life of godliness.—*Gotthold.*

Our Book Table.

Wayside Gleanings in Europe. By Rev. B. Bausman, D. D. Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa. S. R. Fisher & Co., 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This book of 464 pages has lately left the press. It forms the conclusion of a series of travels, of which *Sinai and Zion*, a volume published some years ago, constituted a part. The publishers wish to employ reliable canvassers to sell the work. Address Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1875. NO. 12.

BEGIN IN TIME.

The close of the year for the GUARDIAN is approaching. Now is the time to raise clubs of subscribers. Sunday Schools or congregations taking twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred copies, will get the GUARDIAN at reduced rates; the larger the number the lower the rates. But these lists of new subscribers ought by all means to be sent to the publishers before the end of the year. For terms see the fourth page of the cover.

Need of Help.

We greatly need more contributors to the GUARDIAN. Many pastors, whose Sunday-school teachers take it, might do them and others a good service by writing for it. We entreat them to aid us in this good work.

Autumn Spiritualized.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Germany the closing festival of the Church Year is called the Todtenfest—the festival in memory of the dead. It comes on the Sunday before Advent. In this country, too, not a few Reformed and Lutheran pastors observe it. A funeral sermon is preached in memory of all the members of the congregation who have died during the year preceding, and words of comfort and hope are spoken to all who mourn the loss of departed ones. The whole is a solemn summing up of death's doings in the flock during the year, and in hymns and prayers all the bereavements and sorrows caused thereby are devoutly brought before the Lord. During many years have we observed this festival. Sometimes we read a list of the names of the deceased, their respective ages and their virtues, if such they had, attended with such comments and commendations as their life may suggest.

We deem this a festival worthy to be observed, and commend its observance to others. It happens at a very opportune time. For fifty-two Sundays Christians have devoutly followed the Saviour, from His conception to His glorification, and the establishing of His Church. On the festivals commemorating the leading events of His life, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and Whit-Sunday, they solemnly gathered around the Cross to partake of the holy communion. And now, on the threshold of His birth, they pause around the graves of the departed, as did the ancient Christians, singing hymns of comforting adoration and praise for the victory vouchsafed to those who have gone to inherit the promises.

In Brazil the mournful song of a bird is taken to be a message which the dead send to their surviving friends on earth, and they accordingly treat the feathery messenger with kindly respect. And after our swallows, blackbirds, martins, and other birds of passage have departed, the few that remain with us chirp and sing in broken and mournful passages, as though they felt more like sobbing than singing. And we have sometimes thought that the Brazilian theory may not be altogether an empty fancy. Those who have an ear to hear the voice of truth in things natural, and are in religious sympathy

with the teachings of Nature, hear and feel sermons in these autumnal sounds, as touching as they are true. The old Sclavonic tribes began their year in autumn. To their simple, untutored minds the most natural terminus of the year was the season in which the grass withered and the flower thereof faded away; when the tinted leaves faded and fell, floating in the air and falling like large snow-flakes in a winter's storm, rustling and drifting together in dells and plains, as if seeking a grave wherein to return to the dust. Theirs was a natural division of time. After their harvests had been gathered and garnered, and kind Nature had poured its bounteous products into their laps, before it gently sank into inactive repose for a season, when old things had passed away, and preparing for all things to become new—at that period it was befitting to mark the opening of the new year.

The scenes and surroundings of Autumn excite sad and solemn reflections in thinking and sensitive minds. These yearly dyings remind one of Paul, who felt that he "died daily." Even the irrational creation seems to be in sympathy with the general passing away of things. The cattle low less. You seldom hear the crowing of a cock, or the cackling of a hen, though she daily lay her egg. The most birds have left us for parts unknown; left like the dear sainted dead, for a more genial clime. The few that remain either will not or cannot sing. They chirp in broken sounds, more like sobbing than singing. Their pipes seem muffled. The nightingale, whose notes are so melodious in early summer, now seldom gets above a melancholy croak. The instrument seems to be out of tune; the singing organs seem to be deranged by a serious cold.

How much all this resembles human life—a graphic panorama of a great living reality. The spring or youth of life is sweetly musical and merry. Then one breathes in an atmosphere freighted with pleasant odors and sounds. Like the early birds, one nimbly skips and sweeps along the path of life in mirthful glee. Like them, too, every nerve and organ are tuned to pleasing impressions from without, trembling with delight at every touch of God's goodness. By degrees one loses the musical and mirthful tension. Gradually the nerves are unstrung. The senses become less acute. The sight becomes dim, the hearing dull, the voice screechy and husky. By and by, like the nightingale, the aged, weary pilgrim sings his plaintive songs with but "a single, low, croaking note."

There is no escape from this decay—no discharge in this war. The tall, sturdy elm, in its exuberance of life, with a great trunk and bushy foliage, no less than the more frail cherry and peach, must see itself stripped of its beautiful garb. It has withstood the mighty sweep of the tempest for fifty years; it can not withstand the yearly decay of its leaves. They must fall before the scythe of decay no less than the delicate clover blades around its trunk. The showy autumn dahlia must depart no less than the humble mignonette. The sweet-smelling rose which you have so tenderly nursed in your garden, must perish no less than its wild sister, blooming and blushing unseen in some bleak mountain solitude, wasting its fragrance on the desert air.

There is one battle which all must fight, and in which all must fall. Nor beauty nor strength, nor wealth nor wisdom, can bribe the king of terrors from your door. Goliath falls at the hands of the little son of Jesse. The beautiful Absalom dies before Mephibosheth, the deformed son of Jonathan. Solomon in all his glory, at length, in spite of all the careful and costly embalming of his corpse, mingles with the dust like the leprous beggar who looked at him from afar. Wellington and his valet, Washington and his groom, Napoleon and the street-sweepers of Paris, now all mingle their dust with the same common earth, where one could not be distinguished from the other.

> "The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
> Must lie as low as ours."

Not only in the Autumn of our earthly course are we liable to die. But in the summer or spring tide. The deadly frosts of life are as fatal in June as in January, in May as in March.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
> But thou hast all seasons for thine own O death."

Autumn is the period for introversion of thought. When sight and hearing, the organs through which we communicate with the outer world, are failing, the mind naturally turns inward upon itself. The doors of the senses, through which pleasurable impressions find ingress to the soul, being choked up with the accretions of time, one turns to the life past, inwardly to his own heart, and upward to the rest remaining for the weary. Blessed are those who, when the loneliness of old age comes upon them, can draw comfort through many pleasant memories from a life well spent in the service of Christ. But unutterably dreary is the retrospect of a life misspent in sin, where there is no strength or time left to repair the damage of it. Bleak and desolate is closing life, reached over a pathway of impenitence, where Christ and His cause have been neglected! Hopeless is the outlook from life's evening upon the world beyond the grave, when the soul is not at peace with the Judge of all the earth, before whom it must shortly appear.

The hazy afternoons have lured us to the graves of the departed. Our steps among the rustling leaves in the path called up many sad reflections. Of their own accord some of the leaves sought a place on the grassy mounds. We loiter around their remains and muse over their worth and our own mortality. Soon the storms of winter will gather around us. The shutters will be closed, and the family will gather around its cozy fireside, these long winter evenings. Some absent, sainted one will be lovingly thought and spoken of. And few families there are which have not their representatives in the cemetery.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
The air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."

In its own way Nature sorrows not as those without hope. The plants and flowers die, but the roots remain and live. Trees are unclothed, only to be again clothed upon with new garments. They are not dead. Each after its kind and type will revive again, and shoot out its flowers and foliage anew, after the chill winter shall be over. Plants now seemingly dead will again have their buds and blades as before. They are not dead but only sleeping, to be awakened again at the call of reviving spring. A Christian, who has the root of grace in him, dies but like the leaves and plants in Autumn. Only that which we see dies. But the unseen is the more powerful, more precious and more durable part of our being. Christ in us, the hope of glory, will outlive the grave. Will raise us up at the last day. Then "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." When the resurrection season dawns the world shall be repeopled by myriads of believers, who shall arise from the earth like new plants from old roots in the spring season. Then "corruption shall put on incorruption, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

A dear Christian friend writes to us:

"Sixteen months ago I laid my dear wife in the grave. Since then not a single emotion of pleasure has touched my sorrowing heart. For twenty-eight years we lived together, without ever having been separated from one another for a week at a time. After death has separated us we only realize how truly man and wife are one flesh. I feel daily that the better part of myself is in the grave. My joy on earth seems to be blotted out, and all my energies and feeling of interest in life have forsaken me."

How dreary the desolation of this dear brother's heart and home. And the world is full of mourners like him. Not that they sorrow as those who have no hope. For they know that it is well with the departed. And they themselves have a sure hope of a happy reunion with them in the Land of the Blest. But so vitally intimate has their union on earth been that even a temporary separation tears part of their life from them. "Judge no man until you have stood in his place." It will not avail to tell the sorrow-stricken soul: "You must submit to the will of God. It cannot be altered now. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Your dear ones are now happy in heaven. By and by you will meet them again." All this may be true, but will not heal the bruised heart. More comfort can you give by extending a brother's or a

sister's sympathizing hand, and weeping with them that weep. When Goethe's wife died in his old age, the great old man knelt aside of her corpse, and said: "Thou wilt not forsake me! No, no; thou must not forsake me." When Baron Bunsen was on his death-bed he said: "All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Saviour." Blessed is the Christian mourner who can realize this. St. Augustine says: He alone never loseth what is dear to him, to whom all things are dear in "Him who is never lost."

Yes, we all do fade as a leaf. Some are rapidly smitten by fell disease as flowers by the sharp frost of Autumn. Others grow old gently and gradually, without an excess of joy or sorrow, like the Abbot in Longfellow's Golden Legend:

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden the vibrations."

Perhaps we make too much account of the distance that intervenes between the state of the saints on earth a nd saints in heaven. To mortal ken they are out of our sight, but to the eye of faith they are ours still. "What if earth be but the shadow of heaven—each to the other like more than on earth we think!" To the author of Paradise Lost and Regained such a thought seems natural. But is there not something in it for us, too, to think about? The sister of the saintly Julius Hare said, when dying:

"The valley of death is very dark, but there is life at the end of it."

There at least the mourning pilgrim will see light on this subject, if no sooner. Then we shall find that these heart-breakings, losses and separations are not as serious as we took them to be.

"It is appointed me to die,
And it will seem no more to thee,
Than if at the village, on market day,
I should a little longer stay
Than I am used."

If a soul be lost, the man is lost. The body is but as a boat fastened to the stern of a stately ship, if the ship sink, the boat follows it.

"A Root out of Dry Ground."

St. Paul says, "The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." To every one who can read it, the face of nature is covered with hieroglyphics disclosing the character of the unseen world. Our earth is a glorious parable speaking to us of its Maker. To this fact the blessed Lord directs attention by His teachings. His parables were simply a translation of Nature's language into the vernacular tongue of the people among whom He lived. The Jews were familiar with the vine, the light, and bread. These in a utilitarian point of view, were of great importance, but after all only a "shadow of good things to come," whilst "the body is of Christ." He is the true bread that came down from heaven, the true vine of which all men should become branches, the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It was this conviction that led Christians in apostolic times to regard the unseen world as of greater importance than the things which are seen. Even in our age, however much discredited, the unseen manifests its reality above that which is visible, in many ways. This appears in the efficiency of the telegraph and the power of steam, by which the work of the world is performed and the messages of nations are flashed with electric speed to the most distant points of the earth. The unseen is the real and the true. The prophet Isaiah (chap. 53: 2,) speaks of Christ growing up before God "as a root out of dry ground." The student of geography is aware that the central and western parts of South Africa are to a very great extent deprived of rain. The soil is made up of light sand which gives to the sun a glaring intensity that might naturally be regarded as unfavorable to the existence of both animal and vegetable life. And yet strange as it may be, those regions are productive in both these respects. He who provided the camel with an internal organism for treasuring up water to answer its purposes for many days, has also provided that dry country with plants adapted to its peculiarities. The plants are tuberous, and their bulbs are buried far down beneath

the surface of the ground, so that the effects of the burning rays of the sun do not reach them. These bulbs, succulent in structure, are filled with a cool and refreshing fluid, and the plants which spring from them have leaves of such a porous character as enables them to imbibe and retain moisture from the dry atmosphere of the region. Full of moisture, amid a dusty soil and a heated atmosphere, they appear to be independent of, and to defy their surroundings. The same is true of the vegetation of some parts of the Arabian desert with which Isaiah was familiar. And hence it is not strange that the prophet points men to it and says of Jesus, He shall grow up as a root out of dry ground. The Lord took on Him our nature, became incarnate, and yet was without sin, rising above the embarrassments of corruption, though touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The plant received only a mechanical support from the soil in which it grew. All around dry and dusty it was full of moisture, and thus the Lord Jesus, in a world of death, had life in Himself. He is the way, the truth, and the life, and believers are said to be "complete in Him." By faith they "put on Christ," become partakers of Him, and thus have the germ of all grace and virtue, and shall never want any good thing. The root out of dry ground includes in itself all the blossoms and fruit of its after development, and in the Blessed Redeemer may be found every grace and perfection needed to complete the Christian character, whether of an individual or a nation. St. Paul, speaking of his most successful attainments says, "By the grace of God I am what I am." And on another occasion, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Separate from the Saviour the efforts of men to secure a satisfying portion may be compared to the habits of a strange plant of Central America, a species of club-moss, endowed with remarkable properties. When all the moisture is extracted from the ground where it is rooted it becomes detached from the soil, rolls itself up into a ball and is carried before the wind until it reaches some damp place, some marsh, or bank of a stream, when it slowly uncoils and roots again, assumes its former freshness, develops its seed and casts it abroad. And after the soil becomes dry it repeats its old pilgrim practice, taking advantage of the wind as before. How like the man who is detached from Christ! Beautifully and truthfully has it been said, "The Creator is the creature's home. Neither spirit of angel nor soul of man can rest short of God. They can anchor nowhere save in the capacious harbor of His infinite perfections. All things teach us this beautiful truth. All things that find us wandering lead us home again, to the bosom of our eternal Father." Thus felt Isaiah when pointing to the root out of dry ground, and thus taught the Blessed Lord when speaking to the woman of Samaria. At Jacob's well He said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The happiness of the man who is joined to Christ, our living head, is independent of outward things to a very great degree. Its source lies deep within, welling up in the soul. Such a fountain is perennial in its blessings, and like those waters which springing up from the very base of the mountains, warm in winter and cold in summer, have their streams marked with everlasting green. But earthly sources of support and comfort fail. How strong the arm of the patriot father in defence of home and family, and how undying the love of a faithful mother in her nurturing care toward her tender babe, and yet how little to be depended on! In the war started by the Sepoy mutiny in India, a party of General Havelock's soldiers entered a cottage that stood on ground from which they had driven the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Their attention was attracted by an infant's cry, and they paused to gaze upon a spectacle, which, accustomed as they were to scenes of blood, still stirred their hearts to tenderest sympathy. At the threshold of the door, lay pierced with deadly balls, the corpse of the father, who had fallen defending his home, and on the floor amid a pool of blood the body of the dead mother, and the wailing infant on her bosom trying in vain to draw nourishment from her empty breast. The strong arm of the

father was paralyzed and the sensitively attentive ear of the affectionate mother was deaf. With great force had he who pointed Israel to the root out of dry ground said to them before, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?" But rooted in the precious Saviour you will be at rest and fixed forever. Besides this, the root performs a loving act in binding the dry ground together, and thus giving it stability, and preventing it from being driven at the whim of every shifting wind hither and thither. Hence we sod the parapet of our forts that the earth may not be carried away by the power of rain and frost and wind. Sin repels. In the beginning Adam fled from God, and when arraigned and questioned he turned against and cast the blame on his own wife. But Christ came into the world to destroy the doings of the devil, and He draws men together. And when He as a root out of dry ground shall have completed His mission, Isaiah says, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." Thus it shall be in the day of the "root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious." My young friends, listen to the voice of the root out of dry ground, which accords with the experience of all men in saying, that only in reconcilliation with God is abiding happiness found, whilst out of Christ the soul is doomed to perpetual dissatisfaction and unrest. M.

Synodical Reunions.

The recent meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, at Lancaster, Pa., called to our minds the following impressions which the late Dr. H. Harbaugh gave of a similar meeting, held on October, 1862, in Chambersburg, Pa., four years before his death. They then appeared in the Reformed Messenger. (ED. GUARDIAN.)

It must have been a happy time when God's chosen people met in Jerusalem, once a year, on their great festival. Beside their worship before the Lord, they no doubt made themselves socially happy in those friendly reunions, for which the occasion furnished so good an opportunity. Former friendships were renewed, whilst together they talked over the joys of the past, the duties of the present, and the hopes of the future.

Something like the same pleasure always attends our annual Synodical meetings. From all parts of the Church we come together. Old friendships are renewed, and new ones are formed. We see again the pastors who confirmed us, the professors who taught us, the classmates, and room-mates, with whom we pursued our preparatory studies. How many things there are to be talked over, and how pleasant are the feelings which such a review inspires.

Then, too, it is interesting to note the gradual changes which time is making. The sprinkling of gray upon fraternal heads, indicates that seminary years are gliding pretty fast and far back into the past. It is still more touching to see now and then a form and face, upon which hard toil, and perhaps much suffering, have not failed to leave their unmistakable marks! At first the old familiar features are only faintly seen. The dust of life's highway has so thickly settled on them, that they are nearly covered. But a shake of the hand, and the interchange of a few familiar words, soon serve to bring forth a full recognition, Yet it is an instructive inference which we are constrained in such instances to make; namely, that, when the companions of our Seminary years begin to show signs of age, the same signs must also begin to appear upon ourselves. Growing old is a science easily learned; it comes so naturally. The earnest moral it teaches we are not always so ready to learn. But its lessons will make themselves felt, if we devote to them only a passing reflection.

It is not necessary, we suppose, to feel old too soon. Nor is it necessary, even when compelled to acknowledge the fact, that we should begin to feel old sadly. Some one has said that the old age of a Christian is the childhood of immortality. To get old is certainly to get nearer heaven. If it be true that

"Heaven lies above us in our infancy,"

it is equally true that it lies just a little *before* us. We ought to feel young as long as we can. Our present strength greatly depends upon this. Though strength and heart must ultimately fail, it is very important that we should not suffer our heart to fail before our strength has failed. "Be of good cheer, and he will *strengthen* thy heart."

Our fathers in the ministry seem not only to understand, but also to live out, this truly Christian philosophy. It is not only pleasant, but also encouraging, to see their cheerful faces year after year at our Synodical meeting. They seem to renew their youth. Their zeal and their courage is ever fresh; their buoyancy is sustained, and their hope is almost as the hope of youth. Their serene and cheerful faces teach us a beautiful lesson on growing old; and it is a sincere joy to all who are following them in advancing years, to behold how kindly God and time are dealing with them. May they yet often meet and bless us before "they are taken away from our head."

Thanksgiving Day in New England.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is a great deal of difference between a day of giving thanks, and Thanksgiving Day. Anybody can appoint a day of giving thanks; but Thanksgiving Day is something that was planted centuries ago, and has long roots, and has had a long growth, and is a historic and not an extemporized occasion.

There can be no explanation of Thanksgiving Day to him who needs one. I think no man out of New England can have the genuine flavor of Thanksgiving Day in his mouth. Thanksgiving Day is a day of self-glorification to New England Yankees; and even New Englanders who are not fifty years old cannot understand Thanksgiving Day as we had it fifty years ago; but having myself lived in New England at that time, I know what Thanksgiving means.

Was there ever a serener summer, or a more boisterous winter, than used to revel on the old Litchfield hill-top, in the cold State of Connecticut? At the far north end of the street—the end nearest the North Pole—stood, and stands, the old house where I was born. And when the children came home to Thanksgiving, the scene was memorable.

But we must go back to the condition of the times, in order that we may have some just appreciation of what going home to Thanksgiving was then. In those days the community was well off; because it was poor, industrious, thriving, and always about to be rich. Wages for good mechanics ranged at about fifty cents a day. Hear that, ye bricklayers! The domestic loom still clanked. I hear it yet. The spinning-wheel made music. I have heard it through many an hour while sick. And it *was* music. Homespun cloth, on week days at least predominated.—Once a year the shoemaker came round from house to house, and mended all that was mendable, and made up the stock for the coming months. The tailoring was largely domestic. The best clothes, or the Sunday clothes, were as clearly marked off from all the other clothes, as Sunday itself was from the week days, and peradventure may have had the smell of foreign looms upon them. Sometimes the tailor was permitted to make these, even for boys.

Every boy and every girl had, daily, some part of the household work to do. Before I was ten years old, I had learned to sew, to knit, to scour knives—and to dirty them. I had learned to wash dishes—and to prepare them for washing. I could set and clear the table, run of errands, break tumblers, and earn whippings. I had learned how to cut and split and bring in wood. I could make fires—and it was no small art to build a fire with green oak wood on a roaring winter morning. I had learned how to feed cattle and curry horses, and go to school—and not study. In short I had learned to be universally helpful—and vexatious. I was a good boy, that nobody could get along with—or without. Nor was I unlike a hundred other boys in the village.

Our old house was large, roomy, and there was great liberty in it—especially to the elements. Stoves in those days were few, and of furnaces there were not any. During the day, in winter,

huge fires threw out heat enough; but at night the cold rushed in, and winter reigned in the morning. Happy they who had dry wood and kindlings! and woe to them whose easy-kindling stuff was not secured before the winter set in, and who were obliged to ply the domestic bellows vigorously, while the logs were dolefully smoking and spitting sap at both ends, and while the little children cried, and the older ones were cross, with stinging cold.

Nothing could live that was not very healthy, in Litchfield; and therefore everybody was healthy in my father's household.

The food was always abundant, but always plain. Of meat and bread there was enough. There were plain cakes, the immortal gingerbread, the hardly less renowned election cake, with doughnuts for punctuation, and the pumpkin, apple, and mince pies. Let no evil man speak against pies! He is an enemy to his country's history who does not praise them! These robbed poverty of some of its terrors. And, with enough of bread and milk, and bread and molasses (yes, Southerner, we look you in the face, and are proud of molasses!), and, through the winter, bread and applesauce, for supper,—children who knew no better were enabled to rise to manhood under the impression that they had fared well.

The ancient holidays were few and stately. The spring opened with a Fast Day—a day of confession and of humiliation, that thereafter the farmer might plant his seed in the soil without vain-glory, or without undue reliance upon his own skill. How it fared in other houses I know not; but like everything else, in my father's house it was genuine. As I was a growing boy, and eating was that moral duty which I had most at heart, and was the most urgent necessity of bone and muscle growing fast in the clear mountain air, and piled by innocent industry, the loss of a full meal on any day was quite beyond the little grace that may have begun to germinate in my heart. To my revered elders, all of whom had got their growth, the day seemed fraught with blessings; but to me a dinnerless day was like a suit of clothes from which had been taken everything but the hat and the shoes. There was a beginning and an end to it, but no middle! But, surely, it was not without a moral use. If it was designed to produce a wholesome sense of sorrow, then it was the *sorrowfulest* day to me of the whole year.

But, I must go back to a day utterly unknown to all those who are not called as the elect children of ministers. I refer to what is called a *wood-spell.* In the settlement of the early ministers of New England, there was at all times an ample provision made for their support—partly in money, partly in a parsonage, partly in wood for the winter, and partly in other necessities of life. In my father's case there was a promise of so much salary, and his wood. Soon after the snow had come, the farmers round about, on a certain day, which was announced with suitable ceremony from the pulpit, came in from the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, with sleds piled high with logs of hickory and maple. It was a jubilee; and we children fairly reveled. There was the cracking of whips. There was the talking and the laughing of the people that the occasion had brought together. For these the oven smoked with new cakes. Mighty cheeses shrank. And (tell it not in Gath! Let not Neal Dow hear it! My boyhood's eyes beheld it, though), there were barrels of home-brewed beer; and in huge pails this was mixed with—what? With molasses and rum! Into the mixture was thrown a red-hot crow-bar, roaring and sputtering until the drink steamed into the air. Pail after pail came from the manipulation, in this particular instance, of Sheriff Landon, who was appointed as the man best able to compound the admixture. Memorable was all this to the boys; because, while we might look upon the tempting beverage with our eyes, we were never allowed to touch a drop of it.

I remember but one instance in which I ever saw my father take spirits; and that was when he was sick, on returning one Sabbath evening from preaching. Slipping round and peeping in at an open door, as inconvenient boys often do, I detected him taking a little rum from the china closet; and I marveled.

But once do I remember that wine was given to the children in the house;

and that was on Thanksgiving Day. My thought of wine was blessed, almost, as my thought of heaven. I thought that at its touch I should feel and know all that I had heard or read, all that poets had imagined; but when the flavor had fairly reached my palate, a more dismal disappointment never overtook an over-eager youth.

Besides such days as this there was the Election Day, the mild Fourth-of-July, and training-days of occasional magnificence. Christmas was a dying tradition. Other festivals of the Church were unheard of.

Thanksgiving reared its honest November head far above all others, at the one genuine, crowning festival of New England. We looked forward to it full half a year, with bright anticipations; and with fond remembrance we looked back upon it through the other half. The scattered children were all to come home that day. For months ahead, with wise house-keepers' prudence, the appropriate sacrifices were prepared. The whole year had been fruitful that there might be one lavish day, and that the only lavish day, on which there was no injunction of economy. There was no word about saving, but every exhortation to eat, and eat again in welcome. That lavish day was Thanksgiving. The harvests were all in, and were safe; and surely, it was right, before settling down to the narrow path of economy again, to offer up the bounteous first-fruits of the year.

Every man was his own caterer. The barnyard and the cellar were the markets. The geese were selected and put in training weeks and weeks before. The turkeys were appointed. The coops of chickens and ducks were set apart. The sucking pig, and the other delicacies were marked down. Nothing was too good for Thanksgiving.

The housewives conferred together. Bills of fare were made up as solemnly, almost, as protocols and treaties. It was the central day. Everything revolved around Thanksgiving. Everybody was caught and used in preparing for it. Did not our children's hands ache in grinding, and our arms ache in pounding spices? Did not we chop mince-meat until we began to wish that there were no mince-pies? Did not we pare and core? Was not the kitchen, for weeks before, the scene of laborious preparations? And was not every interference met with the remark, "Get out of the way! If you cannot help, you must not hinder. Thanksgiving is coming, and cannot be put off!"

How glorious was that Sunday morning, when, after the sermon, with suitable state and solemnity, the great white sheet was unfolded, and the Governor's Proclamation was read from the pulpit. The great sermon being ended, then followed this little sermon. How we listened, without thinking much of the sentences! Afar off were smelled the dinners which were to be served up on that crowning day.

The day before was almost too much for us. It well-nigh exhausted our nervous sensibility. Half the night before was spent in preparations. The first half of Thanksgiving was a holy day, and the last half was a holiday. The morning might not be used except as Sunday, with no sleds, no guns, no skating, and no shouting. Cooking was the only secular employment permitted on Thanksgiving-day morning. All except servants and cooks were expected to go to church. The service generally was very much like the Sunday service; but sometimes it was a vent for all the little odds and ends of the year which it was not thought convenient to preach at the regular service on Sunday. Frequently Thanksgiving was a political safety-valve. It was a kind of ground on which the minister was allowed to express himself on public affairs. It was, however, an education; and the discussions kept alive, often, through the whole year, among the families of the people, great questions of State.

No sooner was meeting dismissed than instantly, like a flash, all was changed. Anything now was admissible; wild capers, running, tumbling, snow-balling, and what not? Everybody's face was turned homeward.

The impatient hour that elapsed between reaching home and the great event—how did we live through it? At length all came in. The wonderful table was stretched out. The long "blessing" was said. And the assault commenced. There was an endeavor on the part of every conscientious child to eat something of everything. The onslaught was made with great energy;

but the reluctant surrender could not be long delayed, and with deep regrets at their want of capacity, the children one by one fell off; and the illusion of the year was ended.

I say, again, that no man will ever know the true flavor of a New England Thanksgiving of the olden time who has not known something of the frugality required by the honorable poverty of those times. Men were not brought up so easily that no effort was required on their part. Almost everything that a boy had he earned. In my own case, until after I was fifteen years old, I do not believe I ever at one time owned twenty-five cents in money. I do not remember ever to have received from my father the amount of more than six and a quarter cents, the old Spanish coin. Whatever I owned, of knife, or sled, or other plaything, I earned. Gifts were few—except the gifts of nature; and they who lived in those days lived with the understanding that they must think out, and plan out, and work out everything that they had. And though it was hard, it was not harder than the anvil is to the sword, or the grindstone is to its edge, that makes it a trusty instrument in the day of battle. No man can know the genuine flavor of the old New England Thanksgiving who has not known something of the untiring work and rigid seclusion which belonged to that day, and of the very narrow bounds within which amusements were confined.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the people were cheerful. They were earnest; they were solemn; they lived unsmiling men, too often, under a sense of fearful responsibility; but there was, after all, in their suppressed natures, and especially in their home-life, a depth and fervor of enjoyment which is almost without exposition, and which is hardly known to those who live in the midst of the affluence and advantages of the present day.

Some may fancy the fire of prosperity to be designed rather for comfort than for trial; rather to refresh than to search us; but scarcely anything more clearly demonstrates the falseness or soundness of religion; it is to grace what fire is to gold.

Advent—He is Coming.

By horatius bonar.

He is coming; and the tidings
  Are rolling wide and far,
As light flows out in gladness,
  From yon fair morning star.

He is coming; and the tidings
  Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends forever
  Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
  Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bids Him welcome,
  Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains
  Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
  And shouts her glad Amen.

He is coming; wastes of Horeb,
  Awaken and rejoice!
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
  Lift the long silent voice!

He is coming, sea of Sodom,
  To heal thy leprous brine,
To give back palm and myrtle,
  The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,
  To restore thy olive bowers,
He is coming, faded Sharon,
  To give thee back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
  Awake, behold He comes!
Landless and kingless exiles,
  Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys
  Which your fathers loved so well,
In their now crumbled cities
  Let their children's children dwell.

Drink the last drop of wormwood
  From your nation's bitter cup:
The bitterest, but the latest,
  Make haste and drink it up.

For He, thy true Messiah,
  Thine own anointed King,
He comes in love and glory,
  Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He, thy King, is coming
  To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
  To turn thy sighs to songs;

To dry the tears of ages,
  To give thee, as of old,
The diadem of beauty,
  The crown of purest gold;

To lift thee from thy sadness,
  To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
  His best beloved one.

The stain and dust of exile
  To wipe from thy weary feet;
With songs of glorious triumph
  Thy glad return to greet.

Four German Students.

A PROMISE THAT WAS KEPT.

One evening four German students at a University were enjoying themselves in an upper room of a little hotel. They had four instruments, and were employing themselves in making music after the hard labors of the day. There was a pause in their music, but no sooner had they ceased playing than they heard an old man playing the violin beneath their window in the street. They went to the window and looked out, watching him until he had ceased playing. One of them threw out a little piece of money, and said laughing: "Here, poor Peter, this is all we have for you now; come again some other time."

"Yes," said another, "come again in a year from now."

"Then we will give you a little house for a present," said the third.

"Yes, in the middle of a garden," said the fourth.

The old man was struck with wonder at such a promise. His long bright hair shone brighter in the light of the lanterns which hung out at a neighboring restaurant. He looked up at the window and said, after a moment's reflection: "Young people, are you in earnest in what you say to me? I hope you are not making light of an old man."

"Indeed, we are in earnest," replied Ernest, with excited voice; and his three companions called upon God to witness their seriousness.

"Farewell, then," replied the old man; "I take my leave of you. One year from to-day, at this same hour, expect me to come and play a tune beneath this window. Farewell! may the almighty One, whose name you have called upon, bless you in your kindness."

The old man went off after invoking this blessing upon them. The students closed the window, took their instruments again in their hands, and after having played three or four lively tunes, seemed to forget all that had occurred. Ernest said to them, however, after the space of about half an hour: "You seem to be very quiet. I cannot be, for I have made a promise to give something which I have not got."

"What promise?" answered one of his light-hearted companions.

"The promise of a house and a garden."

A loud laugh was the response that he met with, and the students separated. They met again on the following evening, and during their interview Ernest called to mind the promise of the night before. They made light of him, and told him that he was foolish to pay any more attention to it. "Then," said he, "I don't see where your consciences are, if you can make a promise and break your word."

"How can we fulfil any promise of that kind?" said Christopher. "Our parents are all poor and have more than they can do to send us to the University. How, then, can they help us to buy a house and a garden for a foolish old man? Good night, comrades; I wish you all as pleasant a sleep as I shall have."

But this kind of argument did not affect Ernest much, for he could not help thinking that he was competent to keep his bargain. He was the poorest one of the group; for his mother was a widow, and made her living by washing. The promise that he made deeply affected him, and he left the University for a week, so that he might go home and tell his mother the pledge that he had made to the old musician. After he had told her, she replied: "Keep it, son, keep it if it costs you your life."

"That is what I shall try to do, mother, and I hope that I shall have your prayers."

Ernest returned to the University and told his friends that they must seriously think of buying the old man a house and garden. He went to a neighboring village one day, and found that he could get a neat little house and garden for 2,000 guldens. That was a large sum for those poor students to think of paying, but through the influence of Ernest the other three gradually became convinced that it was their promise. The four resolved that in one year from the time that the pledge was made, the old man should have his house and garden if it was in their power to get it for him.

They must leave the University—a sad proceeding for them. They came to the conclusion to go through the country and give concerts; for really this appeared to them to be the only

way possible to gain any money. Even by pursuing this course there appeared to be a poor prospect to get a large sum. Still they resolved to do their best. They closed their books, put their instruments in the little bags, and set out on foot to give concerts in the villages through which they mightpass.

Ernest, before leaving, exacted a promise of the man who owned the house and lot which he had looked at that he might not sell it under six months to anybody, and, that if he would promise to take it at the end of that time, he might have it, though the money need not be paid under a year. Week after week passed by, and the students slowly proceeded on their way. Their expenses were not heavy, but their income was certainly small, too. Nine months and a half passed by, and still they had but little above 700 guldens. It was a great question with them how the remaining 1,300 could be raised. They were spending one day at a country town, and a nobleman living in a large castle a few miles distant, was seeking musicians to attend the wedding of his daughter, who was to be married in three or four days. Fortunately enough for the students, the nobleman employed them for the occasion. The marriage ceremonies took place, and by and by it was time for the music to begin. The students had trained themselves very carefully for that evening, and their selections were certainly of a very high order.

During the course of the festivities, it was noticed that the nobleman became very sad. His face wore a melancholy appearance, and those who stood nearest to him saw him weeping. What could have caused him to be melancholy at such a time as that? One of the pieces that these musicians had played was his mother's favorite melody. She had often sung it to him many years ago, and he had not heard it since, until the musicians played it. It was enough to make him sorrowful, and it drew those students to his heart in such a way that he could not express his feelings. They had recalled to his memory a piece of music which he had never been able to find in any music store, and which was worth a fortune for him to hear.

I must now make my story short. The nobleman kept the four students in his castle two weeks, became acquainted with them very fully, and learned their object in leaving the University to give concerts. He supplied them with three thousand guldens, and told them he would pay their expenses at the University for four years, and that they might have the privilege of making drafts on him at any time.

Their fortune was better than they had reason to expect. Ernest had already written to the owner of the house and garden that he might expect them to take it so that it was now engaged.

The students returned to the University and reached there just a few weeks before the end of the year, when the house must be ready for the owner. On the evening of the day when the old man promised to appear, he stood below the window in the bright moonlight, playing on his violin. He was true to his word and expected the promise to be kept. The young men went down to invite him up, and told him all they had done. They showed him the deed for his place and gave it to him. On the following day he formally took possession of it—and they supplied it with furniture and groceries for housekeeping.

The young men felt that they were amply repaid for their faithfulness to their word, by the gratitude and joy of the old man. But they were not only repaid in feeling, they were more than repaid even in money.

Fourteen years after that time that place came into their possession; for the old man had died and bequeathed it to them in his will. That part of the town rose suddenly in value. Many things contributed to its increased value, which I will not enumerate. It is enough to say that in seventeen years from the time the four students gave the deed of that house and garden to the old musician, the same property which had cost two thousand guldens was worth eighty thousand. The students, therefore, were not only paid in heart, but also in money. They had kept their word, and the knowledge of beingfaithfulto their word, even to the poor old man who had no power to compel them to be true to it, was a pleasant memory as long as they lived.—*Toledo Commercial.*

Study Character.

I suppose that our dear Master looked upon us as we look upon scholars in the school. Here comes to my school a bright orphan boy. He is from the city. On tracing him back I find him to be of German parentage. His father and mother were educated people. They came to this country, and sickened and died, and left him in a state of poverty. He was found in the street, and caught up and taken into some eleemosynary institution, and brought into the countryand sent to my school. He has an aptitude for learning. It is born in him. He is *thorough-bred*—bred in the blood. I put him to books, and oh, how he learns to read, and write, and cipher! The trouble is to give him tasks enough. I have to put twice as much on him as I do on some of the other boys, to keep him busy.

The next one that comes is a thick-lipped, heavy-jawed boy. His father was a good plodding farmer, that never knew much, and did not amount to much. I have to *drill* that boy. He studies and works hard; but it takes him longer to get through simple addition than it takes the other boy to get through the whole arithmetic.

Well, what do I do? I adopt two rules of measurement. I do not judge of this boy by a comparison of him with that boy. I judge of him by what he is himself, by what he has in him; by what he is capable of; by what his aptitudes are. The standard by which he is to be measured, is to be formed according to that with which God has endowed him. And I do not punish him because he does not get along as well as the other boy. I encourage him, and I encourage him at just the point where I would whip that other boy. I take into consideration what his organization is. I consider the coarseness of his bones, and the slenderness of his nerves, or the difficulty of getting at them.

And there is a third of intermediate condition between that of extreme susceptibility, and that of an almost entire want of susceptibility.

Was there ever a man who took care of a gang of hands that did not sort them out, and assign their work according to their peculiar organizations? If the foreman wants anything done quick, he says: "Here, Bill. Where is Bill? Bill, do this." Bill is selected for that special duty because he is best fitted for it by his organization. If, on the other hand, he wants a thing done which requires patient, plodding industry, he calls another man who is best fitted for that thing by his organization. So in every relation of life men are sorted for their work, and different men are recognized as being adapted to different pursuits.

Now, do not you suppose that the Lord Jesus Christ knows as much of human nature as we do? Do you suppose that He is less discriminating than we are? Do not you suppose that He adapts His administration to men according to what they are? Do not you suppose that they are what they are by His permission? Do not you suppose that in the working out of the problem of every man's life, the divine grace, and wisdom, and patience, and kindness are exercised in accordance with his temperament and his faculties? I believe it. I *know* it.—*S. S. Times.*

A Truly Agreeable Helpmate.

INSTEAD of turning every young woman into "a heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," better let us have her a "neat-handed Phyllis," cooking savory messes, and looking at lambs, like Lady Walter Scott, with a chief eye to their speedy appearance in pastries. She holds all the husband who holds his stomach. That is the true piano-forte for the accomplished instrumentalist to play upon who wishes to be mistress of her own household. The ear never tires, the heart never nauseates of that music, if pitched on the right key. Literature, drawing-room accomplishments, graceful manners, a fine bearing, an elegant conversation, are admirable charms no doubt; but they don't make and they don't keep a home. The woman who in middle society—I hardly know why I should make this limitation—has quartered herself upon a husband whose future is but a contingency, and cannot be cook, nurse, seamstress, and housekeeper on an emergency, enjoys her establishment under false pretences.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Sunday-School Department.

Precious Jewels.

BY THE EDITOR.

The jewels which adorn the royal crowns of European and Eastern monarchs are said to be very costly. Some of them are valued at millions of dollars. Even in this country, once noted for its republican plainness, the passion for this kind of extravagant display is very great. On some gay festive gatherings in our large cities, it is sometimes boastfully reported through the press that certain ladies wore from $25,000 to $50,000 worth of diamonds. Doubtless these are often borrowed for the occasion, but this only the more glaringly shows how empty and vain much of the so-called fashionable life is.

Every rational being is a precious jewel worth more than costliest diamond or pearl of greatest price. All that is needed to bring out its beauty and worth is to cleanse and polish it by the purifying grace of Christ. "What will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

As the wreck of the Schiller was about sinking to the bottom of the sea on the rocky coast of Ireland, a finely dressed lady with a lovely little girl at her side, rushed on deck and knelt before a poor, coarsely-clad, weather-beaten sailor, beseeching him to have pity on her. On some boat, log or plank, being an expert seaman and swimmer, could he not perhaps save them? "My husband is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. All that we have shall be yours if you save the life of myself and my child. Think of it; you are a poor, hard-working sailor, you can become a very rich man if you will only save us!" While she was pleading with the tar, a large wave dashed across the deck and washed mother and child to the bottom of the sea. The husband retains his vast possessions, but what are these to him when his jewels are gone?

During the persecutions of the early church the pagans suspected the Christians of having concealed great and valuable treasures. Lawrence, a deacon in one of the churches, foreseeing his own martyrdom and the pillage of his church assembled all the poor that he could find in Rome, and distributed to them its treasures, without even sparing the sacred vessels, which he sold to assist them. The prefect of Rome, informed of this liberality, and thinking that the Christians had in reserve still considerably more goods, ordered the deacon to deliver them to him. Lawrence asked three days' time; at the end of this term he drew up before his church, in the presence of the Prefect, the blind, the lame, the maimed, and the wretched of all kinds, whom he fed and clothed, saying to him: "Behold my *treasures;* profit by them for Rome, for the Emperor, and for yourself." Soon after the mortal body of Lawrence was roasted to death, but the precious jewel of his sanctified soul was set in the crown of our glorified Saviour.

The Rabbi Meir taught the people in the public school during the whole Sabbath day. While absent from home his two sons died; both of them very beautiful and very intelligent in the law. His loving wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," asked the father, "that I may give them my blessing?"

"They are gone to the school," was the answer.

"I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and did not see them."

She handed him a refreshing goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked,

"Where are my two sons, that they too, may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back?"

"This is a question," said the Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! Wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! my sons! my sons!" loudly lamented the father. "My sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding. I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said,

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be His name for thy sake, too! For well is it written: 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'" Prov. 31 : 26.

Too Late.

A Leipsic paper publishes a story which is stated to be undoubtedly true, and illustrates the poverty in which the devotees of learning in Germany are often compelled to live.

About ten months ago a rich patron of the sciences and arts in Berlin offered prizes amounting to about £30 each, for the best essays on the history of the Middle Ages, astronomy, geology, poetry, and metaphysics; and about £80 each for the best romance and the best poem. A committee of members of the several university faculties was appointed to award the prizes, and the awards were made a short time ago. A large number of persons competed, and the works offered had a large amount of excellent material among them. The names of the writers were enclosed in sealed envelopes, on the outside of which fictitious names were inscribed.

The prize for the essay on metaphysics was awarded to a young man named Max Markmann, who had sent his essay under the name of "Hans Wildenstein." When Markmann's name was announced, a pale, poorly-clad, exceedingly wretched-looking young man stepped forward, and was greeted with a hearty round of applause. His hair was thin and already sprinkled with gray, and his whole appearance excited the sympathy of the audience. After receiving the prize he quietly returned to his seat. One after another, as the titles of the best essays were announced, the accompanying envelopes disclosed Markmann as the author, and the applause grew tumultuous as the young man, looking more weary every time, stepped forward. The excitement among the students was so great that a suggestion would have caused them to carry him off in triumph.

The essays being all examined, the poems came next in turn and the prize was Markmann's. It was entitled "The Village School-master," and Berthold Auerbach, who was one of the committee, pronounced it one of the most gracefully written stories he had ever read. This was the last prize awarded; but hardly had the fortunate competitor arisen to go and receive it, when he fell fainting on the floor. A death-like stillness reigned in the hall, while they carried the young man into an adjoining room, where the physicians succeeded in restoring him to consciousness; but that was all, for four hours afterward he was a corpse! His decease was the result of long years of deprivation, he was literally starved to death. The rewards came too late to be of real service to him.

In contrast with such a sad case, how

cheering it is to reflect that the Christian can never receive the prize of his high calling too late to be of service to him. Even death cannot rob us of that prize, or render the rewards of faithful labor for Christ valueless as were the student's prizes.

Where Are the Children?

Christian parents, are your children found by your side in the house of God? Can you say, as you present them there each Sabbath, "Behold, I and the children that thou hast given me?" If not, where are they during these consecrated hours? A few years more and they must go forth into the world. Will it not be without the settled principles and habits which can guard them in the warfare of life? A little while longer and you must leave them, and without your guiding hand they must go forward "sounding on their dim and perilous way." Your influence then will be confined to the chain of memory which runs back to the past. Will their recollection then recur to hallowed hours when you sat together in God's temple so that they feel they can not abandon the habit which you have inculcated, or coldly turn away from the worship of their father's God?

Our Lord lays it down as a proof of our love for Him, "Feed my lambs!" The children are the hope of the church; but with the fearful influences now abroad—coldness at home and skepticism without—what will the next generation become? We believe the day is not far distant when the church, in sorrow and penitence, will awake to an acknowledgment of the truth that the "old paths are the best"—that the divinely constituted institutions of the Church and the home can alone truly train the young for Christian life—and that if for them are substituted the novelties and excitements of this age of experiments all will prove but a delusion and a snare.—*Exchange.*

Dr. John Hall uttered this golden sentence in one of his Yale lectures: "The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it." Here is opportunity for the humblest teachers and workers.

Christ's Lambs.—The attention of a servant-maid in Edinburgh, to the spiritual interests of a little girl commited to her charge, and who died when nine years old, was peculiarly owned of God. The servant was accustomed to attend on the ministry of Mr. Patison, and the child was permitted to accompany her. By degrees the attention of her young charge was so drawn out to the sermons she heard that the account she gave of many of the precious truths, which fell from the lips of that worthy minister of Christ, far exceeded what might have been expected from her tender years. Happening, one day, in the course of his family visits, to call at the house where the dear child and her maid lodged during the bathing season, Mr. Patison entered into conversation with her, and, from her punctual attendance on public ordinances, he took occasion to ask her if she recollected his preaching on Isaiah 11: 11: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms," etc. "Yes," replied the child, "I remember it very well; for all the time you were preaching I was wishing with all my heart that I were one of Christ's lambs." "Ah, my dear!" said the good man, not a little affected, "what a happy day would it have been in Bristo Street, had all hearers been employed in a similar manner!"—*Dr. A. C. Thompson.*

When a rich man gives his beautiful garden into the hands of a gardener, the flowers, plants, and trees are not the gardener's, to do with as he pleases. They belong to the master. The gardener's duty, is to tend them, with all diligence, skill, and care for the owner. Homes and Sabbath-schools are God's gardens, parents and teachers are but His gardeners.

The ripple that the boy's oar starts on the western shore of the Atlantic goes quivering and rolling clear across the ocean, and breaks on the farther shore. So the waves or ripples of influence which our lives start here will not be stilled or stayed, till they have broken upon the eternal shores. No man's work will be finished till all the results of life have been gathered up in final consummation.

A MAN who was in the Confederate army, tells how he was brought to Christ. He had heard eloquent sermons, and they had not affected him. At last, wounded, sick, covered with vermin, he crept up to the house of a wounded man in Maryland, and asked to sleep in the barn. They said, "No, sleep in the house," but he would not. A bed was made for him in the porch. He went to bed, and at length he heard a little child at prayer, as follows: "Bless papa, and mamma, and bless the soldier in the porch. If he don't know Christ then, Saviour, let him see Thee, as I saw Thee and know Thee as I know Thee. Let him believe that Thou art near him now, ready to save him. Let him see how Thou lovest him." The heart of the soldier was broken. He said to himself, Does God love me? Yes. Proof, Christ came from God to save me. This is the message. The child brought it. I believed it and am saved.

IT is related of the late Mr. Butler of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to re-open his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wings, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing $40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane. There is no capital which a young man can invest in business of any kind, which will yield him such a percentage of revenue, as a sweet and simple courtesy. On the lowest ground, that of mere worldly policy, it pays to be kind and obliging to all.

DURING the severest crisis of the war, a poor widow came to Mr. Lincoln to beg that she might have back a son out of the army. The good man listened patiently and tenderly to her pleading. Then in a gentle voice he told her that he could not grant her request, as all must suffer together till the nation was saved. And privately he put into her hand aid from his own purse, and sent her away, denied, but comforted and helped. Thus God sometimes answers His people's prayers, denying them what they ask, but giving them such comfort and help that they go away rejoicing.

A STORY is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field today was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

DURING the siege of Paris, while hostile armies lay all about the city, cutting off all communications, messages were sent out by carrier pigeons. With the little parcels fastened about them, they would soar away up into the air, and then dart off in a straight line for their destination. And no armies could stop them or intercept their messages. So prayers can be sent up to God from the very thickest perils. No dungeon is so deep but out of it they can fly.

A MOTHER said that from the time her children began to call her "mother," the word had a wondrous power over her which she could not describe. She might be in the attic, busily engaged, but if, three stories below, she heard one of her little ones calling her "mother," it went to her heart. The very name was so sweet that it drew her right away from her work to answer the call. What power, then, may we not suppose the dear name "Father," from the lips of His children, to have with the Father in heaven.

THERE is said to be an enactment on the statute books of a western state, making any resident land owner liable to severe penalties for permitting Canada thistles to grow on his premises. Yet there are men whose lives bristle all over with immoralities and sins infinitely more pestilent than Canada thistles, of whom human laws take no cognizance. Who can estimate the evil done in the community by one wicked man?

GOSPEL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 28. LESSON XLVIII. 1875.

First Sunday in Advent. Genesis iii. 1–15.

1. Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made: and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?
2. And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:
3. But of the fruit of the tree which *is* in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:
5. For God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.
6. And when the woman saw that the tree *was* good for food, and that it *was* pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make *one* wise; she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat: and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.
7. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they *were* naked: and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.
8. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.
9. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where *art* thou?
10. And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden: and I was afraid, because I *was* naked; and I hid myself.
11. And he said, Who told thee that thou *wast* naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee, that thou shouldest not eat?
12. And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest *to be* with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
13. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What *is* this *that* thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.
14. And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou *art* cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:
15. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

QUESTIONS.

Upon what season of the Church year are we now entering? Advent. Why so-called? Because it celebrates the coming of our Saviour into the world to redeem it; and, also, His second coming to judge it. Of what does our to-day's lesson treat? Of the fall of man into sin, Gen. iii. 6; and also of the promise of salvation, Gen. iii. 15.

1. What is said of the serpent? Who speaks through the serpent? To whom does Satan speak? What was the woman's name? See chap. iii. 20. What does he say?

2–3. The answer of the woman? Where did God give this command? See chap. ii. 16-17.

4–5. Does the serpent own the truth of what God had said? What story does he tell the woman?

6–7. Did the woman turn away from Satan on account of his lying? Should she have done so? But what did she do? Whom did she also give to eat with her?

8-9. Whose voice did they now hear? Does our conscience tell us when we have done wrong? What did they do? What did the Lord God ask?

10. What excuse did Adam give?

11-12. On whom did Adam lay the blame? Was that a good excuse? Have we a right to follow the bad advice of others?

13. On whom did the woman lay the blame?

14. What curse did the Lord lay on the serpent?

15. Does the enmity here spoken of still continue? A prophecy of whom lies in the expression, "her seed?" Whose "head" has been "bruised" by the Saviour?

CATECHISM.

XLVIII. Lord's Day.

123. Which is the second petition?

"THY KINGDOM COME;" that is, rule us so by Thy word and Spirit, that we may submit ourselves more and more to Thee, preserve and increase Thy Church; destroy the works of the devil, and all violence which would exalt itself against Thee, and also all wicked counsels devised against Thy holy word, until the full perfection of Thy kingdom takes place, wherein Thou shalt be all in all.

Hail, Jesus! Israel's Hope and Light!
Prophets and Priests prepared Thy way,
Thy people, through the breaking night,
With waiting joy foresaw Thy day.

By Jacob's Star the Gentiles found
Light on their mystic longings poured;
Wise men from dismal regions round,
Bowed at Thy manger and adored.

COMMENTS.—1. Speedily after the creation of man comes his moral test, which results in his fall, that is, his sinning by disobedience to God's command. The devil, having assumed the form of a serpent, tempts Eve by raising doubt in her mind. *Subtle*—of deep insight and cunning.

2–3. The answer of the woman shows that she understood distinctly the command of God. The law, represented by the forbidden tree, was there, and the woman knew it. Her first mistake was in debating at all with him who spoke through the serpent It is always best to avoid the first approach of sin.

4–5. Speaking of the devil, the Saviour says, John 8 : 44 : *He is a liar, and the father of it.* He shows his character here clearly in his speech to the woman. He also holds out the prospect that they would be "as gods"—that is, independent, having their own will, which men so much desire—if they ate of the forbidden fruit. No more cunning, tempting story could have been told, and yet also none more false.

6–7. Notice the threefold description of the forbidden tree. *Good for food; pleasant to the eyes; to be desired to make one wise.* The tree itself appears now as charming as the words of the tempter had been. Contemplating and looking at sin with the view to personal advantage blinds us to its character.

8–9. Now they did see, it is true; but not in the sense in which the tempter had promised. They saw their own nakedness, the symbol of their consciousness of having fallen away from God. Hence they hid themselves when they heard the voice of the Lord in the garden. Their conscience now told them of sin committed. The garment of innocence which had covered them was gone.

10–13. The man blames the woman for giving him the fruit of which he ate: the woman blames the serpent for *beguiling* or misleading her. Neither of them likes to own up plainly to the truth. Each one seeks for an excuse.

14–15. Here we have God's curse denounced upon the author of sin; and the promise of deliverance announced to his victims. The Lord God curses the serpent, *i. e.* the devil; and takes compassion upon man, promising victory over the tempter, and deliverance from his power. The "seed" of the woman refers to the greatest born of woman, *Jesus Christ*, who "bruised" the head of the serpent, destroying the power of the devil, giving deliverance unto man and everlasting salvation. With the first Adam came sin and death; with Christ, the second Adam, came righteousness and life.

Making Up.

There are no quarrels among grown people or children that cannot be made up, where there is an honest desire to make them up. This honest desire will lead each party to be willing to do what is right at any cost. The reason why some quarrels last so long, is that those who are in the wrong are not willing to acknowledge it. They are too proud or too obstinate to admit the injustice of their conduct.

In the little disputes that happen on the playground and in the nursery, we shall generally find that some wrong has been done. The taking away of a plaything, or breaking it, some unfair advantage in a game, or some selfish conduct has excited ill-feeling, and the wrong-doer is not willing to acknowledge the wrong.

In such cases, a peace-making sister or brother or playmate, with a few gentle words, can often smooth the ruffled surface of things, and restore peace and quiet. It is always worth an effort.—*Child's World.*

A SCOTCH minister tells of a man who rushed into his study one morning in an agonized manner, and said—"Oh, sir, my daughter is dead. And when she stands at God's bar she must tell what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a word of prayer in her father's house."

DURING an earthquake the inhabitants of a village were very much alarmed, but were at the same time astonished at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom all knew. Some one asked her if she was not afraid. "No," said she, "I rejoice to know that *I have a God that can shake the world.*"

DECEMBER 5. LESSON XLIX. 1875.

Second Sunday in Advent. *Genesis* vii. 1 and 10–24.

1. And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark: for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.

10. And it came to pass, after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth.

11. ¶ In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

12. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

13. In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark:

14. They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort.

15. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life.

16. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: and the Lord shut him in.

17. And the flood was forty days upon the earth: and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth.

18. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth: and the ark went upon the face of the waters.

19. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth: and all the high hills that *were* under the whole heaven were covered.

20. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail: and the mountains were covered.

21. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man:

22. All in whose nostrils *was* the breath of life, of all that *was* in the dry *land*, died.

23. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only remained *alive*, and they that *were* with him in the ark.

24. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

QUESTIONS.

What is the theme of our lesson to-day? Why was the flood sent upon the earth? See Genesis vi. 5. Whom did God spare? See Genesis vi. 8. In order to save the righteous Noah and his family, had the wicked to suffer the penalty of their wickedness? What sacrament of the Christian Church does the flood prefigure? Holy Baptism. See 1 Peter iii. 20-1. Of what other great event to take place in the history of the world is it a figure? The Second Advent, or coming of Christ. See Matthew xxiv. 37-9.

1. What did the Lord tell Noah to do? Who was to go with him? Why did the Lord save Noah and his family? Where is the ark described? See Genesis vi. 14-16. Was the ark built for use on land or water?

10-16. *Seven days* from when? What month was it? What is meant by *the fountains of the great deep?* What by *the windows of heaven?* How old was Noah then? How old did men get in those early ages? See Genesis v. 5, 8, 11, 14, etc. What were the names of Noah's sons who went with him into the ark? What else went into the ark? Was there food for all? See Genesis vi. 21.

17-20. How long did it rain? See verses 12 and 17. How high did the waters rise? What is the length of a cubit?

21-23. What all did the flood destroy? If the flood extended over all that portion of the earth where wicked men then dwelt, would God's purpose in sending it be answered?

24. How long did the flood last?

CATECHISM.

XLIX. Lord's Day.

124. Which is the third petition?

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN;" that is, grant that we and all men may renounce our own will, and without murmuring obey Thy will, which is only good; that so every one may attend to, and perform the duties of his station and calling, as willingly and faithfully as the angels do in heaven.

Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be
  Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
  Be terribly afraid:
For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,
  Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might,
  His judgments to declare.

The terrors of that awful day,
  O who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
  Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
  The sun in heaven grow pale?
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
  Thy faithful shall not fail.

COMMENTS.—Sin introduced by the fall, as we had it in our last lesson, has now come to develop itself in men, and to show what fruit it bears. To save some of the human family, the wicked had to be destroyed, as we have it in the present lesson. Salvation by destruction; a fact which also runs through the whole course of human history.

1. *Righteous.* Seeking *to be* right, and *to do* right, in the sight of God. This was the more remarkable and difficult as he was surrounded, not only by a wicked world, but found none like-minded with himself, except his own family.

10–11. *Seven days.* From the time Noah began to fill the ark. *Second month.* Of the Hebrew year; the month Zif, answering to part of our months of April and May. *The seventeenth day* would bring the beginning of the flood to the early part of May. *Great, deep.* —The sea or ocean. *Windows of Heaven:* a figure for very heavy and continuous rain.

12. *Forty days and forty nights.* Almost six weeks the waters were increasing; the sea coming in on the earth, and the heavens pouring down their floods.

13–20. *Fifteen cubits.* A cubit measures not quite one foot, ten inches. Fifteen cubits would be about twenty-seven feet. The reference to the mountains being covered would seem to imply that this measure describes the depth of the water in high places of the earth.

21–23. *And all flesh*—died: that is, wherever the flood reached on the earth.

24. *A hundred and fifty days*, or full five months.

"WERE you ever a fisherman?" said an aged Christian to a student of divinity. "Yes, I have fished with the rod at the rocks," was his reply. "Oh, but I mean with the net?" "No, I never did." "Well, you will need to learn it. And do you know that when there is thunder the fish go to the bottom of the sea?" "Yes, I know that to be a fact." "Well, my young friend, there are very many ministers that don't seem to think of that."

Strip the Leaves Off.

Rev. Joel Hawes once called upon Dr. Emmons for a criticism on his style of preaching, and the Dr. said: "Joel, I kept school once—I sometimes had to whip the boys, and when I whipped, I always stripped the leaves off the rod," and he drew an imaginary rod through his fingers by way of illustration. The hint, it is said, helped Hawes amazingly, and may, perhaps, be of like service to those who unwittingly have covered up their teaching with too many words. Said a man of the highest culture, "It takes all I know to make things plain."

IT IS SAID that when some of his free-thinking friends reproached Goethe for wasting his time over the Bible, the great poet responded, "I am convinced the Bible becomes the more beautiful the more one understands it." Such is the experience of every one who makes God's Word his study. The Bible is not a flower-garden whose beauties all lie on the surface, apparent to the most casual glance; but a mine whose treasures lie deep, and can only be seen by him who digs patiently and searches carefully for them. The superficial reader finds nothing, although all the time he is treading over untold wealth of precious things.

A GOOD CONFESSION.—I, too, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience which more than three-score years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction), that health is a great blessing—a competence obtained by honorable industry, a great blessing—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian.—*S. T. Coleridge to his god-child.*

THE body is the soul's instrument by which it doth its work and business in the world, both natural and religious.

DECEMBER 12. LESSON L. 1875.

Third Sunday in Advent. Genesis xii. 1–8.

1. Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee:
2. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great: and thou shalt be a blessing:
3. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.
4. So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him, and Lot went with him: and Abram *was* seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.
5. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran: and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.
6. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite *was* then in the land.
7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.
8. And he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Beth-el, and pitched his tent, *having* Beth-el on the west, and Hai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

What is taught us in this lesson? God's covenant promise concerning man's redemption.

1. Who was Abram? Where did he live? Was his name always Abram? (Gen. xvii. 5). Were Abram's kindred and father's house idolaters? (Josh. xxiv. 2). What land would God show him? What is the significance of this verse as compared with Gen. iii. 23-24?

2. What great nation did God make of Abram? What other nations sprung from him? Were the Jews great in more than one sense? In what way does the Lord generally express their numerical greatness? (Gen. xxii. 17). Is God's "*I will bless thee*" of everlasting effect? Why is one blest of God always a blessing?

3. What is the effect of God's curse? What is meant by all families? Does *in thee, etc.*, refer to Abram's lifetime? What does it really mean? Are you now enjoying the fruits of this promise? Did Abram *merit* such great blessings? Why was he counted righteous? (Gen. xv. 6).

4-5. From what place did Abram depart? What did his substance consist of? (Gen. xiii. 2). What are meant by *souls?* What other names does Canaan bear? Why called Canaan?

6. In what portion of Canaan was Sichem, or Shechem? What patriarch was afterwards buried here? (Josh. xxiv. 32). What celebrated ancient well was near this place in our Saviour's time? (John iv. 5-6). What afterwards became of the Canaanites?

7-8. What is meant by *thy seed* in this place? When was the promise fulfilled? Does Abram's seed still possess the land? What is an altar? How were they generally built in Abram's time?

CATECHISM.

L. Lord's Day.

125. Which is the fourth petition?

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD;" that is, be pleased to provide us with all things necessary for the body, that we may thereby acknowledge Thee to be the only fountain of good, and that neither our care nor industry, nor even Thy gifts, can profit us without Thy blessing, and therefore that we may withdraw our trust from all creatures, and place it alone in Thee.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

COMMENTS.—1. Abraham was probably called the first time while with his father in Ur of the Chaldees. In the day of man's sin God *drove him out* of Eden, now He calls him into a land flowing with milk and honey. God's covenant purpose is reconciliation and union between Himself and man, and from this time forth the burden of His voice to a sinful world is, "come unto me." This voice is confined and far off at first, but when the God-man, Jesus Christ finally comes, it sounds touchingly near, "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

2–3. The promise of God to Abraham is two-fold. The first part refers to the Jews, the second to Christians, the one is fulfilled under the Law, the other under the Gospel. *I will make of thee a great nation* is the creative Word whose power manifests itself throughout the history of Judaism. *In thee shall all families, etc.*, is the infallible promise which ultimately brought salvation to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews. But this promise was bound up with the *Seed*, and could not be effectual until that Seed was come. (Gal. iii. 16–19.) Since Christ was made under the Law, He did not preach to the Gentiles, nor would He suffer His disciples to do so, before His work under the Law was finished. Then the second part of the glorious promise breaks forth: "Go ye, therefore, and teach *all nations, i. e.*" Here we find both the union and difference between the Old and New Testaments. What we enjoy to-day, of the Grace and Love of God through our Saviour, Jesus Christ, is but the fulfillment of the covenant promise to Abraham and his Seed, which the Law could not annul. But we must not forget that the Church is but the first-fruits, though the choicest of the promise. We look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. (II. Pet. iii. 13.) Would that the burden of our hearts as well as our lips would be more and more, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

4–5. Abraham believes and goes. Some one beautifully says of him: "He believes what he does not see, until he sees everything which he believes."

6. *Sichem:* The later Samaria, a rolling country, and very rich, even in our day. As *the Canaanite was then in the land*, Abraham doubtless kept to the more uncultivated portions of the country where he could find pastures for his herds and cattle. Arabian Sheiks, to-day, travel in this manner, with their herds through the uncultivated parts of Palestine and Egypt.

7–8. Abraham's journey by faith finds its first answer now in a new manifestation of God unto him: a specific promise is also added. *An altar* was commonly built where God had in some special way revealed Himself unto men, thus inviting Him to meet His people again at the same place. It was the spot where the worshiper brought his offerings and prayers, and where he looked for God's presence and favor.

EVERY one's life is an open letter. Every man, whether he is a Christian or not, is written and read. Some are epistles of Christ; some are epistles of vanity; some are epistles of covetousness; some are epistles of the wicked one. The main features of the father of lies are written largely on the life of his followers. The spirit that reigns within is more or less visible in the outward conduct. In some countries, the master's name is branded in the flesh of the slave, so that if the slave should run away, every one would know to whom he belonged. The captive indeed may be bought with a price, and then he receives the mark of his new master. Thus, whether we like it or not, people may read in our lives with a considerable degree of accuracy, whose we are and whom we serve. The surest way to appear a Christian, in all places, and at all times, is to be one. The surest way to make people, when you go out, take knowledge that you have been with Jesus, is really to be with Jesus.—*Arnot.*

I AM assured, till God show you the face of sin in the glass of the law; make the scorpions and fiery serpents that lurk in the law and in your consciences, come hissing about you, and smiting you with their deadly stings; till you have had some sick nights and sorrowful days for sin, you will never go up and down seeking an interest in the blood of His sacrifice with tears.

DECEMBER 19. LESSON LI. 1875.

Fourth Sunday in Advent. Genesis xxviii. 10–18.

10. And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran.

11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place, and put *them for* his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12. And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I *am* the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed.

14. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15. And behold, I *am* with thee, and will keep thee in all *places* whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land: for I will not leave thee, until I have done *that* which I have spoken to thee of.

16. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew *it* not.

17. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful *is* this place! this *is* none other but the house of God, and this *is* the gate of heaven.

18. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put *for* his pillows, and set it up *for* a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

QUESTIONS.

The theme of this lesson is the renewal unto Jacob of the Covenant which God had made with Abraham. It includes the double promise that his descendants should possess the land where he was then sojourning, and that in his "seed" all the families of the earth should be blessed. See Genesis xii. 1-3; also iii. 15. We must bear in mind that at this time Jacob was on his way to his uncle Laban, according to the command of his father Isaac. See Genesis xxviii. 1-2.

10-11. Toward what place did Jacob journey? What did he do at night-fall? Did he lodge in a house or tent? What was the name of the place where he slept? See verse 19.

12. What did he dream? Who are angels? What did they do? Are angels always in heaven, or do they also abide with men to bless them? See Genesis xxiv. 7, and xlviii. 16.

13-15. Who stood above the ladder? What promise did he make? To whom had the Lord made this promise before? See chapter xvii. 4-8. What are the particular parts of this promise? Did the descendants of Jacob obtain that land? Did they become very numerous? How are all nations or *families* being blessed in his *seed?*

16. When Jacob awoke what did he say? Did he not know that God is everywhere present? Was there a special presence of the Lord here?

17-18. Why was Jacob *afraid?* Is the special manifestation of the Lord likely to awaken fear in men? See Isaiah vi. 5. Because Jacob felt this place to be the house, or a place of the manifestation of God, and a gate of heaven, what did he erect? What was that pillar to be?

CATECHISM.

LI. Lord's Day.

126. What is the fifth petition?

"AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS;" that is, be pleased for the sake of Christ's blood not to impute to us, poor sinners, our transgressions, nor that depravity which always cleaves to us; even as we feel this evidence of Thy grace in us, that it is our firm resolution from the heart to forgive our neighbor.

Come, Thou Redeemer of the earth,
Come, testify Thy Virgin-birth:
All lands admire, all times applaud;
Thy wondrous birth proclaims Thee God.

The Word made flesh His race began,
Begotten of no mortal man,
But of the Holy Spirit's might,
A Babe yet waiting for the light.

Forth from the Father's bosom sent,
Down to the realms of death He went,
To Him returned—He claimed His own,
And rose to share th' eternal throne.

And there with God the Father One,
He wears forever on the throne
The Flesh in which He fought, to be
The trophy of His victory.

O hear our prayer, Eternal Son,
Made flesh to be our Champion!
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
And darkness breathe a newer light,
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene.

COMMENTS.—*Haran.* A place on the way between Beer-sheba and Padan-aram, whither Jacob was going.

11. Jacob, though going to seek a bride, was evidently alone, without the customary servants and presents; partly, probably, because he was also fleeing in haste from Esau, his brother. See Genesis, 27: 41–45. *Stones for his pillows.* So as not to lie with his head on the bare ground. He may also have laid some garment on the top of the stones.

12. *Dreamed.* His dream became a spiritual vision. It is a wonderfully touching vision. The angels do not suddenly appear, and as suddenly vanish. They go up and down the ladder, continuously manifest unto Jacob with their friendly presence, *ascending and descending.* Indicating the constant abode of angels among men. They are here; go and come, whether we see them or not.

13–15. Jacob stands in the covenant made with Abraham. This, as a ladder, connects him with God, having the communication of angels between them. It is an everlasting covenant now to be re-affirmed. Notice the gradation: 1. *The land. I will give it.* 2. *Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth* in number. 3. *In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.*

16. *The Lord is in this place.* Not in the circumscribed sense, in which the heathen conceive of the presence of their gods. Jacob knows that God is everywhere present, but he felt that He was also specially present to him in that place. He had not looked for it, however.

17–18. For Jacob this was now *the house of God,* the place whither God came specially, so to speak: *the gate of heaven,* in allusion to the vision of the angels, ascending and descending, to and from heaven. *The stone . . . for a pillar.* A monument of the vision; a shrine, an incipient temple, whither to come again, to meet the Lord.

The Boyhood of Jesus.

His outward life was the life of all those of His age and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in a great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet and abundant fountain—may, perhaps, form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child.

And the traveler who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats or carpets are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs around the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stands the large common water-jar of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice or meat, or *libban,* or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal, the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—*Farrar's Life of Christ.*

GLORY is the privilege of grace.

DECEMBER 26. LESSON LII. 1875.

Christmas. Isaiah ix. 2–7.

2. The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3. Thou hast multiplied the nation, *and* not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, *and* as *men* rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4. For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.

5. For every battle of the warrior *is* with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood, but *this* shall be with burning *and* fuel of fire.

6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

7. Of the increase of *his* government and peace *there shall be* no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from thenceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

QUESTIONS.

The promise made in the garden of Eden and the Covenant made with the patriarchs, which we have studied in our Advent lessons, now obtain their fulfillment. Isaiah in his prophecies, foretells the birth of the Saviour, and the character of His kingdom. He is the *seed*, so often spoken of, in whom all the families of the earth are to be blessed. No wonder, therefore, that Christmas, which celebrates His coming is so joyfully hailed by Christian people.

2. Who *have seen a great light?* Who is this light? Luke ii. 32. John viii. 12. What is *the land of the shadow of death?*

3. What is here meant by *the nation?* According to what joy do men now rejoice? Why is there joy in harvest? What is spoil?

4. What is the cause of this joy? *The oppressor*—who is that? *As in the days of Midian*—what does that refer to? See Judges vii. 19-22.

5. What is said of *the battle of the warrior?* Shall *it* end *with burning and fuel of fire?* See Psalm xlvi. 9-10.

6. What reason is here given for battle and oppression to cease? Who is this *Child?* What government? What names does the prophet give Him? Could such names be applied to one who is only a man and not also divine?

7. What is said of the *increase* of Christ's government? Its peace? Its character? Its endurance? Could these things be fully affirmed of an earthly government? Are they already completely realized in the kingdom of Christ in this world? What will perform, or bring about this condition finally?

CATECHISM.

LII. Lord's Day.

127. Which is the sixth petition?

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL;" that is, since we are so weak in ourselves that we cannot stand a moment; and besides this, since our mortal enemies, the devil, the world, and our own flesh, cease not to assault us, do Thou, therefore, preserve and strengthen us by the power of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may not be overcome in this spiritual warfare, but constantly and strenuously may resist our foes, until at last we obtain a complete victory.

128. How dost thou conclude thy prayer?

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER;" that is, all these we ask of Thee, because Thou art our King, and Almighty, art willing and able to give us all good; and all this we pray for, that thereby not we, but Thy holy name, may be glorified forever.

129. What doth the word "AMEN" signify?

"AMEN" signifies it shall truly and certainly be; for my prayer is more assuredly heard of God than I feel in my heart I desire these things of Him.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

COMMENTS.—This lesson has a two-fold reference: 1. The subjection of the Jewish people under the yoke of the Syrians and their coming deliverance from it; and, 2. The subjection of men under the power of sin, and their glorious deliverance from it by the coming of the Messiah, the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

2. *The people, etc.* The first reference seems to be to the people in the land of Zebulon and Naphtali; ultimately to all the world. See verse 1, and Matthew 4: 13–16.

3. *Multiplied the nation.* Enabled it to gain in numbers by giving liberty. *Joy in harvest.* In allusion to the harvest festivals and rejoicings, *Spoil:* That which is taken from the enemy in war. Ephesians 4: 8. Coloss. 2 : 15.

4. *The yoke.*—Emblem of the burden they bore. *Staff-rod:* Signs of the authority of the oppressor over them. These were now broken as in the days when the power of Midian was broken by "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

5. The sense of this verse seems to be that the spiritual cleansing of the people by the power of Christianity shall at last do away with all war and bloodshed.

6. *Unto us a Child is born.* This is the great climax which makes all possible. In this sentence the meaning of all prophecy comes to its solution. The five names describing the Christ-child: 1. *Wonderful,* that is, the king, who both does wonders and is himself wonderful. 2. *Counsellor,* furnishing counsel, where all human wisdom fails. 3. *Mighty God,* conqueror of death and the grave. 4. *Everlasting Father,* the Father whose sons all may become. John 1: 12. 5. *Prince of Peace,* "Bringing everything to perfection and so to peace." The names befit only one born of woman, who is also the only begotten of the Father—Jesus Christ.

7. *Government.* Refers evidently not to an earthly government, but to Christ's kingdom. *The Throne of David*—figuratively. See 2 Samuel 7: 16. *The zeal of the Lord:* That is, the will or energy of the Lord will perform it.

AFFLICTIONS come not by casualty but by counsel.

The Best Thing To Be Done.

In preaching, it has been my lot to deal with many men who said, "I am going to be a Christian; but when I become a Christian, I am going to be a whole one. I am not going to meddle with religion till I am prepared to take it up understandingly."

I recollect a man in Terre Haute, who was under serious convictions, and whom I called upon. He said he was going to tear up theology to the roots, so that when he became a Christian, he should be a real one. He was a physician; and I said to him:

"Doctor, suppose a man should send to you in great haste, asking you to come and see him, as he had symptoms of cholera; and suppose, when you reached his bed-side, you found that he had four or five old medical works that he was studying, and he said to you, 'Sir, I have called you to come in and assist me in understanding these books; and I am not going to take one single step in being doctored till I have torn up the doctrines of medicine to the very roots; for when I am well, I am going to be well all through:' what would you say?"

As it was a case in his own profession, and pertinent, he saw the reasonableness of it at once, and said, frankly:

"I should say, Lay aside these volumes, and take the medicines that I shall give you, and then, after you have recovered, you can study at your leisure."

He was so convinced of the error of his position, that he abandoned it at once, and offered himself to Christ, and, in a few days, became a Christian. And it is absurd for any person to sit behind a doctrine, and say, "When you explain that to me, I shall be ready to go forward."

SUPPOSE the cup be bitter, yet it is the cup which thy Father hath given thee; and canst thou suspect poison to be in it? Foolish man, put home the case to thine own heart; canst thou give thy child that which would ruin him? No! thou wouldst as soon hurt thyself as him. "If thou then, being evil, knowest how to give good gifts to thy children," how much more does God!

The Meeting Place.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Where the faded flowers shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade:
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—
Brighten never more to shade:
Where the sun blaze never scorches,
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more:
Where the bond is never severed;—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted light re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes:
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Sheds its healing splendor here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth hath never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS never began a picture without a determination to make it his best. So resolve that your teaching of every coming lesson shall be your best.

About One's Self.

The object in brushing the teeth is to remove the destructive particles of food which by their decomposition generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from this chemical change is the object of dentifrice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal and a thread of silk floss or india-rubber passed through between the teeth to remove particles of food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water neutralizes the acid.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes, or wear foot coverings fitting and pressing closely.

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast.

A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired.

Keep a box of powdered starch on the wash-stand, and after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping.

If feeling cold before going to bed exercise; do not roast over a fire.

A Queer Sermon.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In those crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and once acquired it remains generally through life. The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.